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329.

MARSTON:

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By a Lady.

"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me."

VOL. I.

LONDON:
THOMAS HOOKHAM, OLD BOND STREET.

1835.

329.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

During a journey in Italy, some years ago, my carriage was overturned at a short distance from Florence. Being seriously hurt, the postilions carried me to a large mansion, situated at a short distance from the road, and solicited the good offices of its inmates in behalf of an English lady.

A young man soon appeared, who accosted me in my own language, and expressing his sorrow for my accident, received me with the kindest hospitality. I was unable to move for some weeks; and, during that time, my host and I became so well acquainted that he confided to me his history.

He was the offspring of the fatal marriage which I have attempted to relate; and the errors, of which he was the innocent victim, had stamped his handsome features with an expression of resigned melancholy, which alike interested and saddened the beholder.

He lived in the most retired manner, avoiding all society. His mind was highly cultivated, his deportment gentle and pleasing; and, in addition to the refinements of education, he appeared to possess the nobler gifts of moral worth.

He acknowledged, that though he had made himself a law to live alone, and never to marry, he could not resist seeing an English person, especially one so situated as myself. His heart yearned towards his countrymen.

The principal events recorded in this history are true: I have only ventured to change the names of

the persons of this sad drama, as well as of the county where the family of the young man had resided.

Since the present work has been in the press, one, if not two novels, bearing titles similar to that of "Marston," have appeared; but, were there no other evidence, the difference of the story would at once prove that there has been no "*conveying*" in the case. Competition then need hardly be disclaimed: it would have been madness, indeed, for a novice to enter the lists with a writer at once so elegant and profound as the author of "Darnley."

It remains to solicit the pardon of the gentle reader for any verbal inaccuracies that may occur in the following pages; since it was found impossible to transmit the proofs to the writer, who is abroad, without occasioning a delay beyond any

printer's or publisher's patience. The severity too of the reviewer, if any condescend to cast a glance on the work, may perhaps be deprecated by the knowledge, that the present is the first appearance of the authoress before the bar of public criticism.

MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

More would'st thou know, yon tower survey,
Yon couch unpress'd since parting day.
Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is mingling with the cold moon beam.
And yon thin form! the hectic red,
On his pale cheek unequal spread;
The head reclined, the loosened hair,
The limbs relaxed, the mournful air.
See, he looks up—a woeful smile
Lightens his woe-worn cheek awhile.

W. Scott.

It was a beautiful summer's evening, preceding the important day on which Marston

was to be ordained a priest. The sun shed its parting rays, with all its splendour, into the large and well-stored library, where he sat before his desk, his eyes fixed on the volume which he had been perusing; but though the finger was mechanically raised as if about to turn over the page, it moved not; the hand remained as immoveable as the eyes. Intense in thought, his mind had wandered from the book: hours of happiness, succeeded by days of deep and heart-corroding sorrow, rose with the reality of life to his mental view; presenting, in the visions of the past, contrasts which imparted a deeper shade to the griefs that already oppressed him. The vows he was to pronounce on the following morning,—vows which separated him from all his remaining worldly interests; and from which he was to date for the future a new existence,—alternately varied in the hopes they held out, as

his memory pourtrayed to him the sweet and happy hours, or the days of anguish, of his chequered life. Now they seemed to promise repose, and heavenly comfort; now they appeared the commencement of a living death. The nearer he drew towards the execution of a hastily formed, though long-cherished, intention, the more his decision fluctuated. Not that a hope of happier days flattered his imagination even for a moment, or made him once waver in his resolution.—What hope could there be, since death had severed the link that bound him to his kind?—But that a state of morbid grief had weakened those energies, which had prompted him to wrest consolation out of the extremity of his misery, when first bowed down by the cruel blow which had robbed him of his heart's treasure.

It was then, that he had wilfully renounced all future social cares. It was then, that he

resolved to sever himself from all remaining affections. The death of his beloved wife, Eleanor, with whom he had been united but five years, and to whom he had been tenderly attached, had left a wound in his heart too deep to be healed by any worldly consolation; and he turned for comfort to his God. Educated in the most rigid principles of the Catholic faith, he resolved to devote the remainder of perhaps a long life—since he had numbered only thirty-five years—to the adoration of his Creator, with whom, it was his solace to reflect, his Eleanor now dwelt.

During the twelve months which succeeded her death, he had secluded himself from all intercourse with his friends, and nourished in solitude the wish, he had then formed, to take holy orders.

In the library, stored with all the riches bequeathed by thinking minds, for the solace

and instruction of those worthy of appreciating their speculations, whether temporal or spiritual, he passed his solitary days, perusing such works only as were in harmony with his present frame of mind; and, in his silent communications with the wise, the good, the unhappy, the enthusiastic, and the mystic, he confirmed the project originally suggested by his misfortunes. Latterly, however, the preparations for the profession to which he was about to dedicate himself, had occupied his time; and the vigils he had commenced, added to the effects of severe sorrow, had injured his health: thus, physical debility had produced moral relaxation, and diminution of energy.

On the evening which preceded a day of such importance to his future existence, numberless agitating thoughts arose to disturb still more his anxious mind, and lead him into a maze of irresolution, doubt, and retrospection.

We may turn to the thoughts of others for support and courage; we may admire and approve of the wisdom transmitted to us by the most learned authors; we may receive with humility and gratitude the precepts founded on their experience; but, alas! it is to our own we must finally trust. The trials of others may indeed warn us of dangers to be avoided; but inasmuch as no two things in nature are precisely alike—no two countenances, no two animals of the same kind, even no two leaves on the same tree—so no two cases occur precisely similar. No two natures are in every respect the same, even under the same circumstances; and it is to these scarcely perceptible, but still essential, variations, we must refer for the little advantage derived from the experience of others, even by those best disposed to be instructed by it.

The rich, refulgent, crimson light of the

setting sun threw a glow over the fine, but habitually pale, countenance of Marston; and his dark penetrating eye turned slowly towards one of the massive, richly-carved oaken doors, at the farther extremity of the library, as his old servant, Joseph, entered gently, and, as if fearing to break the silence which reigned, and disturb his master's meditations, in delivering to him a letter;—he did not venture to speak, but placing it respectfully on the desk, withdrew; and it was not till after some minutes had elapsed, that Marston took it languidly up, and broke the seal. It was as follows:—

"*To Edward Marston, Esq.*

"But a few hours are still yours, unfettered by lasting vows! To-morrow you renounce your family, your friends, all, all, and Marston will be dead to us.

"I cannot conquer the earnest wish which

impels this, perhaps, vain endeavour to rouse you, my poor friend, from the state of dejection into which you are sunk;—to entreat you, while it is yet time, not to resolve on a measure so important to your future welfare, whilst still under the immediate and heavy pressure of deep grief.

"Oh! forbear a little longer! Suffer another year's reflection to pass, before you pronounce those irrevocable vows! If you then still feel as earnestly determined in your intentions; if you then find no other refuge from despair than seclusion and monastic severity, I shall be the less fearful for your future happiness. Satisfied that you did not plunge suddenly, goaded by the desperation of overwhelming sorrow, into a life of austerity, solitude, and privations, I should not murmur, although I might repine, at a determination fixed by reflection, not hazarded through impulse.

"Forgive me, Marston, for the intrusion of this letter: reflect how long we have been friends; nay, more, almost brother and sister from our childhood; for, although there was a few years' difference in our ages, yet that did not prevent the same objects of interest occupying and uniting us in our early lives.

"At a more advanced period of our friendship, your kindness to me merited my warmest gratitude; and the interest you took in my welfare, indelibly impressed on my heart the extent of the obligations I then incurred to you.

"Remember, that when my parents opposed my union with your gallant friend Howard, it was your unwearied zeal, and persuasive arguments, which determined them to consent to my happiness. When heaven visited me with that heavy calamity which almost deprived me of my reason, and my brave, my noble-minded husband, fell a victim to his courage and en-

terprising spirit, it was again you, my kind friend, who roused me from my affliction, teaching me to live for my dear boy's sake; and enabling me, by your sympathy and timely advice, to submit with resignation to the severe decree of Providence.

"Remember all this, dear Marston, and you will allow me to have some right to approach you in this, your hour of trial.

"When, in my despair, I pictured the future as a dreary blank, and recoiled in anguish from the idea of dragging on the remainder of my life, severed for ever from him, my companion, lover, friend, and husband, you held out consolation to me; you, kindly severe, pointed out that grief could not be eternal; that time would soften down the poignancy of my sorrow. You reproved me for my impatience under my sufferings; and shewed me that the same Omnipotent Power, which af-

flicted with calamities, mercifully endowed us with strength to bear them. You directed my attention to the benignant boon still vouchsafed me; and taught me to anticipate the joy of retracing, in my darling boy, the likeness in feature, and in character, of him that was no more: wisely reminding me, that it became a sacred duty to exert my courage and energies for the care and protection of his child.

"Alas! my unhappy friend! all these arguments I could now urge to you: your affliction is of the same dreadful nature as my own bitter trial.

"Let *me* now be the consoling friend. I find you under similar melancholy circumstances; and let me earnestly entreat you to let the arguments, you once held to *me*, have their full weight, and measure, in drawing you out of your state of despondency. Although I shall ever mourn my beloved Howard, and

his memory is most deeply engraven on my heart, length of time has enabled me to submit to my unhappy lot. Let me be an example to you; and do not hasten, but rather retard, your present views.

"As soon as I received your letter, requesting me to replace your dear little Eleanor's departed mother, I hastened from Dublin to receive her from the nurse to whom you had confided her; and it was not till then that I learned, from the latter, your intention of taking holy orders.

"I need not assure you, that I will most willingly take charge of your little orphan; she shall be to me as my own child. When she attains the age of instruction, the same masters shall attend upon her whom I shall select for my Harry; and be persuaded, that the same tenderness and care shall be bestowed on her as on my own dear boy. You do but

render me justice when you say, that, in entrusting her to me, you are satisfied that she will be cared for as though she were the child of my bosom.

"Oh! how deeply I regret the long absence from home a tedious, tiresome lawsuit has compelled me to make. Had I been near you when death visited your peaceful dwelling, I should in some degree, perhaps, have succeeded in soothing the anguish of your mind. At all events, you should not have been suffered to cherish the intention now upon the eve of execution.

"Still it is not too late to retract! Dear Marston, accord one year of reflection to your sincere and devoted friend,

"LOUISA HOWARD."

Marston remained a considerable time, with

the letter in his hand, and many, many thoughts and struggles agitated his frame.

Why is it that there exists in the human breast a contradictory spirit, which rises in opposition to the advice of friends, even when that advice is in harmony with our wishes and interests? Previously to receiving Mrs. Howard's letter, Marston had nearly brought himself to decide on protracting the execution of that measure which he had most ardently desired for many months: his friend's letter came, urging him to the same point; and the respect, friendship, and kindness he felt for her, were all motives for his weighing her distinterested advice with even partiality. The contrary, unhappily for him, occurred, and he reasoned with her arguments mentally, until he made himself the champion of those, which now thronged to set off the opposite side of the

struggle in vain against such an influence. But man, although subject to the strong impression of these accidents, has yet within his breast the power to resist, if he has the energy to call that power into action, instead of weakly allowing the circumstances of the moment to prostrate his will and better judgment.

"Combien l'homme est infortuné!
La sort maîtrise sa foiblesse,
Et de l'enfance à la vieilesse,
D'écueils il marche environné;
Le temps l'entraine avec vitesse,
Il est mécontent du passé;
Le présent l'afflige et le presse;
Dans l'avenir toujours placé,
Son bonheur recule sans cesse,
Il meurt en rêvant le repos.

Parny Mélanges.

That elegant writer, Monsieur de Segur, in his work, entitled "Mémoires et Souvenirs,"

considers accident as the leading principle of all our actions and lives. He says,—

"Le hazard a presque toujours plus d'influence sur notre sort, que nos calculs et nos penchans. Je me rappelle, que l'un des hommes, les plus connus, pour avoir cherché toute sa vie, à fixer la fortune, par des profondes et savantes combinaisons, le Marechal de Castries, a l'époque où comme aide-de-camp, je le suivais en Bretagne, me dit que pendant tout le cours de sa brillante carrière, les caprices du sort avaient souvent dejoué les plus justes calculs. Qu'il avoit dû la plupart de ses succès, et l'accomplissement des vœux de son ambition, à des chances imprevues, à des évènements qui lui auraient été impossible de deviner, et quelquefois même, ajoutait-il en riant à des fautes. L'Expérience m'a prouvé la verité de cette observation, qui m'a été confirmée par une foule de faits.

" Si l'on réfléchissait bien, cette vérité devrait rendre les hommes plus indulgens, les uns pour les autres, plus modeste dans les succès, et plus patiens dans les revers, car dans le labyrinthe du monde, le chemin qu'on suit, la pente qui nous entraine, l'issue qu'on trouve, et le but où l'on arrive, dépendent d'une infinité de petites causes, où notre prevoyance, et notre volonté ne sont pour rien."

This is good writing, but false philosophy. It is reducing the sentient principle to the dust, and making man even lighter than vanity.

CHAPTER II.

"I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." SHAKSPEARE.

It was rather more than four years after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, that Mrs. Howard returned from Ireland, to fix her residence at Netherwood-park. The law-suit, which had occasioned her journey to Dublin, and which had been by the law de-

layed for the tedious term of six years, had been finally decided in her favor.

Netherwood, the beautiful estate belonging to the Howard family, adjoining to Marston Abbey, had been adjudged her son's inheritance, after her demise, instead of passing into the hands of a distant relative of Mr. Howard's, who had unjustly claimed it, and who had prosecuted his claim with all the chicane and vexatious procrastination the uncertainties of law allowed him. The omission of some formalities, with regard to the will, and the employment of some ambiguous wording, liable to misconstruction, had been the occasion of these years of harass and solicitude.

Since Marston's ordination, which had taken place four years previously to Mrs. Howard's return to England, he had ceased to correspond with her; and she was anxious, on her arrival in his neighbourhood, to show him her little

charge, and how scrupulously she had fulfilled her engagement to him respecting her. She, therefore, a few days after her return, summoned the little girl, with Harry, to accompany her in a walk to Marston Abbey, which was separated from Netherwood Park by the celebrated moor bearing the name of the abbey; and on which the famous battle of Marston Moor was fought, during the civil wars, in the year 1644, between the parliamentary forces under Oliver Cromwell, and the Royalists commanded by Prince Rupert; and which contributed so essentially to the ruin of the Royalist cause.

A short cut across the moor, of less than half a mile, brought the little party to the entrance of the grounds enclosing Marston Abbey, which contrasted singularly with the appearance of the adjoining heath (*a*). The former bare, flat, and extensive, with but little

vegetation on it, and that of a low creeping nature; the latter adorned with high, majestic oak trees, the growth of centuries, overshadowing the earth with the dark foliage of their many beauties, and, by the solemn grandeur of their appearance, disposing the mind to pensive contemplation.

The children, nevertheless, ran on before their conductress, with the careless gaiety of their age, stopping occasionally to gather wild flowers; and ever and anon, through the deep shade of the avenue they were following, a shout of mirth and laughter from their little voices would break the sternness of the silence, and dispel the monastic gloom of the scenery around. Suddenly, however, their joyous voices were hushed, and they came running back in haste to Mrs. Howard, little Eleanor's cheeks being suffused with a deeper red than her habitual rosy colour, as she said to her

protectress, in a tremulous whisper,—"There is a tall man, dressed all in black, lying down under a tree."

With what varied and contradictory feelings the human heart is stored! How impossible is it to count on the durability of any impression! So many causes, entirely independent of our will, are continually acting, that our deepest sentiments are but as marks traced on the sea-shore, to be effaced by the returning tide.

In Marston's character, these unhappy contradictions, and subservience to impressions, events, and circumstances, were particularly striking. Independently, also, of this disposition, his mind was of too brilliant, too energetic a cast to endure continued monotony, and to such he had condemned himself: his feelings were of too ardent a nature to continue passive; in all he thought or felt, were exhi-

bited the fire and restlessness of an impatient imagination. So long as his soul was struggling against grief, he felt as if sacrificing the world, and forcing himself from all its ties, would be the birth of a new existence. The novelty, and, much more, the seriousness of purpose demanded by a lofty and soul-ennobling profession would, he conceived, lessen his sum of anguish; and he looked with confidence to the hope that, by constant devotion and prayer, he should be blessed with that consolation for which his heart panted as "the hart after the water brooks." Characterised by the excitable and ardent temperament we have described, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that he should be patient till the accomplishment of the scheme he meditated. When that incentive was passed, and when he had pronounced his vows, the severity of his life, as he had anticipated, became a salutary stimulus for a

time; but that severity ceased to be felt when once it was habitual, and soon lost its effect. Seclusion, and a solitary life, for a while suited his wretched state of mind, and soothed him by the unlimited indulgence it afforded him for deep meditation and reveries. He was thus "all in all sufficient" to himself; but when he had studied, and (metaphorically speaking) perused the whole book,—when he had fathomed his inmost thoughts and feelings to their depths,—then to communicate to others, to acquire fresh ideas, to compare, to scrutinize other thoughts than his own, began insensibly to be desired by him. Recollections recurring with greater frequency, and tinged with the bright hues of fancy, brought before him the enjoyments of the natural affections: his life now struck him as void and sterile; his mind involuntarily wandered from "books, his sole companions now," and he would hurry forth to

stray in the magnificent woods, surrounding the abbey, for hours together; mourning the past, dissatisfied with the present, and yet incapable of forming any fixed wish or definite plan for the future.

It was in one of these gloomy, restless tempers of mind, that he had been roaming over wood and glade, since the dawn of day, and he was reclining under a spreading oak, when Mrs. Howard approached him, accompanied by the two children. He was so absorbed in reverie, that it was not till she was close to him, and the sound of voices had startled him, that he raised his eyes. "Marston," she said, as she held out her hand to him (forgetting, at the moment, his actual profession), "I bring you your little Eleanor, who is dear to me beyond expression; so much so, that were you to claim her from me, I fear I could not, without extreme pain, part with her."

The silvery tones of her voice, the lovely expression of her countenance, and the pressure of his daughter to his heart (for he took not the proffered hand), produced an entire revolution in Marston's nature, as violent as it was sudden. The suppressed emotions of his heart now burst forth with the greater force for their long concentration.

He could not speak, and for some minutes remained gazing upon her,—upon his child,—while his emotions increased in intensity till they utterly overpowered him. The strong, stern man wept like a child. Unhappy Marston!—Too finely, highly-wrought!—too ardent!—too eager!—Years will subdue that fire which destroys you!—years will temper that ardour!—May you not experience in exchange regret, repentance, and sorrow!

CHAPTER III.

" In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

WALTER SCOTT.

THE succeeding day brought Marston to Netherwood, whither he had not been for six years; and the difference of scenery from that with which he had been surrounded during this period, for he had hardly ever quitted the abbey and its boundaries, cheered him, and

raised his spirits from their habitual despondency.

Netherwood was of modern construction, and built after the model of Italian villas; and there was an aspect of serenity and cheerfulness in Netherwood-house and park, in harmony with the disposition of the fair owner of the estate. Both were calculated to inspire pleasure on arriving; and no one could have felt this more sensibly than did Marston. By degrees the melancholy thoughts that oppressed him diminished in intensity; he became calmer and more cheerful; would converse on the topics of the day, and interest himself in the passing events which occupied his fair hostess or his child. His little daughter would occasionally extract a smile from him, and his friend observed with pleasure the improvement in his health and spirits.

Netherwood was too far removed from any

neighbourhood, except the small town of Wetherby, for Mrs. Howard to see much company, and, except Marston, few persons came there unless it were to pay an occasional and formal morning visit; but this circumstance suited Mrs. Howard's tastes and habits. She had been habituated by her parents, who lived in the greatest retirement near Dublin, to lead a life of much seclusion; and her family, her books, and her garden were her preferred society.

The cheerful welcome which Marston received at Netherwood became, at length, necessary to his happiness; his daily sojourn there seemed the all of vitality attached to his existence. Until he had witnessed the smile which said, "I am glad to see you;" until the bounding little Eleanor had jumped into his arms,—he felt as if the day had not begun for him; and his presence in Mrs. Howard's drawing-room was looked for as a matter of course.

By degrees, Marston could take no interest in any lecture, or occupation, unless shared with his amiable neighbour. Even his walks must also have the solace of her society; and never had he taken walks, or read books, or interested himself in any occupation, which had appeared to him so delightful as those he now pursued.

Mrs. Howard was far from regretting the assiduous society of Marston. His conversation was agreeable, his manners were gentle; and, in the extreme retirement in which she lived, it was happiness to her to have a friend to whom she could communicate her thoughts, and who added interest to whatever interested her by a similarity of sentiment.

But such halcyon days were not to last; the natural progression of feeling increased the interest, at least on one side, till it began to take a less happy character.

With Mrs. Howard no change occurred: although not a Cathólic, she was too well aware of the severity of the vows of the priesthood of that religion, for the idea once even to occur to her of considering Marston in any other light than that of a friend. She knew him to be unhappy: she knew the cause of that sorrow; and, if any increase of interest was felt by her beyond that she had always borne him, it was in viewing the effects of her care and attention to him, and rejoicing in the amendment which she discovered in his spirits.

With Marston the case was, alas! different. His heart was formed for ardent love: his attachment to his wife had been of the warmest nature; she had filled every recess of his bosom; she had, as it were, multiplied his existence. The years he had been united to her had flown with such rapidity, that, when taken from him, he had been paralysed by the vio-

lence of the shock. He felt as though he had been suddenly hurled from a secure height into a fathomless abyss, and Time, erst so fleet in its march, appeared a frightful eternity. He would willingly have sprung forward to the end and term of a life, now a space of extreme suffering;—would willingly have "jumped the life to come;" and all consolation was as much inferior to his sorrow as hope appeared beyond his reach. Unconsciousness alone would have been consolation; but though the human frame can feel almost to dissolution, the Creator has mercifully ordained that the extreme of suffering shall be the beginning of cure.

The acuteness of his agony in time subsided; but all worldly interests and affections were still too great a distance from him for him to turn to them: one only source of comfort lay before him—the greatest, the best, the truest.

That same power which had afflicted him so severely, was present to heal his wound; and had he, at this period, sought this source of consolation in the true meek spirit of prayer, the balm would have been poured with lasting comfort; but, unhappily, Marston was a Catholic, and his religion, which bears a character of enthusiasm, is yet clogged with superstition, and deprived of its greatest beauties by a mixture of fanaticism—the work of priests,—and more of priesthood and of earthly laws is connected with it than of Godhood. So, when he turned to his Maker, he turned to those sacrifices ordained by priests, and by them inculcated, as pleasing to God, which alternately rendered him a manacled and shackled sufferer. Not at the moment, indeed, when he took his vows; then any sacrifice was balm to his heart; it was like the excision of a noisome canker, and he looked not beyond

the present for cure, the future seemed assured to him by the measure.

When time had cicatrised, not healed, his wounds, and his profession had lulled them to repose, he for a while experienced a calm, which, by degrees, brought his mind into a healthier state, and in proportion to this change did his energies return. By slow degrees, however, a need of some interest became insensibly to be desired: again he recurred to the past; and the more he felt that interest, which now began to exert its influence on him, towards his friend and his child, the nearer he drew to his former state of feelings. Still it did not occur to him that he loved; the knowledge of his position did not permit such a thought to enter, much less dwell in his mind; he loved, without being conscious of that sentiment.

Life began again to appear beautiful to him;

nature again was lovely in his eyes; in his orisons his fervour was greater, his devotion more sublime; fewer thoughts of his Eleanor, perhaps, mingled unconsciously in his prayers, but his adoration of his Creator was even the purer. Time again flew rapidly with him,—space also seemed to contract, and the distance which separated his dwelling from those so dear to him was swiftly traversed of a morning. How bright, how beautiful the sun shone on Netherwood, as he contemplated it from the moor which lay beneath it; and with what a sense of bliss did he approach the gates.

In the evening, when he returned home, after passing a day of mild and perfect happiness, the moonlight scenery in the dark woods of Marston Abbey claimed admiration equally with the brighter tints of day. Slowly he paced the splendid avenues conducting to the abbey, observing the silvery light which

played through the openings of the trees, while his thoughts recurred to the last subject of conversation, and ideas multiplied with rapidity to renew it on the following morning: and if the night was moonless, equal objects of contemplation presented themselves to receive the reflection of the calm happiness he enjoyed, whilst at times the countless stars, spangling the heavens, displayed the richness and the infinity of the works of the great Creator.

As he pursued his return to his lonely dwelling, he moved slowly, for each step took him further from those who concentrated all his happiness in their little circle.

Thus many months passed away: happy had it been for him if years had so continued; he would then have been spared a long life of acute misery;—but the calm state he enjoyed began to change into a degree of anxiety; the

mornings seemed to lag and lengthen, until the hour that he could present himself at Netherwood; the moments of parting became mingled with melancholy. He knew not what thus affected him, but inquietude oppressed him when obliged, from any circumstance, to be absent for a day; and all things appeared insipid to him when once out of the precincts of Netherwood. An incident, however, at this time occurred, which cruelly revealed to him the real state of his feelings, and began that web of sorrow from which he was never to extricate himself.

There came one morning to the gates of Netherwood a poor girl to beg an alms. She was sick and wretched; clothed in rags, and with all the appearance which miserable poverty gives—a livid complexion, sunken eyes, pale lips, and emaciated form; but she appeared young, and her sufferings evidently

benefactress; then desperation would hurry her on in her disclosures, and again grief seemed to choke her utterance, and she paused to regain power to continue. Mrs. Howard felt deeply for her; she encouraged her; she endeavoured to raise her from her state of humiliation; but the consciousness the poor girl felt of her abasement, when addressing virtue and purity, rendered all efforts of that nature unavailing.

"Oh! no; if you knew what an abject, degraded creature stands before you, you would not listen to me with such goodness; I should rather inspire you with horror and disgust. I cannot look at you,—I am unworthy to be in your presence,—I belong to the lowest, the most abject class of beings,—I am a lost creature in this world, and no future one is before me, save one of punishment everlasting."

"Say not so, poor girl," replied Mrs. How-

cated,—and it needed all the eloquence, all the fascination, all the art of seduction, to lower me to the state in which I am.

"My father was an officer of high rank in the army, my mother the daughter of a noble Irish house. My father married her during his residence in Ireland, while the troops under his command were quartered in the county of Clare. My mother was a Catholic. She educated me in the religion of her fathers; and never did tender care, or real devout anxiety, attend a daughter more truly than in my case: my poor mother bestowed on me all her affection.

"Disfigured as you now see me, once I was very pretty; I heard it from all who came to see my mother; I heard it from the officers who came to visit my father; I heard it especially, and with pleasure, from one of them, the nearest in rank to him. He saw his ad-

capable, who had already so basely ruined the young and innocent girl, he sought to pass her into the hands of a friend of his who admired her.

It required some address, as well as patience and deceit to succeed in this project. Eugenia loved Col. M—; and not all his late indifference and neglect, mockery of virtue and sophistry—however she gave way to grief, and however deeply she repented her conduct towards her parents,—could diminish the affection she bore him. He was obliged, in order to effect his purpose, to quit her; and making affairs of importance, which called him to the north, his pretext, he left her, never to return. She traced and followed him as far as York, but there lost all clue to proceed, being at the same time pursued by her new admirer. Friendless, alone, without resources of any kind, her necessities became advocates in his favour, and

she unwillingly yielded to his importunities. The progress of vice is slow, but, once its insinuations are listened to, it is certain. From one step to another, the unfortunate girl gradually sunk, in the scale of virtue, into the lowest abyss of misery. She, once the pride of her parents' house, admired and esteemed, the friend and associate of persons in the highest circles, at length became the midnight and unsheltered wanderer.

A long train of horrors followed; and she passed through those various scenes of degradation, each assuming a darker hue, till she found herself the debased inmate of an hospital. Her illness was long and severe; though attended by the people employed in the hospital, such hireling attendance hardly deserves the name. The medicines, it is true, are administered; but a friendless creature may lie in her bed many sad and tedious months, un-

heeded by any compassionating eye, uncared for! Her nights of fever and suffering were sadly long and painful; distracting remembrances of the past haunted her perpetually. She considered herself with horror: that horror became unbearable. She sought to die, by refusing all sustenance or medical aid. Here the guardians of the hospital interfered, and menaced and insisted. Her trial was long and severe, but her youth saved her; and she had just quitted the hospital, and was wandering forth, she knew not whither, to seek some casual assistance, when she met Mrs. Howard, with her son and Eleanor, entering the park-gate. Her tale had been told to one who was too good, and too meek a Christian for it to meet with any other feelings than those of compassion and interest. Mrs. Howard wept, as she listened to her.

"And had you no spiritual comforter in the

hospital to pour hope into your afflicted bosom, —poor child! When in your despair you sought to die, did you not reflect whither you were going, on quitting your earthly tenement?"

"Alas! I knew but too well whither I should go; but for that dread, I should have succeeded in putting an end to my worldly suffering."

"But God is merciful, and sinful as you had been, the thought that there is joy in heaven over one that repenteth, might have whispered peace to your troubled spirit. Surely there was a clergyman attending such a public establishment."

"Yes, madam, there was, but I am a Catholic; his ministry would have been of no avail to me."

Mrs. Howard instantly thought of Marston, and was determined to obtain from him his friendly assistance in reclaiming the lost crea-

ture, and achieving a work already, she hoped, begun. She drew Eugenia towards the house, and bidding her wait in the green-house, went in quest of Marston, whom she expected to find in the drawing-room, it being the usual hour of his visit. Her hopes were not disappointed. She found him walking up and down the room, in impatience till her glad presence should animate that soul which felt existence only when she was near. She related the tale with all the eloquence feeling, pity, and charity inspire; and had she said less, he would still have been interested in her story, and for the heroine of it. Was she not interested? could he feel otherwise than she did?

They consulted on the preliminary measure of finding her a home; since Marston judiciously remarked, that she could not allow her to enter her house, or be seen by the domestics, who would reason very differently on the sub-

ject from what she did. Accordingly, they arranged to place her with a poor old woman, whom Mrs. Howard protected, and to whom she had been very kind; without letting her know the history of the poor girl; but merely stating, that she was a person in whom she took interest, and whose health she entrusted to the especial care of the old woman.

Marston undertook, as soon as she should be installed there, to attend her, and dispose her mind to the consolations of religion. For the future neither he nor Mrs. Howard occupied themselves; much was essential to be done, ere it would be necessary to consider how, or where, she was to exist after she should be reclaimed.

These arrangements being made, Mrs. Howard then repaired to the village adjoining the park, where the cottage of her poor pensioner was situated, with whom she settled every

thing according to her wishes; and she apprized the old woman that her neighbour, Mr. Marston, interested himself equally about the young woman she proposed placing with her, and would visit her constantly. She then purchased in the village such homely apparel as she considered suitable, which she caused to be brought by a little boy from the village along with her; and Eugenia attired herself in the greenhouse. Before the evening fell, the poor girl was comfortably installed in her new dwelling, her heart overflowing with gratitude to her benefactors, and enjoying the long unknown sensations of security and home.

Mrs. Howard's satisfaction, at the commencement of this good work, although an exquisite gratification, was to her no novel one; for miles round Netherwood she had dispensed her charities, and given consolation to the unhappy and the needy; and she was as much beloved

as any one can be who renders services to their neighbours. A great sovereign once truly said,—"Pour une faveur que j'accorde, je suis sur de faire—99 mécontents et un ingrat."

Marston went the following morning to Eugenia, and his mild remonstrances brought her by degrees to consent to his being her spiritual adviser: she was meek, and obedient, but whenever he held out hope to her she refused it.

"Treat me severely, father; order me heavy penance—none you can inflict can meet the weight and measure of my sin; but talk not to me of hope or pardon,—it is impossible."

No arguments could persuade her to take any other nourishment than bread, or drink any thing but water: "It is all too good for me, I am too unworthy," was her fixed reply. Her mind became more and more oppressed, as she recovered her bodily strength; a fuller

sense of her degradation seemed to weigh her down; and Marston grieved to see, that the consolation he endeavoured to hold out to her had not the effect intended. She acknowledged the mercy of God; she was deeply penetrated with religious sentiments, but could not adopt the hope that mercy could be extended to her: and she would say to him, with a melancholy smile,—

"I feel all the kindness of your reasoning, father, but the intention is all I can acknowledge."

Marston felt deeply anxious for the fate of this poor victim of villainy, and, for some time, the chief subject of discourse between him and Mrs. Howard was Eugenia, and the daily progress, or failure, of his efforts towards raising her to hope. At length, completely discouraged, he called his friend's exertions to his aid.

"Speak to her the language of one of her

own sex; she looks on me as a confessor, perhaps with you she will be led on more easily; she could not resist you—could any one?"

Mrs. Howard might have seen him colour and hesitate at this phrase, which escaped his lips ere reflection had retained it; yet his confusion was unnoticed by her who caused it; she was too much occupied with the subject for a thought of herself to mingle with it.

"Indeed you have too high an opinion of my powers; my arguments will be weak after your's, Marston: I will exert myself as you wish, even though my efforts should only tend to throw the brilliancy, truth, and point of your arguments into broader light, from the shadow of my weaker reasoning. Besides," she added, smiling, "you know, *I* am a heretic, for whom there is no salvation."

This was said as they entered the cottage of the old woman with whom Eugenia resided.

What might be the thoughts or feelings of Marston did not appear, as they were immediately accosted by the cottager, with a look of much alarm on her countenance.

"Oh! my lady, Lord save us, what will you say; you will be mortal angry with me!—and yet it is none of my fault: I took as much care of Miss Eugeny as thof she had been my own child; and never so much as said one cross word to her, although she would sit moping and crying enough to harry up one's soul. I'm sure she was melancholic company, sure enough."

"But, my good woman," said Marston, impatiently, "what is the matter?"

"There now, I was sure as how it would be, and I not at all to blame all the whiles, I'm sure."—And she began whimpering.

"What are you sure about, Mother Ewlet?" said Mrs. Howard; "where is Eugenia?"

"Why Lord, my lady, and wouldn't I be telling you, if I knew where she was, poor young lady. I'm sure I never thoft as trouble would come upon me this wise, and all for telling her about the poor sick woman as I 'tended, when your ladyship sent me to carry soup and one thing or another to her, there in Wetherby, just to amuse her."

"Mother Ewlet, no more trifling," said Marston, sternly; "tell at once what you know of the young woman, and where she is gone."

The old woman looked now so terrified, that Mrs. Howard feared it would be impossible to make her explain any thing, unless she removed the panic their presence had caused her, and she sat down patiently to await the moment she anxiously desired, and motioned to Marston to do the same.

"I forget what you allude to, Mother Ewlet; what sick woman did I send you to attend?"

"Lauk now! and is it possible! what you forgets the poor sick woman as lodges at Wetherby, just out of the town there, in a open garret, and was starving, without bed-clothes to cover her, or creatur to look arter her;—says you, 'Mother Ewlet,' says you, 'take these things to her, and tell her I will send more soon,'—but the poor woman hasn't need of half as much, for its my fancy as she's dying. The last time as I went to her, she made me stay and hear all her melancholic story. Says she, 'Mother Ewlet, when I'm dead, be sure you tell it all to the good lady as sent you;' and I promised I would, but she arn't dead yet. Howsomdever, Miss Eugeny was crying, and taking on so last night, thinks I, I'll tell her all that story, and that will do her good.

Well, so I told her, and then she began moaning, and tearing her hair, like one distraught; and I went out to settle the cow for the night, and when I comed back, I didn't see Miss Eugeny, so thinks I she's gone to bed, poor thing, mayhap she'll be better to-morrow morning; so I never troubled myself more, for I was weary, as we poor folks are when night comes, too happy to get to bed and sleep, after toiling all the live long day. Oh! my lady, you rich folks don't know what poor folks suffer: I used to tell my good man in younger days, when he used to look so smart and natty like, for he was footman to your ladyship's godfather, please your worship (dropping a courtesy to Marston), I used to say to him, says I——"

"My good woman, you have quite forgotten that you have not finished what you were telling me about Eugenia."

"Ah! dear, so and it's true. Well, I didn't see her this morning, as usual, praying and crossing herself, near the window, as I always did as soon as it was light, as I passed by the window to go and milk the cow, and something wrong struck me. Lauk bless me, says I, is Miss Eugeny ill, as she arn't praying! So I tapt at the window, and she said never a word; then I looked in, and sure enough she warn't there, and her bed was untouched, so you know, my lady, she can't have been to bed, but where she is I can't think, and I was afeard to go and tell you; I thoft as you would be angry, and yet sure it's not my fault."

She went on muttering and chattering, but her auditors no longer listened to her, but looked at each other with much concern.

"And is there no means of tracing her," at last said Mrs. Howard; "have you no idea where she is gone?"

"Dear no, my lady; she arnt taken none of her new clothes, as you gived her, with her, but just a bundle of rags, as she brought with her the first day tied up, and she has even left those she wore in her room."

"Can she be an accomplished hypocrite, and a vagrant," said Marston; "and yet what could she get more by begging than food, raiment, and house-room."

"Oh! Marston, can you form so severe a judgment? Her history, her language, her repentance, her agony, were all too true to admit of such a suspicion."

"It is so; and yet how inexplicable is her conduct: there is something in it incomprehensible; but let us lose no time in making enquiry; perhaps we shall discover where she is gone, and, at the same time, that she is not unworthy of our protection."

The direct road to York from Netherwood

was through Wetherby, and it was most probable she had journeyed thither, in order to gain the high road to London, or she must have crossed a wide extent of fields and private property, and have been more conversant with the topography of the county than was presumable. Marston offered to ride to Wetherby, and, perceiving how anxious Mrs. Howard was to discover the fugitive, quitted her to proceed forthwith. The day passed without further information, nor did Marston return to Netherwood. The following morning Mrs. Howard received a note from him, requesting her to come immediately to Wetherby.

"Your presence will shed balm and consolation on the miserable," he wrote; "I have found the poor penitent, and cannot at this crisis quit her."

It needed not entreating to obey this mandate. In two hours she arrived at the spot

indicated by Marston, and found him waiting for her at the door of a wretched hovel.

"Let not the scene which you are about to witness affect you too deeply; I would have spared you it, but was so earnestly entreated to request you would come, that I could not refuse."

"I will follow you, Marston," replied Mrs. Howard, "and will endeavour to still whatever emotions I may feel:"—So saying, she climbed up a sort of ladder, with his assistance, and entered a loft, exposed on two sides to the inclemencies of the weather.

In the farthest corner of this miserable abode, where a kind of roof formed a covering against rain and snow, was lying, stretched on straw, an old woman, and on her knees, by her side, holding her emaciated hands within her own, was Eugenia,—tears streaming down

her cheeks, and convulsive sobs heaving her bosom, her eyes strained in watching the departing spirit of one once so dear to her. Her absorbing agony prevented her heeding the entrance of Mrs. Howard and Marston; and she drew nearer to the head of the dying woman, to catch the inarticulate sounds which fell with difficulty from her lips. The two friends hesitated to approach: a feeling of awe withheld them from disturbing the solemnity of that moment. They remained silent; and were deeply affected by the picture of wretchedness before them. Eugenia rose from her knees, after some time, to raise the head of the suffering invalid on the straw couch, and then saw her benefactress; but the look she gave her hardly evinced consciousness, and she was about to resume her position, when Mrs. Howard and Marston drew gently near. A

faint gleam of animation lighted up the face of the dying woman, and she summoned her remaining strength to address Mrs. Howard.

"You have shewn mercy to my sinful daughter," she said; "you have brought her from the gates of eternal punishment into the road of salvation; and, by your blessed charity, she is here to receive the pardon of her unhappy, dying mother. Blessings on your head,—blessings on all those who are dear to you; may your children be a benediction to you,—may all earthly and heavenly happiness attend you here and hereafter."

These exertions were too great for her enfeebled frame, and she was constrained to pause for a time. Her daughter brought her something to drink, to cool her parched lips, and she thus resumed:—

"Leave not your good work unfinished; when I am dead, I implore you to receive

again under your protection my unfortunate child, and, if it is possible, try to diminish the agonies of her remorse. May blessings be showered on the head of that holy man, who has aided you in your charitable endeavours to reclaim a sinful creature. (This she said, addressing Marston.)—Ah! reverend father, blessed is your calling; you are preserved from all those dangers which surround the children of this world, exposed as they are to the temptations of the flesh. Had I listened to the persuasions of my family, at the birth of my poor Eugenia, she would now be a blessed saint, instead of what I shudder to name. They prayed me to devote her to a cloister; but I was vain of my beautiful child—I wished all the world to see her, and admire her; and now I have to accuse myself as being the author of all her faults and woes. I preferred bestowing her on a worldly husband to making her

the spouse of Christ, and I panted for the hour when I should witness the bridal of the pride of my heart. Little did I know the treacherous snares which were being laid for her; little was I aware that my tender care, and watchful guardianship, were insufficient to protect her against determined villainy. My poor child allowed herself to be ensnared, giving, in return for cold-hearted sophistry, real love and confidence——"

"Oh! when she quitted her mother, little did she dream of the misery, the wretchedness she inflicted."

"Sob not thus, poor child, I have forgotten that now: all the past is but as a shadow; but thy departure was the signal for accumulated sorrows to surround me. Thy father, incensed, enraged, sought thy destroyer; whether thou wert still living with him at that time I know not; for they fought, and thy father fell,—and

it was some months before I learned that he had found Col. M——, and had died by his hands. Poverty then assailed me: our only resource had been my husband's military appointments. By degrees, I became involved to a great extent;—prisons, sufferings of every sort, awaited me. I quitted Ireland, when relieved in a degree by a relative in England, and came over to join her. At York I fell ill, and here I have lingered many months, until my distress became known to this angel of mercy, who assisted me. Watch carefully over her, holy father; let not impure thoughts approach her dwelling: shelter her from the seduction and wily arts of selfish, designing men: be her protector and guardian against all danger. You can never know the anguish of a broken heart. Oh! you are spared all the sorrows which arise from mistaken and ill-requited affection. Your thoughts and heart

are centered in God; you know not what direful miseries may arise from the passion of love. Have mercy towards my unhappy daughter; pity and pray for her,—pray for me,—pray for the wretched!"

Mrs. Howard promised her, with that fervour and feeling which at once enforce conviction, that her desires should be fulfilled; and, while she was yet speaking, the poor woman clasped her arms around Eugenia, and sunk lifeless on the bed. Marston, who had been agitated and shocked by a variety of conflicting emotions, recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to engage Mrs. Howard to withdraw from this scene of desolation, promising not to quit Eugenia, and to do all that was necessary, under the existing circumstances.

"You must leave the poor girl here awhile," he said; "I must pray with her by the side of

her departed mother; I must remain here till all is terminated, and then I will bring Eugenia back to her asylum."

Mrs. Howard withdrew, in obedience to his request, and returned to Netherwood, but she never saw Eugenia more.

Marston, as the poor woman was a Catholic, kindly undertook to conduct the funeral himself, and to bury her in a spot allotted in the burying-ground for persons of that persuasion. The distracted Eugenia followed the procession, strewing flowers on the coffin, according to the custom of Catholics. When, however, the last part of the awful ceremony was drawing nigh, her agony became so intense that it was with difficulty Marston could proceed. She flung herself on the coffin, uttering piercing shrieks, and supplicating that the ground which covered her mother might also be heaped on her; at last, force was necessary to

he had been of late. There was something constrained in his manner, whenever he addressed Mrs. Howard, and his countenance expressed great melancholy. He avoided all occasions of conversing with her alone, and seemed no longer to enjoy her society:—yet still he came, and lingered; although he grew still sadder, and graver, and more restless.

He would come early to Netherwood, and then depart in half an hour, pretending occupations which required his absence; and then would return almost immediately, and forget the important business which he had stated called him away. At other times, he would shew, in innumerable ways, signs of impatience and irritability, and, bursting out of the house, would remain absent several days.

Mrs. Howard became uneasy for his health, and even his reason. He declined visibly; nevertheless, his snatches of impatience made

her fearful of offending him by noticing them. Little could she guess or suspect the truth. She was entirely unconscious of the sensations that agitated his mind; and oftentimes increased his embarrassment, and aggravated his sufferings, while she thought, by her expressions of sympathy, she was mitigating them.

His old grey-headed servant, Joseph, who had never quitted him since his birth, and was most truly devoted to him, sought in vain to discover what it could be which so afflicted his dear master; and he would repair of an evening, when his service was ended, with the garrulity of age, to make Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Howard's housekeeper, the confidante of his perplexities and uneasiness.

"I really don't know, Mrs. Davenport, what in the world ails my unhappy master; but what is certain is, that he gets worserer and worserer. Sometimes, I declare, he will

nearly snap one's nose off; and when he is in them worriting tempers, he will take nothing whatsomever of nourishment, not nothing at all. But I hears him sighing, and sighing, and taking on so, and then he goes into the chapel, and there he'll be a praying by the hour together. Do you know, I sometimes thinks as he is distraught. He axed me, no longer ago than last night, what was the name of the captain as is arrived at Netherwood; and when I told him, as I did without thinking to make him angry, as how there had been great preparations made before his arrival, and that folks said in the village as he was come a courting Mrs. Howard, Lord bless you, he shouted out, and clenched his fists this wise, and stared so wildly, and fell down in a chair, as thof he would be having a fit."

"Oh! Mr. Joseph, I wish it was true, with all my heart, what the folks say in the village,"

replied Mrs. Davenport, "for it is quite a mortal pity, to see so fine and sweet a young woman as my mistress wasting away her youth, as sure enough she does, all lonely-like. She arnt more than eight-and-twenty years of age, to my certain knowledge, and she is such a sweet lady, that I am sure she would do honor to a coronet. Howsomdever, I don't think as Captain Harris is come with that there thought, whatever may happen afterwards.

"You are not advised, Mr. Joseph, that Captain Harris is our young master Harry's guardian, and as he is going to take a long sea voyage to the Hingies; I overheard him telling my lady, as it was time that young master should be beginning his hedication; and that as it had been his poor father's fancy as he should folly the same profession as his own, he was come to fetch away young master, and to take him along with him in this voyage.

Poor mistress is in a sad taking, for you know she doats upon her darling boy; and, sure enough, I do think it is a cruel thing to take him from her, so young as he is, all at once so far off.

"Ah, Mr. Joseph, every one has their sorrows, believe me; and if your poor master is stricken as you say he is, why he is not the only hart or hind, as the song says. But, come, don't be for returning homewards this fashion: it is raining very hard, and it is my opinion we shall be having a thunder-storm by and by. Stay, and take a glass of cowslip-wine, and bide a bit till the storm is over."

In a few minutes the old housekeeper's predictions were realized. The cloud hanging over Netherwood burst awfully, and the flashes of lightning succeeded each other with such extreme rapidity, that the heavy roll of thunder continued unceasingly, one peal mingling

with another without intermission. Joseph was, nevertheless, impatient to return home. It was the hour at which Marston generally required his services; but the careful housekeeper insisted that he should not depart as long as the storm continued; and it lasted so long, that it was far advanced in the evening before he set off on his return to the abbey.

He entered the great hall silently and cautiously, lest Marston should have already retired to repose; and that the unusual sound of footsteps, at so late an hour, might not disturb him. He crept to the door of his apartment to ascertain that all was well, but there was no light in his chamber,—all was silence; and, to his great fear and astonishment, on entering the room, it was untenanted. He then descended to the library, but the same stillness reigned there likewise. Breathless, he entered the chapel adjoining,—no sign of life

was there either. Marston was absent it was evident; but wherefore, in such weather, and at such an hour of night? These thoughts both perplexed and alarmed his old servant. Perhaps he had been sent for to the bedside of some sick parishioner, to bestow the comfort he felt so little himself, during Joseph's visit to Mrs. Davenport; but this was simple conjecture. Where seek him at such an hour of night?

The only servant Marston allowed himself, besides Joseph, was an old woman, who came daily to prepare his abstemious repast; and when once her duties were executed, she returned to her cottage and her family. There were numerous labourers employed about the park and grounds, but these also returned at evening to their dwellings in the village.

The old man's conscience bitterly reproached him for having allowed himself to listen to the

persuasions and fears of Mrs. Davenport, and having thus neglected his unhappy master. The following morning, he went in pursuit of him in every direction that his thoughts could suggest as likely to have been visited by him, but unsuccessfully, and in the evening he repaired in much perplexity to Netherwood, and asked to speak with Mrs. Howard, to whom he told his great anxiety and uncertainty.

"My master arn't over well, my lady—his troubles have got such hold of his mind; he passes his days and nights in prayers and tears, and somehow there is no coming near him lately. He looks so angry at me, if I dares to ax him how he is, that he quite frightens me. He usen't to speak to his old sarvant this wise; and when I think as it is I, as has been his servant, come Michaelmas, six-and-thirty years, for I lived with his honored father, and was my lady's own footman; and when young

master was four years old, 'Joseph,' says my lady, 'you shall tend the nursery, and, when your little master is old enough, you shall tend him," and sure enough I have, as in duty bound, ever since; but now I am a weak old man, and my poor master as I loves makes me pass many a weary hour. Sometimes he won't go to bed the whole live-long night, and I watches, and watches, for I don't like to think of resting, whiles I knows as he is watching. But I didn't think as he would go away this fashion, and never as much as say, 'Joseph, I'm going,'—or, 'Good bye to you,'—or something——"

Captain Harris, who had been staying at Netherwood for three or four days, was sitting in the drawing-room at the time of Joseph's visit, and good humouredly proposed to seek Mr. Marston in more distant parts than the old man could undertake to do on foot. Mrs.

Howard eagerly accepted this kind offer, and sent herself in other directions; but all their efforts to discover him were vain, and they were obliged to submit to the painful suspense which they felt on his account, more particularly Mrs. Howard, who was sincerely attached to her friend.

At length, after several days had passed in this uncertainty, a child belonging to a poor cottager, living some miles distant from the abbey, came to Netherwood, sent by his mother, to say that a gentleman, who had been taken very ill at her cottage several days before, had become so much worse as to rave and be totally unable to explain himself. She had observed, in the course of his mental wanderings, that he had mentioned Netherwood several times; and the good woman inferring, from this circumstance, that the owner of that mansion might know something concerning

him, had quickly dispatched her child to apprize her of his dangerous state, as she did not dare leave him alone, his conduct was marked with such violence. Capt. Harris, between the time of his search after Marston and this discovery, had returned to London to prepare for his long voyage, so that Mrs. Howard was unable to have recourse to his friendly assistance at this crisis. No time was to be lost; and she made up her mind instantly to set off, accompanied by Eleanor, to the cottage the child had indicated.

Great was her grief to witness the wretched state in which she found her unhappy friend. The violent paroxysm of fever, under which he had laboured for several days, had subsided, and was succeeded by the excessive depression and weakness which generally follow such attacks. His eyes were sunken, his forehead and cheeks deathly pale, and a wandering,

melancholy, unsettled expression, observable in his eyes, greatly affected her. He avoided looking at her, as she entered the room, and appeared to be collecting his thoughts.

The poor cottager, meanwhile, bustled about and presented chairs for her guests,—much flustered to have such fine company in her little cottage, and so fine a carriage at the door.

Mrs. Howard observed Marston's distress and embarrassment, and with her sex's delicacy of feeling endeavoured, by an assumed quietude of manner, to produce the same in him, and she, in a degree, succeeded. After a few minutes' silence, he fixed his dark expressive eyes on her, and attempted languidly to raise his head from the high-backed chair on which it was resting;—and she spoke, in order to break the silence, which became too embarrassing.

"Marston, it is very unkind of you thus to

quit your friends, and refuse their consolation and assistance, when you are so ill. Why have you done so? You have given us great uneasiness: we have sought you every where for several days, and have been seriously distressed on your account. Your dear little daughter has been quite miserable. Speak to me, dear Marston; you look at me as if you hardly knew me. What can I do for you?—What can we all do, to relieve your unhappy mind? Indeed, I could reproach you with severity for this want of confidence, this proof of indifference. You then feel no sympathy with us!—You do not interest yourself sufficiently for us, to care whether we feel anxiety on your account or not. Unkind Marston!—Is this good woman more attentive than we should have been?—Is her skill greater in the treatment of your illness, than that within our power? Do explain this extraordinary caprice,

or tell me if we have been so unfortunate as unintentionally to offend you, or to give you pain. Believe me, if such is unhappily the case, regret for so doing would infinitely surpass the punishment you would inflict by withdrawing from us."

During this appeal to his feelings, little Eleanor clung round him, crying—"Father, dear father!" With effort, he roused himself to the energy of replying—

"I should, indeed, merit more unkind reproaches than you have expressed (and a faint flush spread itself over his pale countenance), were I here from any of the causes you suppose. In truth, an attack of fever came on me suddenly, near this good woman's dwelling; and when I accepted her invitation to enter her cottage, it was with the expectation of quitting it shortly, and returning home. Would to God, you could offend me!"—and he stopped

short, and began playing with Eleanor's curls, while a distressed and half-angry expression passed over his countenance, not against her but against himself.

The dying speech of Eugenia's mother had awakened him to the real state of his feelings: he had recoiled from them with remorse and dread. He had then been indulging a passion which, in his position, was a sin. With horror he became his own inquisitor; he probed his feelings to the heart's core; he examined all his thoughts, and scrutinized all the feelings which had, for the last few months, engrossed his soul. Each day had added new and deeper cause for self-recrimination to the preceding one. He had sinned mentally, but unconsciously; yet he listened not to the excuses which self-indulgence offered.

"I ought not to have been unconscious!—I have abandoned my soul with indolence to its

perdition," were his bitter upbraidings; and he communed severely with himself.

The priest, who had formerly been his confessor, resided at York, and he had dispatched a messenger, requiring his presence at the abbey. Not that he was a man whose erudition and mind were on a par with Marston's: he was, in fact, little more than a bare reciter of the doctrines he professed; but then he was a person less interested in admitting excuses than himself could be, and he wanted support to strengthen him in the determination he formed. The result of the measure may be easily imagined. The priest enjoined penance, prayer, and fasting, and forbade him re-entering the house where his soul's weal had been so endangered. In so ordering, he fulfilled the duties of his calling, and was satisfied that he had done all that the case required; and ar-

guing from his own calm, indifferent feelings, said, as he quitted Marston—

"I will return in six weeks, and do not doubt I shall find you in a state of mind to allow of my administering absolution."

Six weeks!—A race against time!—As if the passion which had instilled itself into Marston's whole frame, and which had wound itself into his very heart's core, making indeed part, and that the most essential part of his existence, could be effaced as easily as the impress of the breath evanishes from the polished surface of an unsullied mirror.

"Yes," thought Marston, "I will abstain from seeing her, and not all the penance prescribed will amount to one hundredth part of that I shall thereby inflict on myself. But will that destroy the thought of her?"

He persevered several weeks in this deter-

It cannot be expected that the mind can maintain its force, under the circumstances in which Marston found himself, nor can it be supposed that he should have it in his power to preserve the severe self-denial which he had prescribed to himself, when suddenly, and unexpectedly, in the presence of an adored object. He attempted to appear indifferent. He attempted to rebuke himself; but she spoke, and her voice thrilled through him. He looked at her, and all his resolutions faded fast from him. Her unconsciousness of the struggle he was enduring even added to his embarrassment. Could he have communicated his thoughts and sorrows!—But he dared not. He was well aware a declaration of his sentiments, in his peculiar position, would have proved offensive to one so pure, so devout, so attached to her own religion; so scrupulous in her respect for the religion of others, and so

heedful of the observance of it. Could he have given vent to his feelings, and made her bosom the depository of his maddening griefs, —could he have shared his sorrows with her, they might have been mitigated; but the constraint of confining all he felt within his own breast, increased the intensity of his anguish. Mrs. Howard looked at him distressed and perplexed.

"I do not understand you, Marston; speak more frankly."—And seeing him put his hand to his forehead, she added,—"My poor friend, you suffer greatly."

"Yes, yes," said Marston, willingly adopting her interpretation, "I suffer, but not the ministry of angels could relieve me."

"Say not so; I have more confidence, I know, in medical science than you entertain; but let me intreat of you, to allow me to send to you a physician who has shewn himself

really skilful on many occasions. Dear Marston, will you consult Dr. Carlton, if I send him to you? Promise me, if it is only to oblige *me*."

Marston dared not trust his voice to answer her; he dared not even *look* at her. After some moments of violent struggle with himself, he dropped his head in acquiescence to her request; but his agitation increased, the paroxysm of fever seemed returning, and Mrs. Howard, deeply afflicted, withdrew with Eleanor, and hastened to send him a medical adviser. She, in truth, feared for his mind, should his strength resist the violence of the fever which appeared to be consuming him.

Dr. Carlton was a friend of hers, a gentleman of much science and experience, and one in whom she reposed the utmost confidence; and she drove to his house, situated near Wetherby, to explain to him where he

would find Marston, and also to detail to him what she had observed respecting him, since her return from Ireland.

CHAPTER IV.

"Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of it."
SHAKSPEARE.

"Son qual nave abbandonata,
Minacciata da procella;
Senza scorta, e senza stella
Temo i scogli, e temo il mar."

"I do not quite understand the cause of this feverish, agitated state," said Dr. Carlton to his suffering patient, after several days of constant and careful attendance on him. "There ought to be some amelioration in your pulse,—some signs of amendment in your countenance.

I am disposed to fear that the seat of your disorder is beyond the reach of my power to administer relief. If it is not probing your feelings too deeply, speak frankly to me; tell me if I am right in my conjecture? Although my profession only tends to the curing of the body, the interest with which you have inspired me, would make me desire to be gifted with sufficient eloquence, and to possess sufficient influence over your mind, to operate a cure even not within the pale of my own art. Say, am I right in my supposition? I think the expression of your countenance confirms my suspicions. Yet your holy calling ought to exempt you from sorrows known to those less protected from temptations, and contacts dangerous to their peace and happiness."

Marston lowered his eyes, but made no reply; and Dr. Carlton continued—

"We physicians have numberless opportu-

nities of studying the workings and feelings of the human heart, in the variety of cases we are called on to attend; and I have often thought, that if our profession were united to that of the one, justly considered as the more elevated, which you follow, we might effect an infinity of cures which now remain beyond our skill. The confidence of our patients being granted to us, at the very time that we approach them, in hours of suffering and of weakness, we could administer mental consolation whilst relieving corporeal agonies."

"If such were indeed the result of the combination you suggest, doctor, conjointly with your good intentions, you would truly be most precious advisers! But you must allow me to doubt, that man can be gifted with eloquence and argument, of sufficient weight, 'to administer to a mind diseased;' or that the union of the two professions, as proposed by you,

is beyond our power of endurance; and that there is a consolation, surpassing all our trials, which is always hovering near us, and stretching out its healing arms to receive us. That you should overlook, or forget this, is indeed discouraging for those who have no other hope than the 'mercy-seat' of another world."

"Doctor, doctor, it is because I am a servant of God that I suffer," groaned Marston; and he covered his head, and shook the bed on which he lay with the violence of his emotions.

Dr. Carlton had suspected it, and, from various short and broken phrases, had conceived Marston's sorrow; but his object was to draw him to declare it, in order to be enabled to reason with him.

"My dear sir, I am a Protestant; and as such, although understanding you, I cannot feel with you. According to my religious sentiments, the being a servant of God can never

occasion regret, as connected with the enjoyment of natural affections. According to our belief, the heavenly power does not require sacrifices which embitter existence, and render his service sorrowful. It should seem much more reasonable to suppose that the heart, unclouded by grief, or repining at sacrifice, would more cheerfully, willingly, truly, and devoutly adore the great Creator of all things, and diffuse with more enthusiasm the blessings of revelation, than if feeling that, in order to do so, there must necessarily exist regret. So firm is my conviction, in this view of the subject,—so unanswerable do I consider this argument, that I cannot but believe, even according to the tenets of religion, that the sacrifice is not rendered the more acceptable in proportion to its extent and pain. That we should endure, with patience and resignation, the afflictions sent to us by Providence,

and not within our power to avoid, I consider as an humiliation, acceptable in the eyes of God, and that he, in chastening us, puts our faith and confidence in him to trial: but I believe, at the same time, that reward for humble submission to his decrees, however severe they may be, is certain. We will not discuss the more important positive points of difference in our creeds, but let us meet half way on minor grounds of controversial difference, nevertheless of considerable interest to you.—Wherefore refuse yourself the solace and happiness of the society of those friends, so really necessary to your existence. I maintain, as a principle, that violent measures only increase certain sufferings, and that absence serves but to irritate and augment the desire of counteracting and overcoming obstacles. I am so persuaded of this fact, that if my daughter were unhappily to form an attachment for

some young man, whom I should consider an unfit alliance for her, far from tormenting her, and withdrawing her from his society, I should let them meet constantly. I am certain that time would do more towards reconciling them to my refusal than absence or vexations. Instead of separating yourself with such severity from those so dear to you, take another line of conduct; indulge yourself a little in their presence. Approach the danger, instead of shunning it,—you will find it less terrible. You will suffer less, and you will be able to vanquish with greater facility a passion you cannot, and must not, encourage."

This reasoning was too much in harmony with Marston's wishes for him not to set aside his judgment, and allow himself to be guided by it. The prospect which opened to him of again beholding his dear friend,—of again enjoying her society,—operated as a most salutary

remedy. A few days sufficed to restore him to such a degree of strength and recovery, as to permit him to remove to Netherwood.

Dr. Carlton had meanwhile prepared Mrs. Howard for this visit, without in the least acquainting her with the real state of Marston's mind; but he told her that her sick friend required much constant care, and to have his mind amused and interested, and he recommended little Eleanor's being perpetually near her father.

"Her little innocent gaiety, added to your cheerful society, will do more for his recovery than any thing I can recommend."

The doctor's advice seemed to have the effect he intended. Marston was calmer, and appeared happier; his health returned slowly, but he appeared to enjoy his position, not encouraging painful thoughts, or looking beyond the present moment.

Captain Harris was not to return to fetch little Harry for another month; and this respite from a grief she dreaded to think upon, restoring Mrs. Howard's cheerfulness for the moment, she was enabled to give more attention to her guest, than she would have done had she been called upon to undergo the immediate sorrow of parting with her dear child.

Time flew rapidly, too rapidly, for them both; the period approaching daily when Mrs. Howard must separate herself from her son, and Marston forgetting his late remorse and resolutions, every thing, but the present moment;—rushing headlong down the stream of perdition, without casting one look towards the past or the future. It is true, he so far remembered his actual position as to avoid unveiling his sentiments; he confined them within his own breast; but he had little merit in so doing,—it was more the result of habit

than reflection. In truth, he did not reflect The restoration to the presence of her he loved was such happiness, compared to his late suf ferings, that he enjoyed it beyond the powe of resigning it. He had returned to Nether wood, having made a sort of pact with hi conscience. He would not tear himself fron her: but he would see her, live in her society and content himself with that degree of in terest. He did not probe further into th state of his heart,—it was to remain quiescent and having settled that point to his satisfaction he did not enquire further as time rolled on.

Mrs. Howard's mind was highly cultivated her nature gentle and lovely, and her societ fascinating. She was unconscious of he powers to please; and there was a simplicit and nature in all her expressions and actions which proved that whatever she said or di arose from the impulse of the moment, an

not from calculation. Sometimes she was distressed, without giving the feeling much reflection, at the intent gaze of Marston, who (apparently reading, while she was occupied either in working or in instructing little Eleanor,) was fixing his large dark eyes upon her, until they drank love to madness. It was her visible momentary distress which recalled him to himself, and then his eyes would sink on his book.

In their walks, in which little Eleanor always accompanied them, he held his daughter's hand,—he might not hold her arm; and his enthusiastic mind would rise to a state of exaltation, as they discoursed on subjects arising either from the works they read together, or from accidental thoughts which became developed with eloquence, inspired as was Marston by that fire which beautifies all it approaches.

But of her, to herself, he never spoke, and of himself, as regarded her, he also refrained from speaking. Could he have continued for ever in the same state of feeling he had experienced the last fortnight, Marston might have remained comparatively happy! The silent monitor within his breast, which would have warned him of his danger, had been too long neglected for its voice now to be raised. One day, perhaps, it will be heard again.—Will it be then in time to save him?

Nature, warring with laws and institutions, and ever working to obtain supremacy, has asserted her rights, heedless of the ruin of the soul incased within the mortal frame. Drive on, poor victim! overleap all bounds! the moment of retribution is not far distant. Tortures, harrowing mental tortures await thee! "Thy frame of adamant, thy soul of fire," will

CHAPTER V.

"Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the mighty book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound;
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd."
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

IAGO.——"Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ." SHAKSPEARE.

IT was one of those beautiful days, in the latter end of the month of September, which are so often enjoyed in the autumnal season in

England: a bright sun, and mild air, had engaged Mrs. Howard to take rather a longer excursion than usual, with her children and Marston, in the woods behind Netherwood-park, approaching the York high road. The walk had been delightful, and the healthful exercise had given a radiant glow, which added beauty to Mrs. Howard's already beautiful countenance. A longing came over Marston to offer her his arm, as she clambered up a steep ascent, and timidity withheld him from so doing, rather than a sense of right. Perhaps a faint impulse of the latter may have checked him, but the restraint disposed him to a pettish feeling of irritation, and he moved on silently. Just then they gained the road-side, and found themselves facing the stage-coach, passing, on its way, from London to York. A gentleman looked out of one of the windows, and, calling to the guard to stop, jumped

out, accompanied by a young lad, and ran towards the pedestrians.

Captain Harris was returning to Netherwood, the month being expired which he had announced as the period at which he should come to claim little Harry; but he had promised to write them word when to expect him, and his not having done so, had been hailed by Mrs. Howard as a sign of change in his intention. His sudden appearance therefore affected her; and the conviction, brought with it, that she was about to part with her child, drew tears to her eyes, as she received him, and extended her hand to him.

Marston felt a shudder creep over him, as Captain Harris, with the gallantry of a man who had passed many years of his life on the Continent, kissed the proffered hand. That which he would have given kingdoms to dare, another might be allowed without offence.

He hardly returned the salutation which the two travellers made him, but remained coldly silent, and unjustifiably displeased.

It would appear strange that Mrs. Howard should not have mentioned Captain Harris's visit to Marston, or have conversed with him concerning her son, and deplored her hard fate at parting with him; but she had always avoided the subject, because, the only time she had indulged herself in expressing her disapprobation of the profession selected for him, she had found Marston a strenuous advocate, in opposition to her opinion. It was almost immediately on his return to Netherwood, after his illness, which had followed Captain Harris's departure subsequent to his first visit, that she had conversed on the subject.

"I can well conceive your sorrow at parting with your dear child," said Marston, "and the anxiety which you must experience at his

adopting a profession fraught with hardship and dangers; but there are other evils far more to be feared on shore than at sea."

"But where is the necessity of his following any profession? I have no other child to share his estate, and diminish his fortune. Even if the contrary were the case, his inheritance would be sufficient to render a profession entirely unnecessary, considering the question in a pecuniary point of view: why, therefore, should I be afflicted, and my son exposed to a life of peril needlessly——"

"I believe," said Marston, "we need not canvass that part of the question, as it has been the expressed will of your departed husband. The choice of the profession your son is to follow has been irrevocably fixed; and I am entirely of his father's opinion, that it is far more essential to your son's future happiness to have a profession, and be usefully em-

ployed for the good of his country, than wasting his years in idleness and luxury."

"But it does not follow that, if he be neither soldier nor sailor, his years should be passed in idleness and luxury: the care and direction of large property would find him abundant occupation; and literary pursuits, and the charge of a family, at a future period, would amply fill up his time."

"Yes, it may succeed in occupying his hours; but oh! believe me, my experience proves, that more than this is necessary to make a man happy. I was born to a large estate; my parents reasoned as you now reason. Had they thought otherwise,—had they exposed me to hardships and dangers,—I should now bless them for their abnegation of selfish gratification;—I should, when my home was rifled of its treasure, have sought in occupation, in dangers, in change of scene, a solace

to my sorrows;—I should not have——" His agitation overpowered him; he felt he was on the point of betraying himself, and summoning resolution to suppress his emotion, he added, after a minute's pause,—"Send your son to sea; believe me, you will shew him more kindness than in keeping him at home."

"Have you then lost sight of the dread the sea must inspire me with, on every account? Had my kind husband, and your friend, been satisfied with the inheritance of his fathers, and the homely occupation of attending to it, should I have had the misery of losing him? Might he not be here now, to listen to my entreaties not to expose his son to fearful danger——"

"It would be entering," replied Marston, "on a wide field of discussion to answer you. Fatalists would declare, that the manner of death does not in any way effect or prevent the

fact of the final hour's being pre-determined. I believe not one of the creed; and so far would argue in your favour, and wish I could do so in all its bearings,—for I grieve to think, that that which appears to me the wisest resolve should give you sorrow."

"What greater sorrow can I now know than losing my dear child," said Mrs. Howard, bursting into tears.

She looked so lovely in her tears, that Marston no longer dared to continue conversing with her, and he sought to regain some degree of calm by withdrawing. Mrs. Howard, from that time, never renewed the subject with him; but she resolved to make another effort with Captain Harris to keep her darling boy with her. "After all," she thought, "Marston may have an opinion on the subject, but he has no power to enforce that opinion: his guardian has;"—and she avoided even

again reverting to her earnest and anxious wish, lest Marston should interfere with Capt. Harris against her.

To resume the narrative:—He brought with him a young midshipman, who was to sail under his orders, and presented him to Mrs. Howard, as young Norris, his sister's son; and, as he named him, he added,—

"Norris will take little Harry under his protection: a midshipman has many opportunities of shewing kindness to a youngster. I need not add, that I am certain it will be sufficient for him to know how sincerely I interest myself in your little boy's welfare, and how truly I am devoted to his mother, to ensure his being a kind friend and protector to him."

How unreasonable did the fatal passion, which was consuming and destroying Marston, render him! The very expressions of interest pronounced by Captain Harris tortured him,

and, in one instant, roused all his thoughts and feelings into an ungovernable state of frantic rage. Without any cause for his anger, beyond almost childish jealousy, he considered Captain Harris as an intruder, and his interest as officious.

However unreasonable it might be, however absurd, he was tormented at the thought that Mrs. Howard could share the friendship she accorded him with another; and the tone of intimacy, and evidently long acquaintance, which existed between her and Captain Harris, was offensive to him. His eye, lately so gentle and beaming kindness, now rolled stern and unsettled, and his whole demeanour bordered on frenzy. Had not Mrs. Howard been too much engrossed, by the tumult of her own feelings, to notice those of others, she might, in that moment, have learned to dread the

presence of the friend she had so long known and cherished.

When they reached the house, instead of entering the drawing-room with the rest of the party, Marston, unable any longer to control himself, rushed out into the park, walking at random, hardly conscious where he was, or of the real state of his feelings.

Mrs. Howard did not notice his absence; she was intent on executing the scheme, she had long nourished, of dissuading Captain Harris from his intentions of taking little Harry with him. They had approached the centre window of the drawing-room, which opened upon the lawn; and Captain Harris looked out of the window, as she spoke, to avoid the eager pleading look, which he would not allow to sway his judgment. She added, that she had expected to hear from him pre-

vious to his quitting London, as he had promised; and that his sudden and unexpected arrival, had left her totally unprepared for the cruel separation which he announced must take place.

"I confess I am to blame for my apparent negligence," replied Captain Harris, "but I had so much occupation, during my stay in town, that it would have been very difficult to find the time for such an agreeable interruption; and secondly, I will own to you, I was not disposed to furnish you with an opportunity of making a request, which I suspected you were weak enough to intend, from some words you dropped at our parting."

"Then you feel that such a request is admissible," said the poor mother, catching hope from his answer."

"Why——not quite; many circumstances

combine to oblige me to execute my late friend's request."

"But may not those circumstances equally allow of that obligation's being deferred?—He is so young, so delicate,—surely a few years more, passed under the care of his mother, would not interfere with his future profession. He is only eight years old. Leave me my treasure a little longer; it is all that remains to me of my poor Howard. Deprived of him I shall be desolate. Indeed, it is too heavy a grief to me to part with him now. Oh! say you consent to leave him with me, and to defer this cruel moment to some other voyage."

Captain Harris was not of a yielding nature; he had, moreover, reasons for adhering to his present decision, which he considered of imperative consequence to his ward's future welfare, but he avoided giving her a direct answer

at the moment. Still it grieved him to refuse the solicitations of a mother, and he was annoyed at being obliged to give her pain. He continued gazing out of the window, and a silence ensued, which Mrs. Howard feared to break, hoping that it was an indication of his yielding to her entreaties. Her impatience, however, urged her again to address him, and she did so with the most affecting earnestness.

"When you consider a thing right," replied Captain Harris, "what is your rule of conduct?"

"Certainly, to follow the dictates of reason; but are there not many circumstances depending on our will, which admit of being considered in different points of view."

"That," said Captain Harris, "is rather a jesuitical reply; I am more disposed to maintain, that in every important question in life there is but one direct point of view, any de-

viation from which is departing so much from the line of right."

"But, Captain Harris, the departure of my dear boy, a year or two sooner or later, cannot be considered by you as affecting your conscience, whereas it will materially affect my happiness."

"Take my arm, and let us pursue the subject, if you insist upon it, whilst crossing that beautiful lawn. As I am not a Catholic, I shall not let you probe into my conscience."

This he said half smiling, but with a very peculiar expression of countenance. She suffered herself to be conducted by him, and, passing her arm through his, crossed the lawn and entered the shrubbery.

They walked on some minutes in silence;—Captain Harris was desirous of conversing with her without interruption; he wished to communicate to her reports which had reached

him, and to which he deemed it the duty of a friend to draw her attention. Yet he feared that she might consider as officious the unsolicited interference, which his friendship for her prompted him to make, especially since she had not considered it advisable, or necessary, to consult him. He also feared offending her, or giving her pain, and felt distressed and embarrassed in commencing what must appear like an attack on his friend; not that he believed the reports spread concerning her,—he had every reason to think them false, and founded in malice,—but he deemed it necessary that she should be acquainted with them, in order that she might regulate her conduct accordingly.

Malicious gossip will find its way, and spread its venom, into the remotest desert. Notwithstanding Mrs. Howard's extreme retirement, and distance from any town, still observers and

commentators were not wanting to circulate reports injurious to her fame.

Mrs. Carlton, the better half of Dr. Carlton, with whom we are already acquainted, might very fairly have been denominated his worse half, for there were no signs of outward or inward participation in his good qualities. Inasmuch as he was kind-hearted, generous, unsuspicious, frank, and sincere, she was narrow-minded, envious, false, and suspicious. She was the gossip and oracle of the little town of Wetherby; and all the reports circulating in the vicinity could be traced to the slanderous tongue of this lady. She had an only daughter, who did not in the least resemble her mother, but had, fortunately for herself, inherited her father's disposition.

Dr. Carlton, when a young practitioner, had saved the life of Miss Walters, the great heiress of the county of York. She was ugly and

deformed, but in sickness the asperity of her character had been much softened: she had been struck with the doctor's good manners and pleasing appearance, and had employed a common friend to hint to him, that if he ventured to solicit the fair hand of his patient, his suit would not be rejected. This proposal, which was most unexpected, did not much seduce the doctor, who was young, had fair prospects opening to him, and who did not feel in any way disposed to hurry on the critical moment of all men's lives,—that of marriage. But Miss Walters's fortune was represented to him as being so considerable, that he would be enabled to pursue his profession as an object of interest to a scientific mind, without the necessity of submitting to its drudgeries and annoyances. In short, he allowed himself to be persuaded to renounce his liberty, and he had now lived eighteen years repenting of his do-

cility to the voice of the tempter; but the repentance came too late, and he was obliged to endure with resignation the evil which he could not avoid. He saw as little of his wife as it was possible, and passed all his leisure hours with his daughter, whose society indemnified him for his conjugal troubles.

Years had not improved Mrs. Carlton's disposition. She had added to her other qualities a fund of curiosity, which was insatiable, and always in a constant state of stimulus, making her seek with avidity, and by fair or unfair means, to be informed of all that regarded every one, however really indifferent to her. When once possessed of any circumstances she had thus acquired, her impatience knew no bounds until she could communicate her knowledge to others; and she had even been known to make the wife of the apothecary of the neighbouring town the happy confidante of her

news, when no worthier object presented itself. She had, however, a female friend, who in general enjoyed her communications. A maiden lady, who in early life had been crossed in love, and had in consequence vowed implacable hatred to the whole sex for ever, and lived in virtuous solitude and chastity on a little estate bequeathed her by an uncle, on the express condition of her visiting twice a year a son he had left, whose intellects were impaired, and who was placed under the care of a physician, having an establishment for persons, similarly afflicted, in the vicinity of London. In the event of non-fulfilment of this clause, the estate was to pass to a distant relative.

Miss Wilson had to make her half-yearly journey a few days after the one on which Mrs. Howard had called on Dr. Carlton, to request his attendance on Marston, when he fell ill at the poor cottager's house; and she

went to drink tea with her friend, and pay her a parting visit, previous to starting in the coach at an early hour the following morning. Nothing could be more propitious than this visit to Mrs. Carlton, who was labouring under the weight of a more than ordinary proportion of unfairly acquired, and misconstrued intelligence; and her long, thin visage was puckered into a variety of curvilinear lines, intending to express a smile, as she welcomed the sapient Miss Wilson.

It must be remarked, that, independently of the information Mrs. Carlton had acquired by Mrs. Howard's visit to the doctor, she had obtained many details by lending an attentive ear to a long conversation, which had occurred some days afterwards, between the doctor and his daughter. The latter was sitting in the drawing-room with Mrs. Carlton, when the doctor entered the room, having just returned

from the visit to Marston, which had put him in possession of the state of his patient's mind. He was interested and affected by it, and according to his habit, when any thing occupied his thoughts, he sought his daughter's society.

"Fanny, leave your embroidery, and come to the library."

This was his usual manner of announcing something more than common, and Mrs. Carlton also, as usual, repaired to the library-door, as soon as they quitted her apartment, and were, as she supposed, safely seated. She arrived, as her daughter was replying,—

"This is indeed a sad case, and, I fear, a hopeless one."

"I am disposed to regard it more favourably: the restraint he has put on himself has increased instead of diminishing his passion; perhaps full indulgence in her presence, by

soothing his mind, may render him more reasonable."

"What a subject of regret it is, dear father, that he entered so precipitately into holy orders! Had he been free, he might have honorably sued Mrs. Howard, and perhaps she would have approved of his proposals, and made him happy in becoming his wife. Poor man! he has cruelly marred his existence."

"Oh!" thought Mrs. Carlton, "now we understand."

A cough of the doctor's veiled the commencement of the reply; the only words audible were—"Confessor——Catholic religion ——could become a Protestant; all might still be well——but there is no chance of that, for——"

Mrs. Carlton was now obliged to quit her post, the servants approaching to announce

breakfast, but she had a sufficiently clear notion of the business, and withdrew satisfied. The mass of oral information, of which she thus became possessor, was of too great importance for her to endure any longer being its silent depository.

The whole day she laboured under it; and towards evening she had made up her mind to go and communicate it to some one, to whom it was immaterial, when Miss Wilson was announced.

"Nothing can be kinder or more agreeable than this visit, my dear madam. It seems an age since we met; and I was at the very moment thinking of ordering the carriage, and going to see you, when I heard you announced."

Miss Wilson, albeit never of the mildest nature, was not in one of her sweetest tempers. The obligatory journey she took twice a year,

rarely made the months of April and October, appear pleasant ones to the forlorn virgin; and she did not, at the present moment, sympathize with Mrs. Carlton's joy, as she grumbled forth,—

"Dear me, madam, how extremely obliging you are. I wish I could find the time as long as you politely say you have felt it since we met; but, considering that I came to see you little more than a week ago, and that all my time since has been employed in packing up and preparing for my detestable journey to London, it seems to me only a few hours since we parted."

"Then pray, my dear madam," retorted Mrs. Carlton, whose equanimity could not brook provocation, "if such was your feeling, allow me to ask why you have returned again so soon?"

"Why, indeed!" rejoined the other, whose

lips became paler and paler, till they had acquired a light lilac tent, the red chased away seeking asylum in the tip of her nose, "I cannot conceive why I was such a fool! But the shortest follies are the easiest repaired; and so good evening to you, Mrs. Carlton; and I will take special care, depend upon it, to put a longer space of time between my next visits."

The promptitude of this reply, followed by a retrograde march of the amiable Miss Wilson toward the door, alarmed Mrs. Carlton considerably. What could she do, if Miss Wilson acquired, by other means than hers, the information she was so rich in possessing? The thing was not to be thought of. Miss Wilson might take quite another view of the case from that she desired, if it were differently represented.

The grudge she owed Mrs. Howard for the slight notice she had ever taken of her; and,

above all, Mrs. Howard's not even asking for her, when she came to see the doctor on Marston's account, made her resolve to execute what she considered fair vengeance on her. These thoughts passed rapidly in her mind, as the ill-tempered maiden tottered towards the door, in agitated fury; and she softened her voice to dulcet persuasive sounds, as she said,—

"Indeed, Miss Wilson, this is very unkind of you; I am sure my reception of you did not warrant this anger. I was very far from intending to offend you; and if I expressed myself eagerly on seeing you, it was, because the intelligence I have to communicate to you is so extraordinary, that I felt certain you would be impatient to learn it."

These last words were cabalistical: the old lady stopped short, and, soothing her ire by degrees, returned to the arm-chair placed for her before the fire, and by the side of the tea-

table; the usual condiment of scandal being ready prepared to give savour and enjoyment to the delectable news.

She sat down in eager anticipation of the interesting communication, and turned an enquiring and anxious look on her hostess; but our vixen was not disposed to gratify her so soon: she had gained her point, and drawn her back; but now that she was fairly seated, and that there was no danger of a second retreat, she resolved to punish her for her irritability, and make her wait and languish; pretending first a cough, then the duties of the tea-table, which could be eked out so as to form a long operation; then the fire must be arranged; then she trod on her little dog's tail, and he must be consoled; till her victim fidgetted, and coughed, and hemmed, and was ready to fly out again in fury. At length, the

pleasure of communicating a tale of slander got the upper hand, and she began.

"Well, Miss Wilson, what times we live in; where shall we now find virtuous women, or holy men? I confess, I am so horror-struck at what I have to communicate, I don't know how or where to begin! Did you not suppose that Mrs. Howard, of Netherwood, was quite a model of virtue?"

"Why, indeed, I must acknowledge she has had that reputation," rejoined Miss Wilson; but *I*, for my part, rarely believe in the existence of those great models of perfection. Her reserve with her country neighbours, refusing to see or call on them, as though they were not good enough for her, always struck *me*, I will own, as a pretext for concealing what she did not choose should be known; however, I may be mistaken."

"Mistaken, madam! no indeed you are not mistaken, but, on the contrary, have given convincing proof of the perspicacity of your judgment; and when these self-reputed Pamelas set about wickedness, I believe they surpass moderate sinners at a pretty rate. Why, madam, she taken her confessor for her paramour! Ah, you may well look astonished, and smile; I know what I am telling you for certain; and were I to detail to you all the particulars which have come within my knowledge, your hair would stand on end."

The eyes of the old hags glared brighter than the lights which stood on the table between them; and never was malice more truly pourtrayed than in the two awful smiles which accompanied the last phrase.

"I always thought that Mrs. Howard had been a Protestant."

"So have many supposed; but you see

plainly she is not, since Mr. Marston, of Marston Abbey, is her confessor."

"Mr. Marston!" ejaculated Miss Wilson, raising her withered hands and eyes; "why, this is quite beyond shameful. What, the man who inspired us all with such interest when he lost his wife; and who must needs turn priest, because he should never be consoled for the loss of her? Well, well, I don't know what may be your intention, Mrs. Carlton, but this I know, that if I should chance to meet Mrs. Howard, which sometimes happens when she comes into the town to make purchases, I shall be very careful to have no communication with her."

"You will do perfectly right; and I shall take special measures for letting all the respectable families of our country be informed of her conduct. It would be quite shameful, if she were to be received in houses where

there are young girls, who might be contaminated by the conversation and example of such an abandoned, unprincipled woman!"

They continued their charitable conversation, until they had comfortably settled their unconscious, and innocent, neighbour's present and future position entirely to their satisfaction; and then Miss Wilson withdrew, more amicably disposed to Mrs. Carlton than when she arrived, and more satisfied than ever with her own virtue; and transported at the frailty, which she considered certain, of the odious, young, and handsome Mrs. Howard. The next morning she proceeded to London, to remain there a month.

CHAPTER VI.

IAGO.—"O beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!"

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Captain Harris took coach at London, accompanied by young Norris, on his return to Netherwood, a month after his departure from the latter place, to claim his ward, according to the intentions he had announced on taking leave of Mrs. Howard, he

found the coach occupied by a grim-looking old lady,—the same Miss Wilson whom we have before noticed, now on her return to her home, having payed the obligatory visit to her mad relative, and passed the time, strictly prescribed, with him. By her side was seated Mrs. Sturgeon, the apothecary's wife, residing at Wetherby; and snugly tucked in the corner, on the same side of the coach, a Quaker, with a good-humoured countenance, half-shrouded by his broad-brimmed hat.

Nothing particular occurred to the travellers, who severally remained absorbed in their own thoughts, until they changed horses at Abberford, when a man, who appeared waiting at the inn-door for the arrival of the stage-coach, handed in to the apothecary's wife a little spaniel, delivering at the same time recommendations to her to be very careful of it, and make it over to Mrs. Carlton, on her ar-

rival at Wetherby. Mrs. Sturgeon received the charming little animal, with many promises of care, and placed it on her knees; but it seemed unaccustomed to the motion of a carriage, and not extremely disposed to approve of it,—so that it fidgetted, and jumped till it came several times in contact with the elderly lady's knees; at length, it fell on one of her feet,—on the extremity of one of which grew what we are distressed to name. A shrill shout, however, proclaimed it.

"Gracious heaven, madam, cannot you keep your nasty little dog to yourself? He has trod on my corn, and I declare the pain of it quite goes to my heart."

The apothecary's lady used every expression of contrition that she could think of to soften the resentment of her neighbour, and might perhaps have succeeded, had not young Norris, who had been highly diverted with the

irritability of the old lady, in vain endeavoured to suppress a laugh, which burst out only with the more violence, whispering, as soon as he recovered his breath, to Captain Harris,—

"The only thing, I should suspect, that ever went to her heart."

Miss Wilson was remarkably quick of hearing, and the phrase unhappily arrived intact to her oral faculties. It was a cruel one, it must be owned, considering all circumstances. It was bitter; and it roused all the hatred, that good lady nourished with constancy in her bosom, against the whole sex.

"If all the world was peopled with rude boys, young gentleman, your opinion of me might most certainly be justified; and, I thank heaven, my heart has never granted a place in it to any such vermin."

This retort increased the merriment of the youngster beyond all bounds, and his mirth

became contagious, for Captain Harris, notwithstanding his efforts to look serious, could not succeed, and some mischief worse than mere angry words might have occurred, if the fat, peaceable Quaker had not interposed with his phlegmatic counsel.

"Verily, woman, thou forgettest thyself, and the travellers that journey with thee. Be more moderate in thy expressions of anger; and if thou must needs rebuke the youth for his unseemly mirth, let it be in words and manner better suiting thy sex and condition, or there will be no tarrying with thee until we reach the town of Wetherby, from which untowardly we are still removed nearly eight miles, for yonder I see the park of Netherwood. It is a comely place, friend," said the good Quaker, addressing Captain Harris; for, having obtained silence from his neighbour, he continued speaking, in order to give her the needful time

to calm herself, and regain a moderate degree of temper. "It is a comely dwelling also, and the owner thereof a godly woman. I may in truth bear such testimony of her, for I know much of her ways and dealings, and they are good and just. My daughter hath plied the needle for her, and sojourned with her at sundry times, and verily I have heard her testify loudly of her praiseworthy deeds. She is a good Christian; and so it is recorded of her by my daughter Sarah, and all those who have dealings with her."

Miss Wilson had been thus far forcibly silent; but her tongue now refused any further compulsion, and the theme of the Quaker presented itself to her vindictive spirit as sweet comfits to a longing palate.

"Now *I* shall give you a piece of advice in return for *yours*, Jeremiah Esketh," shrieked out Miss Wilson. "First, give your daughter

Sarah a good beating for bearing false witness; and, next, lock her up, that she may not corrupt modest young women with *her* notions of praiseworthy deeds. Praiseworthy, forsooth! This is what comes of your Quakerly speeches, and gibberish, which a true Christian cannot understand. I shall not defile *my* mouth by using the proper expressions for Mrs. Howard's conduct; but any body, knowing as much as *I* do of it, may be at the trouble of guessing them."

It was now the apothecary's wife's turn to address some words to Miss Wilson, which she did, mincing and holding the little dog very tight, that he might not again be the cause of tumult and disorder.

"You quite astonish me, madam! This is the very first I have heard of it; and yet I cannot but think I should have been made acquainted with it, had there been any thing, so

intimate as I am with Mrs. Carlton; who, besides having numberless opportunities of knowing what goes on at Netherwood, from being a neighbour of Mrs. Howard's, must also have it in her power to obtain much information, in consequence of Dr. Carlton's attending her professionally."

"Upon my word," said Miss Wilson, bridling up, "I never heard of that intimacy, although I have the advantage of being Mrs. Carlton's nearest neighbour; nor do I know what your intimacy with her (supposing it to exist) can have to do with Mrs. Howard's amours with Mr. Marston; but what I do know is, that Mr. Marston, of Marston Abbey, went raving mad, from a fit of jealousy about some navy captain who came down to Netherwood, and who, I suppose, supplanted him; and that Mrs. Howard came to fetch Dr. Carlton to him, and confessed the whole

to him; and since that, I understand, Mr. Marston has been residing at Netherwood, and is probably consoled, as I am informed that the navy captain quitted the ground very suddenly, and has not been heard of since."

Here were circumstance, time, and place; and some of Miss Wilson's auditors could no longer doubt of the veracity of her assertions, but felt a sort of reverential awe creep over them, as she proceeded in her history, and seemed to sit accuser and judge over a frail and fallen woman. No one ventured a reply, or to defend her. Jeremiah Esketh, following the bent of his natural good nature, was not entirely persuaded; but his soul was sufficiently troubled for him to groan audibly. Mrs. Sturgeon reflected that the authority quoted for all this information was her *particular* friend, and therefore not to be questioned. Young Norris meant to refer to Captain Har-

ris for his opinion at some more suitable opportunity; and the latter had his reasons for maintaining a profound silence, but he longed in his heart to take the mischievous old hag by the throat, and fling her out of the coach-window into the ditch by the road-side, like a noxious reptile.

Jeremiah Esketh summoned his daughter Sarah instantly on his arrival at his clean, tidy, comfortable haberdasher's shop, at the entrance of the town, saying,—

"Child of my bosom, come hither. Wherefore hast thou deceived thy father, and borne false testimonies concerning the dweller at Netherwood? Didst thou not declare her to be a godly woman, of decent manners, and bearing herself as becometh a meek and virtuous woman?—whereas, she liveth in lewdness, and hath paramours. Tell thy father, wherefore hast thou done this?—wherefore must I re-

buke thee; and wherefore hast thou failed in thy duty?"

"Father," replied Sarah, "no falsehood has been uttered by me. Verily, I bore testimony of the charity and goodness of that kind Christian. Thou knowest how oftentimes I have been sent for to Netherwood to do needle-work; many months at a time have I sojourned there, and never did I see aught, or hear aught, that might not be said and repeated of the owner of that mansion. All her servants speak of her with attachment. Thou knowest, father, when the poor woman departed this life, who lingered so long in sorrow, in the cottage hard by, that same good and just woman sent her raiment and food. She doeth boundless charity, and liveth a retired, sober, quiet life; nor is there any one that visiteth her constantly but a devout man—a Romish priest."

"Child, it is of him they speak," rejoined Jeremiah; "but, in sooth, I do much discredit the report as being one invented by slanderous and evil-tongued people: but I will put them to confusion and shame, and rebuke them to silence; for I will go straightways, and take thy testimony to them, who have harboured such wicked thoughts of their neighbour."

How the good Quaker was received, on his charitable errand, by Miss Wilson has not been recorded; but when he returned home, he gave orders to Sarah to have no dealings with the elderly maiden, Wilson, who lived at Thornhill, should she come to purchase haberdashery at his shop. Nor was his zeal in the cause of truth abated by his ill-success with that lady. The next morning, at an early hour, he mounted his little grey pad, his brown square coat being neatly brushed, and his broad-brimmed hat shining in all the gloss of

its first month's wear, and proceeded to the mansion of Dr. Carlton. He was in the habit of being occasionally summoned by Mrs. Carlton to exhibit his wares; and on this occasion, being uninvited, took with him some articles he had purchased in London, and which he thought would furnish a decent pretext for the intrusion of his visit.

The apothecary's wife had also that same morning repaired to Fairbank, the name of the doctor's place, in order to get fairly, and thoroughly, acquainted with the history related by Miss Wilson in the stage-coach. She was the bearer of the little spaniel, the innocent cause of all the mischief hatched the preceding day; a present to her patroness, ergo, self-styled, friend; and Jeremiah, who found instant admittance to the presence of Mrs. Carlton, was not sorry to meet her there, as the terrible appearance of the former a little in-

timidated him. As he spread forth his wares, he summoned up courage, and introduced the subject thus:—

"These stockings are good merchandize, and well worth the price I set upon them; shall I put aside some dozen for thee? I brought some with me expressly for my kind and good customer at Netherwood. She is a good Christian, and one highly esteemed and beloved in all the neighbourhood, although slander hath been set abroad against her, as thou canst witness," turning to the apothecary's wife. The latter had not yet touched that question, the conversation, previous to Jeremiah's arrival, having been on the little spaniel and its merits: she was, therefore, much annoyed at the appeal, and fidgeted about, not knowing exactly what she was to answer.

Mrs. Carlton looked at the good haberdasher with an expression of much malice and con-

tempt, but said nothing; and the consequence was, an obligation, on the part of Jeremiah's fellow traveller, to speak.

"Pray, madam, what is all this story to which Esketh is alluding; it formed the subject of conversation in the stage yesterday, and quite astounded me. Is it possible, that Mrs. Howard can be leading such a life of abomination as I heard reported?"

"More difficult things have been possible," mumbled forth Mrs. Carlton, turning over the wares of Esketh meanwhile.

"Take not amiss," said the good Quaker, "that I come with testimony in favour of the accused; she is a worthy woman, and not the loose creature malice would make her appear. My daughter Sarah hath tarried many months in her house, and never saw or heard aught which might be spoken against her. I know myself of her charities, which must commend

her as a good Christian. She caused raiment and food to be given to the poor Catholic woman, who died after long suffering: she sent her a priest, of her persuasion, to comfort her in her dying moments; and she bestowed, and bountifully, charity on her misguided daughter. All this I can certify of mine own knowledge."

"I make no doubt," said Mrs. Carlton, "your daughter Sarah is a most excellent judge, and yourself too, good friend; but there are others, perhaps, a little better informed as to the conduct of the lady, and her motives for all her actions;" and, turning to Mrs. Sturgeon, she began the whole story which she had related already to Miss Wilson; not sorry to expose her to her humble advocate, although she would not have condescended to address him directly on the subject. She concluded by saying,—"You see that even this champion of hers proves how zealous she was

for the Catholic mendicant, and that she sent her paramour to her."

Poor Jeremiah was confounded, but still unconvinced, and withdrew; feeling a much stronger antipathy to his customers than his kind nature had ever been known to entertain towards any body.

We left Mrs. Howard and Captain Harris walking in the shrubbery; and it was some time before the latter acquired sufficient courage to break the silence, which they had both observed from different causes. At length, he addressed her, clearing his voice, and beginning with another subject, in order to gain time ere he arrived at the one uppermost in his thoughts.

"If the wind keeps in the same quarter as at present, I shall have fair weather to drop down the channel; for my ship is manned and ready to start, and I shall be sailing in a few

days. How rapidly she will place a whole hemisphere between us!—You must be prepared to expect that it will be many months ere we meet again. I am afraid I must renounce the protecting charge of you confided to me, at the same time as the guardianship of your little boy! But, happily, the choice you have made of a spiritual adviser and protector relieves me from anxiety on your account.—Were you always a Catholic; or is it since the death of my poor friend that you have changed your religion?"

"Have I always been a Catholic! I change my religion! I take a spiritual adviser and protector! What on earth can you mean?—What are you thinking of, Captain Harris?—What can have put such extraordinary ideas into your heard?" replied Mrs. Howard, in amazement at his speech, and at his manner of delivering it.

"Is is not true?" said Captain Harris. "I own the intelligence astonished me; but if these had been the only rumours which had reached me, I should not have ventured to speak to you on the subject.——You know I am not your spiritual adviser; but I engaged myself to be, and ought to be, your worldly protector, and shield you from unmerited slander.——You look surprised, and well may. You are so good and guileless, that the possibility of malicious tongues attaching evil to your most praiseworthy actions, could never enter your mind. You forget that the very fact of your innocence, and purity of conduct, added (if I may be allowed to subjoin a less important phrase without being suspected of flattery) to your beauty, are sufficient causes for the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of those possessing the reverse of all your excellent qualities."

Mrs. Howard turned her beautiful, flushed, and agitated countenance towards Captain Harris, in mute astonishment, and dismay at what was to follow this preamble; and, at the same moment, coming near a path which Marston was crossing, in an agony of mind beyond description, she hastily checked the arm she was leaning on, fearing that the encounter might occasion an interruption in the communication, which she naturally most eagerly desired; and turned down another path.

The action, however slight, did not escape the notice of the keen eye of the unhappy man, who, with the jaundiced feeling of that fatal passion—jealousy—construed it immediately as a corroboration of the judgment he had so hastily formed, and which he willingly encouraged, to torture himself. He even did not allow reflection, or reason, to have the least

influence upon him, but followed the two friends at a distance, determined to observe them, and obtain further confirmation of his fears and maddening thoughts.

"I grieve," continued Captain Harris, observing the distress of her countenance, "to inflict this mental torture on you, who should be one of the last to know its sufferings, from the amiable habit you have of endeavouring to relieve that of others; but so firm is my conviction of the slander set on foot being quite unmerited, that, notwithstanding the pain its knowledge will give you, I deem it advisable to let you know it, since, by a little prudent reserve and caution, you may at once silence and destroy it. Does that priest always reside with you; for his holy calling does not protect him from the same malevolence which attacks you? How long have you known him; and what is his position in your house? For-

give questions which, under all other circumstances than those in which I am placed at this present moment, might appear impertinent; but, as the guardian of Harry, I feel myself bound to make these enquiries. Howard was a true Protestant, and I think would not have wished his son to be a Catholic. Furthermore, his views for him naturally prove this, as he could not at a future period attain great advancement in the profession to which he is destined, unless he were of the established religion of his country. But this worldly consideration apart,—I do not think Howard would have approved of his son's becoming a Catholic."

Mrs. Howard's astonishment now became too great for utterance, and she gazed vacantly on him, in a state of bewilderment. Her confusion led him, for a moment, to believe that he had rather too hastily pronounced her

unjustly accused; and it became his turn to be confused. After a pause, she recovered sufficiently to articulate,—

"That priest! What is his position! Is it possible, that in the number of years you lived in intimacy with my dear Howard, he never mentioned Marston to you?—the friend of my childhood, and our mutual friend; without whose kind offices we never should have been united; and with whom we always lived in the greatest habits of friendship and intimacy?"

"No, truly, he never did; and the first time I think I ever heard his name mentioned, was but a few weeks since, when an old man came to enquire of you where he was; and when I volunteered my services to beat about the country to find him, seeing how visibly his absence seemed to distress you."

Mrs. Howard then narrated all the circum-

stances we have previously detailed, as connecting her history with Marston's.

Captain Harris and Howard had been schoolfellows and friends, and had continued their friendship in manhood. They had both selected the navy as their profession, and had served together until three years previously to the latter's acquaintance with Mrs. Howard, and subsequent marriage. At that period Captain Harris was sent on the West India station; and various circumstances combined to keep the two friends apart for some time, but at a later period they again found themselves serving in the same fleet. They were together in the same action in which Howard was mortally wounded; and, on his deathbed, he confided the care of his wife and child to his friend, whose honourable character was so well known to him.

Captain Harris did not return to England

for two years after the death of his friend, when Mrs. Howard was in Ireland. He was soon detached on active service, and had only again put into port, at the time of her return to reside at Netherwood; but his professional duties and occupations had always prevented his going down to Yorkshire, until the visit already mentioned, so that he had never met with Marston.

"It is very abominable that so simple a history, so honourable, and so in harmony with your good feelings, should be so vilely, nay infamously, construed as it has been by some old women, your neighbours in Wetherby, and circulated with such persevering industry by them," said Captain Harris; "but I fear you must impose on yourself the obligation of making a sacrifice of some portion of your kind attentions to your friend, and cease receiving him as a guest; unless indeed you dis-

regard entirely accusations, which, being totally without foundation, are perhaps, after all, not worthy of your attention."

"As yet," replied Mrs. Howard, "it appears to me that the accusations bearing on me are not of a nature to alarm me, and I see no reason which can justify my abandoning my unhappy friend; who is so lonely, so oppressed by corroding griefs, which he concentrates within his own bosom, and which I have in vain endeavoured to persuade him to communicate; hoping, that by unburthening his sorrows to a true friend, I might find some arguments to soften and diminish them. He is so wretched, his afflictions prey on his health so much, I could not for selfish reasons, of really trifling importance, add another pang to the many he endures. After all, the good people of Wetherby supposing me to be a Catholic is not of much consequence, and were I such

I should not consider it a very heinous offence; but, believe me, it is not their suppositions which can deter me from a positive duty; nor can the society of a friend of another persuasion destroy principles, so carefully instilled into my mind by my parents, as mine have been, confirmed too as they are by reason and reflection. In honour to Marston, I must also assure you, that he never has attempted to convert me to his religion; indeed, he very rarely converses on the subject."

Captain Harris hesitated to pursue the conversation any further, and continued walking with his eyes bent on the ground, and Mrs. Howard resumed.

"Do you not agree with me, that it would be cruel to break off all connection with the lonely and unhappy man?"

"Women feel so very differently from what we do on many occasions," replied Captain

Harris, "that it is sometimes very difficult to be of the same opinion with them; I mean, that there is such a delicate and fine-drawn web of feeling encircling their hearts, that they enter into minute distinctions, which our rougher natures either do not consider, or regard as fanciful. We look at a subject in its broad effects, and leave the details to the gentler and more sensitive sex. For instance, if I had an infirm limb, likely to injure the rest of my body, I should send for the ship-surgeon, and desire him to cut it off. I suppose you would protract the evil moment; and it would not be till after many struggles, and when perhaps the resolution would be too late, that you would bring your mind to submit to the amputation. But come, let me be the surgeon. Find some civil and natural reason for Mr. Marston's curtailing his visit; and, after a little while has passed away, you can

see him occasionally. Since his sorrows are too great for utterance, or of a nature not to be communicated, he can bear them as well in his own house as in yours; and believe me I am giving you good advice."

"Now then shall you perceive how true a heretic I am," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling; "for unless it is in your power to convince me of the necessity of the measure you propose, by some more conclusive reasoning than all you have already advanced, I will not follow your advice, although I am quite persuaded you have given it to me from friendly motives; but I will own to you I cannot penetrate them or comprehend them."

"Why then," said Captain Harris, "suppose your good fame had been attacked; and that you were accused of encouraging, and participating in, sentiments which Mr. Marston's profession prohibits, would you consider

this a sufficient reason for my giving such advice?"

The blood flew to Mrs. Howard's cheeks, and a look of shame and resentment animated her gentle countenance.

"Impossible! Shameful! Can this be said of me? Can any body have been so unjust, so cruel?" and she clasped her hands in agitation and trembling; and then withdrawing her arm from the one she was leaning on, let herself fall, rather than seat herself, on a bank which bordered the walk.

Captain Harris stood before her, pained, distressed, angry with himself, with Marston, with the old women, the cause of all this scene. At last, tears came to her relief, and she wept silently.

Marston, meanwhile, who had not lost sight of her and Captain Harris, suffered tortures beyond all he had ever endured; and no lon-

ger able to resist his feelings, hastily approached them; nor was it till he was before them, that he awoke to a sense of his indiscretion, and felt how much his intrusion must astonish them. He did not attempt to give any reason, or frame any excuse for his conduct; but fixed his large, penetrating eyes, upon her in silence, endeavouring to fathom the mystery, which seemed to surround him; and comprehend, why she was so agitated, why she shed tears which wrung his heart.

She, meanwhile, confused, just looked at him, and then withdrew her eyes, while a multitude of thoughts passed rapidly in her mind; and a sense of the truth of the accusation, as regarded Marston, burst suddenly upon her. Now, phrases innumerable, circumstances countless, came in support of what she had been told, and if any thing had been wanting to confirm any remaining doubts, the deathly pallor of his

anxious countenance told volumes. Captain Harris, calmer, and more capable of observation, also now saw the real state of the case; and the three, by their different expressions of countenance and attitude, formed a group not unworthy of a painter's study.

The moments, thus passed, were few in number, but were years to those concerned; and each felt too intensely, according to his different position, to attempt to break the silence. Years after, when Marston thought of that scene, his feelings would return to him with all the suffering of the moment. Little Eleanor, drawing near them with her nurse, relieved them, in a degree, from their embarrassment.

Mrs. Howard rose, and motioning with her hand an adieu to them both, returned slowly and alone to the house.

Marston followed her with his eyes, till a turn in the walk concealed her from his obser-

vation; and then with a convulsive shudder, taking his daughter by the hand, he turned, without noticing Captain Harris, in the direction of his own park; the nurse, alarmed, though she could not define to herself why, following him at a short distance.

On Mrs. Howard's reaching home, she instantly retired to her own apartment, and did not appear again until dinner was announced. She entered the dining-room, casting a timid glance around her. Only Captain Harris, and young Norris, were in the room. She had wept; her eyes were swollen; and she avoided looking at Captain Harris, as she approached the table. He was uncomfortable, and the servants officiated in silence.

Marston's place at table had been prepared as usual; his chair was there, but was unoccupied; and she had not the courage to enquire *where*fore he was not there. Captain Harris

felt the same constraint; and never was repast taken more uncomfortably; yet, neither of those who assisted at it, was angry with the other; thoughts too deep for words embarrassed them.

At dessert, the children were in the habit of coming to partake of it; but only little Harry entered. The little fellow seemed to share the general uneasiness.

"Mamma, where is Eleanor? She did not come home to supper, and we cannot find her."

This observation roused Mrs. Howard, who looked alarmed. She had not connected the little girl in her thoughts with Marston's absense; and she turned to the servants for some explanation; but they knew nothing further, than that the nurse had taken her out walking at the usual hour, and had not since returned. Captain Harris, however, stated, that Marston had taken her along with him in his continued walk, when Mrs Howard had quitted them.

The remainder she suspected; and bursting into fresh tears, rose from the table, and taking little Harry and her guests with her, withdrew to the next room, to avoid the observation of the servants.

Captain Harris felt with her, and for her, and endeavoured to relieve her by turning her thoughts into another channel. He addressed little Harry,—for, in cases of embarrassment, one generally turns for relief to children or dogs, if happily there are any; if not, the state of the weather is largely discussed, with all its variations.

"Well, my fine little fellow, are you ready to start with us? Shall you like to be a navy officer, and return to your mother one of these days, covered with laurels?"

"I shall like to be an officer very much," replied Harry; "shall I be one very soon?"

"Aye, very soon, if you deserve it; Norris,

some letters were put into my hands as I got into the coach, and I find by them, that the Diamond is manned, and ready to put to sea. Indeed, she has dropped down to Gravesend."

"Then, sir, I suppose we are to start," replied Norris.

"Yes: my orders are to sail immediately. You must now truly screw up your courage," he said, turning to Mrs Howard; "I must quit you to-morrow, with this nice little recruit."

Her thoughts did indeed turn into a new channel; and she pleaded, argued, entreated, but all in vain; and she was at length obliged to yield. It was then settled, that she should accompany them to Gravesend, and not part with her little treasure, till the vessel actually sailed. The necessary preparations for their journey, and, in some measure, for Harry's voyage, (for the remainder was to be done at

Gravesend,) occupied her almost all the night, and allowed her but little time for reflection.

Captain Harris, to tranquillize her mind, ascertained, in the evening, that little Eleanor was at Marston Abbey with her father.

The next morning, at daylight, all was bustle and movement in the house; the servants running to and fro, packing the carriage, carrying trunks, and adding confusion to the hurry, so sudden a departure occasioned. At an early hour they were ready to start.

How desolate does a house appear, when its inhabitants are gone from it! The movement, the animation, their presence gives, seem to bestow life on the walls, and all the objects, which adorn them. The furniture, the ornaments, the flowers, all partake of the presence or absence of their masters.

As Mrs. Howard descended from her room,

she passed the one Eleanor had inhabited. A pair of little shoes(*b*) was near the door, which was open; and further on, a toy was lying on the floor, calling to mind the taste and age of the little owner. The sight of them deeply affected her; and as she cast a look into the room, and saw the bed, in which the child had always slept, and where she visited her previous to retiring to rest every night, her heart swelled with sorrow at the thought, that the little being in whom she had taken such interest was withdrawn from her.

Marston's room was adjoining; and other new, though silent objects attracted her attention. Some flowers he had selected, were on a table, drooping, and declaring the absence of him who had taken care of them. A book with a leaf folded down marked his studies of the preceding morning.

"Poor man!" she thought, "were not your

sorrows sufficient, without adding fresh ones of your own creation, loaded too with reproach?" and she paused a moment at the door.

The voices of the servants, announcing that all was ready, drew her from her reverie; and she descended to the hall, where the travellers were assembled waiting for her; and in a few minutes, all was silence at Netherwood, saving the echo of a door or two shutting after the servants, as they closed the shutters, placed the apartments in order, and then withdrew to another part of the building.

CHAPTER VII.

HERMIONE.——————"Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
MAMILLIUS. "Merry, or sad, shall't be?
HERMIONE. "As merry as you will.
MAMILLIUS. "A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
HERMIONE. "Let's have that, sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
MAMILLIUS. "There was a man—
HERMIONE. "Nay, come, sit down; then on.
MAMILLIUS. "Dwelt by a church-yard; I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it."

WINTER'S TALE.

In the course of the day, old Joseph came to Netherwood, and according to his custom, re-

sorted to Mrs. Davenport's (the housekeeper's) room.

"Why, here are strange doings, Mrs Davenport! What has been the matter? Has there been a rumpus? What! all the family gone off! and all in such a hurry! And my poor master is returned home, more gloomy than ever, and has brought his young lady with him. Mrs. Betty is all forlorn; she finds the house so dull after Netherwood; and truly, if it war'nt for my company, which I give her as much as I can, (but my duty leaves me but little time to dispose of,) the poor maiden would be very dull. Marston Abbey arn't full of servants and company, and what not, coming here, running there, making such a clatter and noise. Sometimes, when I return to the Abbey after having been here, it seems as thof I was entering a tomb. Not a sound to be heard; not a face to be seen but my master's, which is none of the gayest;

(although he be a handsome man, that I must own.) Not a step passing across the marble hall but my own; and I don't go so lightly as I used once to do. Ah me! well, as I was saying, I'm not surprised Mrs. Betty should not fancy our Abbey; poor soul! she'll just be moped to death. My poor young lady, too, looks all amazed; the dear child takes on sadly, and master don't say much to her or to any one; he looks so melancholic, and goes from the library to the chapel, and back again to the library, and away again to the chapel, it makes me feel all over somehow to see all this."

"I really know no more than you do, Mr. Joseph, what it all means," said Mrs. Davenport, raising her round, grey, good-natured eyes, to meet the little, sharp, inquisitive ones, which were scrutinizing her countenance; "I am quite at a loss to explain it all. My poor lady does nothing but cry, and take on in a

heart-breaking manner; and I'm morally certain it isn't always all along of Master Harry. They all set off this morning, by break of day, quite of a sudden. There was no mention of it till after dinner yesterday, and we sat up all night packing and preparing. I think as they are gone to Lunnun; but we have had no orders to send on letters; only my lady said, as she got into the carriage, says she, 'I shall be back again, alas, too soon!'"

"Well, well, I hope, however, now you will have a little leisure time to yourself, you will come and take a friendly cup of tea with us at the Abbey; it will be a comfort to Mrs. Betty to see you."

"Indeed, I will, Mr. Joseph; and in truth, I shall be very glad to see Marston Abbey, for they say it is a very fine building."

"Aye, truly, it is a noble building; and when my poor mistress lived, and the house was

always full of company, many hundreds used to come and see it, and its fine gallery of family pictures; but now it's quite different; it's just for all the world like a place deserted. The fine lawns, and walks, and shrubberies, are all filled with weeds and wild plants; and it almost frightens one to cross the great galleries and staircases at nightfall, the echo of one's feet sounds so hollow, and as thof one walked over tombs. My poor master wanders about the great empty house, and large oak woods, like the ghost of him who was once so cheerful, and made every body around him so happy. The great gates at the grand entry, which used formerly to be always open, are now never unclosed; indeed, there is no porter there to open them; and when you come to see us, which I hope you will, you must go round the house to a small door near the pantry, through which my master and I always pass."

After this glorious dish of chat, they parted; Mrs Davenport promising to go to the Abbey the following week.

Marston Abbey had formerly been a monastery, as its name indicates; and had belonged to the family bearing the same name for several hundred years. The founder of the Abbey was a Marston. At his death, he had bequeathed it to his descendants, on condition that it should remain a monastic establishment.

At the battle of Marston-moor already alluded to, the Abbey had been chosen as the head quarters of the Prince Rupert. During the course of that eventful battle, it had been attacked with vigour by the enemy, and had been promised to the troops for plunder; but by the subsequent hasty retreat of the loyalists, which had drawn off the enemy in rapid pursuit, the Abbey had been abandoned, and remained unmolested. The monks, however, had fled;

many of them were slaughtered by the victorious fanatics, and from that time Marston Abbey had no longer been inhabited as a monastery, but by the direct ancestors of its present possessor.

The Abbey, standing in the centre of a large park, was remarkable for the grandeur of its appearance, and the beauty of its construction; being considered a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The façade was particularly magnificent; rising in spiral forms, decorated with fret-work and ornaments, carved after the fashion of the times in which the building had been constructed.

The great portal in its centre, formed the principal entrance to the Abbey; it conducted to a large square court surrounded by galleries, lighted by large casements of coloured glass, representing subjects from Scripture.

On entering folding-doors in the centre of

this inward pile, the eye was struck with the magnificence of a large and lofty marble hall, having at the four corners large open stair-cases of easy ascent, also of marble, which conducted to the four wings of the building.

Each wing contained a whole suite of noble apartments. The two suites forming the north and south corners on the eastern side of the square, were connected by a large and long gallery, which contained the portraits of Marston's ancestors.

The other two suites, forming the north and south corners of the western side, were connected by a long, large, and lofty banqueting room, formerly the refectory upon state occasions.

There were doors of communication with the wings, extending east and west. One of these wings had been inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Marston, during the life of the latter, but had not been opened since her death. The other,

containing the library, chapel, and apartments, was now occupied by Marston. There was a communication with the cloisters, forming a square round the burial-ground, which was extensive, and planted with cypresses, yews, willows, and other trees, which gave a melancholy grace to the abode of death. Behind the cloisters was a large garden, which opened into the park.

The poor little Eleanor—separated so suddenly from her, whom, from her infancy, she had considered as a mother; from little Harry, her playmate, and self-named brother; and constantly in presence of her gloomy father, whose abstracted countenance and haggard appearance inspired sadness, and were any thing but inviting or amusing for a little child—had already lost all the gaiety of her years; and at the sight of Mrs. Davenport—who was a good-natured motherly woman, and had al-

ways been very kind to her, giving her "the biscuit, and confectionary plum," when she came into the housekeeper's room, and who now, in fulfilment of her promise to Joseph, had come to the abbey a few days after the departure of Mrs. Howard—burst into tears, and threw herself into her arms.

Marston, passing at the moment into the chapel, caught the sound of voices in the great hall, and would have passed unheedingly, had not certain words attracted his attention, at which he remained transfixed and astounded.

"My good Mrs. Davenport, take me back with you to mamma, and little brother; it is so dull here. I have nobody to play with; nobody takes any notice of me: it is so quiet, so still. Why has mamma sent me away?"

"I do not know, my sweet child, but I suppose it is your papa's will. I cannot take you back to her, I am sorry to say, for she is gone

away. Do not cry, my dear; poor little child, it makes my heart ache to see her."

"Is Mrs. Howard gone away?" said Mrs. Betty.

"Aye, truly, with Captain Harris and Master Harry. I shouldn't wonder if my lady didn't return awhile, for I'm moral certain she'll never part with Master Harry; she'd sooner go to Hingie with him."

"Gone!" echoed Marston to himself, with a groan.

What a gloom overshadows the mind when the object of our adoration is gone! It is the night-season of the heart,—dark, silent, noiseless, melancholy night!

In all cases of separation, it is not the one who goes who is to be pitied, it is the one who remains. The change of scene, the obligation of movement, the novelties the eye meets with, the fact of going, so put the thoughts into a

new-channel, that half the sorrow of parting is removed; but the forsaken one bears more than his sum of grief: every surrounding object becomes a remembrance of the departed. Time seems to crawl with a snail-like space, and "the burthen of the mystery" of life is doubled.

Marston, in quitting Netherwood so abruptly, had been prompted by two feelings widely opposite, but each acting with violence on him:—the one, a determination to fly from such suffering as he endured in her presence, and to break his heart in solitude, if he could not surmount his passion; the other was to prove to her that he saw clearly (clearly as jealous madness sees), and, by withdrawing, manifest to her his disapprobation of her conduct.

Mrs. Howard, however, in the short interval of time which occurred between his departure

and her own, had little leisure to reflect on the motives which had caused his sudden withdrawal, more than supposing that he fled her society from self-reproach at indulging a passion, which, in his position, it was sinful to encourage. The situation of Marston was thus entirely changed, both from what he had supposed it to be, and in the reality. His leaving Netherwood, which was only half a mile from his home, and to which he flattered himself he could return when he should be so disposed, widely differed from Mrs. Howard's going far away, without his being acquainted with her intentions, or informed when she would return; and accompanied too by the very person he most disapproved of. Any other would have caused him less anxiety;—he felt an antipathy to that man!

The word *gone* therefore—pronounced by the good fat housekeeper, whose flat, contented

if he had married again, he would have had descendants. There is a prophecy concerning the owners of this abbey, which was made a long time ago, and it seems to have come to pass. It was foretold, that when an eagle from the north should alight at the abbey, the last male heir to the Marston family would refuse it admittance.

"It so happened that Mr. Marston, when a lad, was travelling in Scotland with his father, and, exploring the Scottish mountains, he had the good fortune to save the life of a young Highlander, who had nearly perished by losing his balance, whilst on the top of a high cliff, seeking an eagle's nest. The youth vowed him eternal gratitude; and some years after, when my master was married, he heard of it, and made the journey on foot from the Highlands to visit him, bringing with him a young eagle as a present.

"It was a stormy night, in the month of November (I remember it well), when the Highlander arrived at the abbey-gates. The wind was howling furiously, the rain beating violently; and the porter was loath to unbar the gates at so late an hour of night. My lady was in travail of Miss Eleanor, and the house was in consequence all in confusion and bustle,—all attending upon the poor lady, and hurrying backwards and forwards; and the porter called through the gates to enquire who came at such an unusual hour of night.

"The Highlander replied, that it was Fergus, with an eagle from the north.

"'Go your ways then,' said the porter, 'there's no need of eagles here, and I'll not be unbarring the gates at this time of night, and in such weather, for any such carrion.'

"Fergus called after him, but 'twas all in vain, and then he took to thumping at the

gates with all his might. My master, going to and fro, heard the knocking, and I told him what it was, and that the porter would not open the gates. Poor master was thinking of aught but eagles; my lady was shrieking piteously, and, says he, 'Stop the fellow's noise, and send him about his business.' We had hard to do, for the Highlander would not take an answer; but howsomdever he went away at last, growling like a mastiff.

"My lady was just then delivered of a daughter, and died towards morning. * *

"It was some time after—nay, many months I think—when I minded me of the eagle and the prophecy; and then sure enough, says I, there it is fulfilled; and so indeed thought many. It was when my master became a priest, that some of our neighbours bethought them of the prophecy; you warn't here at that time, Mrs. Davenport, or you would have

heard it said;—but come this way, and I'll show you the picture-gallery."

This gallery, in the time that the monks inhabited the abbey, had been used as the state-room, and was opened only on very solemn and great occasions, when some abbot of importance, or traveller of rank, visited the superior of the monastery.

Much magnificence had been displayed, according to the taste of the age when it was constructed, in its decorations; and fretted wood-work, of Gothic design, ornamented the upper part of the walls. The ceiling was also carved and embellished in the same style. The casements, in deep recesses, were of very large dimensions; and the small panes of glass, fitted into tin frame-work, still subsisted in primitive integrity. Rude and unskilful paintings ornamented these deep recesses; but their antiquity had given them a sort of merit, which

had obtained for them the permission of remaining untouched.

Three large fire-places, at some distance from each other, warmed this gallery. They also formed deep recesses, of the same dimensions as the windows; and so large, that several persons could sit inside of them on either side without experiencing inconvenient heat from the fires. Rich carvings, of dark-coloured wood, ornamented the fronts of these chimneys; along the walls, on either side between the recesses of the windows and fire-places were ranged the portraits of the different owners of the abbey, rudely or skilfully limned according to the epoch at which they were painted.

It was in this gallery that Joseph was always most eloquent in his account, which he never curtailed, of the family he served. Here the pride of ancestry seemed almost to extend it-

self to him: he felt as vain of the heroes who had, from time to time, added lustre to the genealogical tree, as though his own blood was derived from them.

He would make his auditors pause with reverence before the portrait of the first founder of the abbey, a descendant of a Norman baron, who came over to England with William the Conqueror; although nothing was to be remarked beyond a very black, indistinct painting of an old man, with a long beard. Two or three dozen abbots, ranged side by side, in succession after him, equally received his homage. His very voice was adapted to the solemnity of his manner: he spoke slowly and distinctly; and a pause of more than usual length invariably marked the importance of a warrior, clad in armour, with a terrible frowning aspect, occupying a space alone, in the centre of the gallery.

Sir Hildebrand Marston was a peculiar favourite with Joseph: it was through him that the abbey had descended in direct line to his master; and he had been a warrior and a hero. Knighted on the field of battle of Marston Moor by Prince Rupert, at an early hour of the day, while fortune smiled on the Royalist party, and that valorous deeds seemed to promise success to their cause,—Sir Hildebrand, nephew to the reigning abbot of Marston, had, with his followers, a body of stout-hearted peasants, repulsed various attacks of the Presbyterian forces on the abbey, and had sprung to the rescue of Prince Rupert, when he had suddenly been surrounded by the enemy, in a charge of their cavalry, his horse having been killed under him. Sir Hildebrand dismounted, and gave his own charger to the prince, dealing, at the same time, such stalwart blows to the right and left as opened a passage for him,

and secured his own safety. The prince knighted him on the spot.

The monastery having been abandoned by the monks, and their abbot murdered, Sir Hildebrand took possession of the abbey, as being the lineal heir; and from that time it had ceased to be an ecclesiastical establishment.

"Pray, Mr. Joseph," said Mrs. Davenport, who had listened to him with apparent attention, while her eye had wandered to other pictures, which seemed to promise more interest to her. "Pray, whose picture is that young man's, by the side of the chimney, dressed in a curious fashion; he has a very pretty face, and seems to be quite young?"

"What the one four off from Sir Hildebrand, where there are all sorts of things in the picture,—a priest tied to a stake at a distance, and a young woman doing penance?"

"Yes, that is the one I mean; there must be some curious history belonging to it."

"Indeed there is; and if you have a mind to know it I can tell it to you; for I have heard my master tell my lady—poor soul, now dead and gone!—the whole story, some time after their marriage.

"That young man was the youngest son of Mr. Marston's great grandfather; he was only eighteen years of age when he entered the army, and served with much distinction on the Continent. He was in the Russian army, and rose to a high rank in the service. Upon one occasion, he had been sent, with a party of troops, to disperse some rioters in a village a few miles from Moscow. As he passed through that town, he saw by accident the daughter of an old Russian prince, who resided on his estate, with much splendour and

dignity, near Moscow. This old prince was a great tyrant, and kept his vassals in great awe of him: he had numbers of villages surrounding his estates, and many hundred slaves who peopled them.

"His time was almost entirely spent in hunting the wild boar, an amusement he was very fond of; and he never saw any company. It was very seldom that he went to Moscow; but it so chanced that business had occasioned his going there, and taking his daughter along with him, at the same time that young Mr. Marston was sent there with his troops. The young man saw the prince's daughter, as she descended from a sort of covered cart, the only conveyance in that country, I have heard master say, for the great and rich, on account of the rough and bad roads. The young officer became suddenly enamoured of her; and not knowing how to be further acquainted with

her, and being a high-spirited character, he ventured on a plan, fraught with much danger. He ascertained that in the prince's establishment the major-domo, or chamberlain, had lately died, and had not as yet been replaced. He disguised himself, and went to the old chief's castle, and offered himself to be his chamberlain. His manners pleased the prince, and he was accepted. He thus saw the young lady constantly, and had many opportunities of declaring his passion, which met with a return. They were obliged, however, to be very cautious, as discovery might cost the lives of both of them; and they generally met when the prince was out hunting.

"On one occasion, the latter announced that he should be absent at the chace several days; and, as soon as he was gone, the young lady invited her lover to her chamber. There was no other entrance to this apartment than an

outward stair-case and door. They had not been long together, when, to their terror and confusion, the prince returned, having changed his mind, and given up the chace.

"They heard the hounds barking, and the bugles sounding, and presently saw through the window the prince ascending the stair-case leading to their room. No time was left for flight or retreat; reflection even was impossible; and no other resource occurred to them than for the young man to conceal himself in a large trunk, in which furs were kept. The prince was in an unusual good humour, and remained with his daughter a considerable time, telling stories, smoking his pipe, and occasionally dozing; while his daughter was in an agony of terror,—for he had sat down, as ill luck would have it, on that very trunk!

"At last, he withdrew; she hastened immediately to the trunk to release her lover; but

to her horror, on lifting the lid of the case, she saw him breathless, motionless, dead!

"She fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered from her swoon, the daylight was fast receding; and her perplexity became extreme, how to conceal and bury her unfortunate lover. After some reflection, she determined to confide herself to a slave who had been born on the estate, and to whom she had occasionally shown some kindness. She offered him gold if he would assist her; and the bribe, glittering before his eyes, decided him to consent to her demand, and furthermore, to promise inviolable secrecy.

"When all were retired to rest in the castle, he entered her chamber, and taking the lifeless body on his shoulders, carried it down to the river, and threw it in.

"The possession of gold, to one who had never owned any thing beyond a coarse coat

and wooden pipe, was too dangerous. He spent it with profusion, in drinking in the public-houses, till he became in a state bordering on madness. He forgot his promises of secrecy, he forgot the danger to which he exposed his benefactress; and boasted publicly to his drunken companions, of his mistress's favour and protection; adding, that she did not dare refuse him any thing he desired her to do.

"The public-house, to which he mostly resorted, and which was situated in a village adjoining the prince's castle, was held by Jews, who coveted the wealth of which the slave boasted. His vaunting awakened their suspicion as to the source from whence he drew it; and they laid a plan to make him betray further, by stimulating him with liquors; hoping, when once in possession of his secret, to become sharers in his riches.

"They then taunted him, pretending to dis-

believe his assertions, until he offered to lay a wager, that he would invite his young mistress to come and drink a glass of brandy with him in the public-house, and that she would not refuse. His wager was accepted, and a message conveyed to the castle; when, to the astonishment of the Jews and the peasants assembled, in a few minutes, she appeared.

"She concealed the fears the boor had awakened in her mind, and with much grace, assured the persons present, that to give pleasure to so faithful a servant as the one who had invited her, she had granted his request, and was ready to pledge him in a glass of brandy. She added, that to give a further proof of her kindness and interest for him and his friends, she would treat all those assembled, including the host and hostess to as much brandy as they chose to drink.

"The calculation she had made was soon

justified. A short time sufficed to intoxicate them all; and she withdrew with caution, and concealed herself in the wood near the cabin till the night came on.

"The cabins of the peasants are built of wood; their articles of furniture few and clumsy; neatness or cleanliness is scarcely known; they hardly use other light than that issuing from the fires in the centre of their huts, round which they sit, and smoke, and drink, and sleep. The public-house, however, being one of general resort, had more attempt at luxury; and a candle was stuck through the chinks of wood near the small casement, to illuminate the room.

"When all was hushed in the cabin, and excess of intoxication had rendered them all in a state of insensibility, the lady stole from her retreat, and taking the candle from the

window, set fire to the house, which blazed in a few minutes; and all the inmates were burnt to ashes. * * * * * *

"A short time after this event, the old prince fell dangerously ill. He sent for a Greek priest, to whom he confessed himself, and died. His daughter was present at his death. The awful scene struck her conscience; and she was filled with remorse at the recollection of the horrible deed she had done; so that she asked to confess herself to the same priest, who had received her father's confession.

"She unburthened her mind to him; but her narration was of so dreadful a nature, that the priest was horror-struck; and the recollection of it weighed on his mind, and affected his spirits.

"In the night-time, he was heard talking to himself in much agitation. His wife became

alarmed, and questioned him earnestly as to the cause of his trouble; but he resisted her importunities.

"By degrees, she got together different portions of the dreadful story, from the broken phrases which escaped him in his agitated sleep; and she accused and upbraided him as the author of the crimes, by which he was so terribly affected. In short, she succeeded in drawing from him the details, which had been confided to him; and partaking then all his feelings, urged him to denounce the murderess, and declare the whole to the magistrates. This he positively refused her; the laws against betraying a confession being extremely severe, and particularly in the Greek church.

"His wife, indignant that such crimes should not meet with the severest punishment, ignorant of the consequences of her indiscretion, and urged on by a fatal zeal for justice, then took

the matter into her own hands; and without informing any one of her intentions, went to Moscow and declared all she knew to the magistrates.

"The young lady's estates were forfeited to government. She was secluded for life; and the priest was tied to a stake and burnt alive, for having betrayed the sacred secrets of confession."

"What a frightful story!" ejaculated Mrs. Davenport; "it makes one's hair to stand on end. How came the picture, which represents it, to be painted?"

"The young man's father," replied Joseph, learned most of the particulars of his son's death, from the British merchants, who happened to be in Moscow at the time of the execution of the Greek priest; and he caused the picture to be painted, to record the tragical history."

Joseph continued his account of the various

portraits of the Marston family, relating many curious anecdotes concerning them; and was still (so agreeably to himself) engaged, when the sound of horses' hoofs in the avenue, required his presence at the great gates, to unbar them for the unusual event of the entrance of a visiter. This was no other than Dr. Carlton, who, according to a promise he had made to Mrs. Howard, was come to call on Marston, and offer his ministry if required.

"I think my master is in the park, sir,' said Joseph, after seeking him in the library and chapel; "his favourite walk is the avenue leading to the moor."

"Well, then, I will return to Wetherby by that road, and shall probably meet him," said the doctor.

Joseph observed to him, that the avenue he alluded to, only conducted to the moor, from

which there was a foot-path to the village of Netherwood.

"If you then wish to gain the high-road to Wetherby, you must please to cross the park to Netherwood."

"I am going home there, sir," said Mrs. Davenport; "if you please, I will show you the way."

"Oh! good Mrs. Davenport," said little Eleanor, who had heard the offer the latter had made, from the gallery where she still remained, while the fat housekeeper had moved on to make the offer; "take me with you; I shall see my dear mamma; pray, take me."

The doctor heard little Eleanor's voice, and instantly called out, "Come along, little lady, you shall take the walk with us, not excepting Mrs. Betty, who, I dare say, will not object to such a ramble."

The party, thus arranged, set off in a few minutes; the little girl hurrying her nurse to equip her for the walk with fluttering impatience.

cause; and she intreated him to watch over the unhappy man, and render him every assistance in his power.

The good doctor solemnly promised to fulfil her wishes to the utmost of his ability; and zealously offered those services, which his interest for Marston would have led him to perform spontaneously. She then took leave of him, and, as he attended her to the carriage, acquainted him with the object of her present journey.

The latter part of her communication did not reach the watchful ears of Mrs. Carlton, but the first unhappily did. She also reconnoitred the carriage from the window, and saw, distinctly saw, a stranger in it! She also heard the doctor pronounce the words *Captain Harris*, as he bowed into the carriage; and there was food sufficient for her malevolent

soul, and ample matter for much gossip and scandal. The following week she arrived at Miss Wilson's door, with a triumphant smile.

"Well, my dear Miss Wilson, our neighbourhood does not lack incident. Here is our fair neighbour of Netherwood actually gone off, in a coach and four, with Mr. Marston's rival! She came last week to my house, begging the doctor to take care of her discarded lover, and console him forsooth. It is really abominable of the doctor to countenance such proceedings. You know he does not condescend to confide any thing to me; but happily I have ears; and I am determined he shall not bring shame on my house, by conniving at such flagrant misconduct. My only embarrassment is how to thwart him, for I know him. He ordered his horses an hour ago, and I am certain he is now gone to see this sinful priest; nay, he would have been with him a

full week ago, when Mrs. Howard was so obliging as to select him for this honourable service, if his saddle-horse had not been lame; for you may well suppose he would not venture to borrow my carriage; he knew too well I should have refused him. Do council me, Miss Wilson, how to stop the continuation of this scandal."

"Indeed, I feel for you, my dear madam," replied her worthy confidante, "to have your husband made a tool of by such an artful woman; but really, I always say, there is no folly of which a man is not capable; and, for my part, none of them shall ever have it in their power to pass their tricks on me. I bless my stars, I am aware of them: but you are tied and bound, and must needs drag on the chain and load to the last. You ask me advice, which is really very difficult to give. I see but one way to put an end to this infamy,

and that would be very disagreeable to you. It would be to speak to Mr. Marston, and tell him not to trouble your family with his impertinent and disgusting distresses."

"Indeed, I believe you are right, Miss Wilson, "there is nothing like plain dealing; and if you will accompany me, for I do not care to encounter the man alone, we will drive to Netherwood, where I understand he resides, and I will settle these scandalous proceedings at once. There is a carriage-road, I believe, as far as the village of Netherwood. We can make our inquiries there, and proceed accordingly."

"Nothing will be so easy," replied Miss Wilson; "close to the village, is one of the park-gates opening on the moor; and we can thus cross the park to the house."

Every thing being thus settled, the well-

assorted friends set out upon their charitable visit.

Marston was still sitting on the same couch, on which he had flung himself on entering the drawing-room at Netherwood. His head had sunk on his breast, his two hands were pressed on his forehead, and his thoughts so intense and abstracted, that he neither heard the approach of horses, nor was aware of the entrance of Dr. Carlton into the room.

The doctor, pursuing his walk, accompanied by Eleanor, her nurse, and Mrs. Davenport, had reached the gates of Netherwood-park; and here the little girl intreated so earnestly to be allowed to go up to the house, and seemed so unhappy at the refusal of a wish, which, after all, was so natural, that he had consented to her request; and she ran on, with the nimbleness of a roe, till she reached the lawn

fronting the house; when near the open window of the drawing-room, she halted for the rest of the party to join her, and then bounded into the room, without looking to the right or left.

Mrs. Betty, however, caught a glance of Marston's figure, and pulling the child by her frock, made her a sign, and drew her out of the room, before Marston was roused from the deep reverie in which he was plunged. His mind had been a chaos of agitating thoughts: now his crushed heart resigned itself to passive suffering; and now he chafed with anger at himself, for his rashness, his precipitancy, which had caused all his misery.

"And she had urged me to delay, and reflection; she intreated me to retard the fatal vow; and I was mad enough not to listen to her!"

Then suddenly his rage turned towards his supposed rival. "Yes, it was evident that she

encouraged the addresses of that self-sufficient, impertinent coxcomb! Else would she have received him with such warmth; would she have set off with him at a few hours' notice: the taking her son with her was evidently a mere blind. She had then carried on this intrigue by letter, since the last visit he had made, at the time he (Marston) was ill. Oh, it was clear, perfectly clear; the report of the villagers, which Joseph had repeated to him at that time, was quite correct. Could she be so false, so deceitful? Could she thus conceal her feelings, and her secret; and witness his love, his sufferings, with a cold, indifferent eye? No, no!" he thought again, "she does not love him; I injure her by supposing it. That Captain Harris loves her I do not doubt; it is very evident; but she does not share his passion!"

Then again his mind's eye glanced on his

present condition,—the future seemed to be reflected as in a mirror. It was but momentary; but he recoiled with terror. "Yes, I have damned myself for her! My soul is condemned to endless tortures; while torments, worse than the flames of hell, consume me now."—Satan had grasped his victim! The fever of his brain hurried him to thoughts of deep and damning guilt. "No; if all is lost of futurity for me, I am a fool to endure further misery. Now at least I will enjoy, if suffering awaits me hereafter!——She shall be mine!"——and then a glare of joy flashed in his eyes, and his heart throbbed with anticipated passion and enjoyment. He raised his head, and his eye fell on her picture, which was facing him. "Lovely, adored Louisa; yes, I will strain you to my heart: the ardent fire which consumes me shall pass into thy bosom. Thou shalt calm my madness; thy gentle na-

ture shall teach my turbulent one to become like thine;" and his head sank into its former position.

It was at this moment that Dr. Carlton entered the room, having heard the nurse tell Eleanor that her papa was there, and might not like to be disturbed. He remained a few minutes, contemplating the agitated countenance of the unhappy Marston; and finding that he was so lost in thought, as not to be aware of his presence, coughed once or twice, to draw his attention. Marston started, and looked up; and the expression of his eyes instantly changed from melancholy to a degree of irritation and anger, for which the doctor was little prepared.

"I am afraid I have disturbed your meditations, Mr. Marston," he said, drawing, at the same time, a chair near to the couch on which the former was reclining; "I have been s

ing you at the abbey, and chance makes me find you here."

"It is a happy chance, no doubt," said Marston, ironically; "a most happy chance for me."

"You look angry with me, Mr. Marston; have I been so unfortunate as to offend you?"

"No, sir," replied Marston, endeavouring to recover his composure, "far from it. I am under obligations to you, which the generality of mankind consider great. Had it been my fate to have known you under other circumstances than those in which you found me, I should have echoed this opinion with gratitude and fervour. You restored me to life, when I was about to shake off that dreadful burthen; and life is considered so precious by almost all, that I ought to be bounden to you for ever for this supposed service: yet far from feeling grateful to you, I could load you with reproaches, but

He stared wildly, while these thoughts tumultuously rushed across his mind, with that rapidity, with which, time, space, events, and arguments, are crowded into fleeting minutes. At last he said eagerly to the doctor,

"You are right; I ought to travel—you are quite right. How did I not think of this?"

There was a degree of wildness in his manner which did not quite satisfy the doctor and assuming the authoritative tone, with which medical men sometimes treat their patients, he said,

"Let me feel your pulse, and judge if you are in a state to travel."

The pulse was throbbing with great violence.

"Let me advise you to return home for the moment," he said; "we will walk together, if you please, and we can mature these plans on our way."

Marston allowed himself to be conducted by

the doctor, who desired his groom to follow him with his horses to the abbey; and proceeded slowly with his charge, who, he began to fear, was beyond his control.

"Your advice is most excellent, doctor, and I will follow it forthwith."

"The doctor, who was not acquainted with his motives for approving of his counsel, thought that it was with a view of endeavouring to conquer his fatal passion; and began to anticipate vain hopes of seeing him one day restored to tranquillity.

"I am much pleased to find you intend to adopt it, and I hope you will instantly occupy yourself with the necessary preparations for a long journey. What countries do you feel disposed to visit?"

"Countries!" said Marston, seemingly astonished; "why there is only one Pope that I am aware of, and he resides at Rome."

The poor doctor began to be alarmed, and in his turn stared at his patient; but saw no signs of increase of agitation, beyond what he had already witnessed; and after a pause, he said;—

"Oh! you would wish to go to Rome! true, it is the classic city, and replete with interest. The churches and public edifices will be objects of the greatest possible interest to you."

"I shall not go near one, if I can help it," said Marston, passionately.

"Indeed!" said the doctor, again at fault. "The arts and sciences will then be your pursuit?"

"Doctor," said Marston, "either you are bantering me, which, allow me to say, is very ill-timed mirth, or you do not understand me, which seems to me to be impossible."

The doctor began to look very grave, as he answered;

"I have never been considered a banterer,

Mr. Marston; and the interest I have taken in your sorrows, should have shielded me from such an accusation. I give you my word, I do not now understand you. I thought you had been disposed to adopt an idea I had ventured to suggest to you,—that of travelling on the continent, by way of relieving your harassed spirits; but, I suppose, I am mistaken."

"Not in the least, sir, not in the least. I thank you sincerely for all your kind interest, and approve so much of your advice, that it is my intention instantly to follow it; and if I can obtain the consent of the Holy See, shall perhaps live to bless you for your very wise counsel and friendship."

He said this with much warmth and affection, which diminished, in a degree, the alarm the doctor was disposed to feel; for he was convinced his sorrows had driven him mad, and

was anxious to see him safely housed in the abbey.

"I do indeed trust, that a year or two passed in foreign countries, may be of essential service to your spirits; and I shall be rejoiced to learn, that you have commenced your pilgrimage."

"Yes, it shall be a pilgrimage; but I trust not one of two years' lasting," said Marston, cheeringly.

"I am glad to hear you say, that less time will suffice to eradicate this unhappy passion from your heart."

"Eradicate!" shouted Marston; you have but a very weak opinion of my sentiments, if you conclude, that the attainment of my ardent wishes will be the eradication of them."

It was in vain that the doctor endeavoured to steer clear; he was only more and more

convinced of the unhappy state of his friend's mind; and was much perplexed how to answer him in a satisfactory manner. They walked on some minutes in silence, which was at last broken by Marston's saying,

"Examples are not wanting of the Pope's concession in such cases."

"Certainly not," replied the doctor.

"All would then be happily settled, for I should no longer struggle against my conscience."

"Most true," said the doctor.

"I cannot for a moment suppose that she would refuse her consent?"

"Oh, by no means."

"Oh, doctor! I shall again know happiness, after such long misery; and all owing to your kindness and advice."

"It will make me very happy to find it so."

"Will you be my advocate with her during my absence?"

"Certainly."

"I may count on your friendship to dispose her to listen to me?"

"You may depend upon me."

"Then I shall wait her return, and obtain her consent, previous to setting off. When will she return?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me truly, doctor; what has been the motive of her journey?"

"Whose?" said his companion.

"Whose! why Mrs. Howard's, to be sure?"

"Oh!"——

Just then they reached the gate of the park opening on the moor, and the doctor started slightly on seeing Mrs. Carlton and Miss Wilson, who had alighted from their carriage, and

were in deep conversation with Mrs. Betty, accompanied by Eleanor. The former, when she had withdrawn the little girl from the drawing-room window, on perceiving Marston, whom she greatly feared, had proceeded to Mrs. Davenport's room, "to rest a bit," as she said; but in truth, to indulge in a little gossip, previously to returning to her dull residence. Mrs. Betty had formerly lived with Mrs. Carlton as housemaid, and was consequently well known to that lady. When the gossip in the housekeeper's room was ended, the nurse and Eleanor proceeded on their return to the abbey, and were just at the park gate, as the two amiable ladies arrived.

"Did I not tell you, Miss Wilson, that Mr. Marston resided here? See, there is his daughter taking a walk with her nurse. I know the young woman; she was formerly a servant of

mine. Suppose we stop her, and question her a little."

This was quite convenient; so the ladies quitted the carriage, and beckoned Mrs. Betty to draw near.

"So, Betty, you are nurse to Mr. Marston's daughter, I suppose?" How long have you been in his family?"

"Only a few days, ma'am," said Mrs. Betty; "I have been with Mrs. Howard, taking care of Miss Eleanor, five years; but it is only within a few days we have removed to Marston Abbey."

The two old ladies exchanged very significant glances.

"What! I suppose, since Mrs. Howard's elopement with her new admirer?"

"Ma'am!" said Mrs. Betty, a little astonished.

"I said, I suppose since Mrs. Howard went off with a navy captain. Are you deaf, young woman?"

"I believe, ma'am," said Betty, "mistress is gone to take young master to his ship with Captain Harris, who is going to take him to sea."

"I dare say they said so, my good girl," said Miss Wilson, bridling and smiling. "Always make a good story out, when you do as you shouldn't do."

"It is really terrible," said Mrs. Carlton, turning to Miss Wilson, "that such examples of the frailty of our sex should be brought into our neighbourhood."

"But why," replied Miss Wilson, "should she have taken the trouble of going off? That, I confess, I cannot understand. For she had no husband to control her actions, and she might surely have stayed at home and followed her fancies."

"You forget that she had another lover before, and it was to get rid of him that she went off with Captain——I don't know what they call him. I know all this for certain, for she called at my house, and told Dr. Carlton the whole story, and even begged of him to go and see Mr. Marston, and bring him by degrees to be reconciled to her loss. Now you will allow, my dear madam, that this is very hardened conduct; and that it is putting Dr. Carlton to very dishonourable work, and indeed, what I can neither approve nor allow. I heard him promise Mrs. Howard, that he would take a circuitous manner of beginning, in order that Mr. Marston might not suspect him. I really feel for Mr. Marston in all this; for she has used him cruelly. And yet, I can by no means approve of his conduct, for it is quite infamous. A priest! a holy man! fie, fie!"

Mrs Betty, for whom all this was spoken, (as Mrs. Carlton often made use of such humble means, for conveying an indirect message, or spreading a malicious tale,) began to be much confused. She had always considered Mrs. Howard as a pattern of virtue and goodness, and it was not in a minute that she could adopt convictions of a totally opposite nature; yet she felt it was true, Mrs. Howard was gone with Captain Harris and her son; that she and her little charge had been removed quite suddenly and inexplicably from what they considered their home; and she recollected the embarrassed look of the two, which she had witnessed the day when Marston returned to the abbey. She remembered too, how angry and terrible he had looked, on his way to his own home: and the fierce tone of his voice and manner, when he told her that she was to remain at the abbey, and not return to Nether-

wood any more. She also thought on a remark of Joseph's "that there must have been a rumpus or snmmut, for master to be so strange;" and all this passed through her mind with rapidity, whilst the old ladies went on talking to each other.

"Poor little girl" said Mrs. Carlton, affecting sensibility, as she looked at Eleanor, "it is a sad thing to have such a father, and be surrounded by such people."

It was just then that Dr. Carlton and Marston issued forth from the gates, and came full in front of the two ladies.

The doctor would have receded, had he been in time; for he felt that his better half would find food for gossip in so trifling an incident as his being seen walking in Netherwood park with Mr. Marston. Little did he know of how much gossip he had been the innocent cause.

Marston, who knew neither of the ladies by

sight, and was entirely engrossed with the new plan which he had formed, came up to them, and would have passed them, without further notice than a slight bow, but for the shrill voice which addressed his companion, and grated on his ear with unpleasant discordance.

"So here you are," said Mrs. Carlton to the doctor, without noticing Marston, or returning his salutation; "I thought you knew that Mrs. Howard was gone away: surely you can't have forgotten it; for she came to see you on her way, accompanied by her fine gallant. I assure you, if you have so short a memory, you have only to walk through Wetherby, where every body is talking of the elopement, and the tender looks the loving couple gave each other, as they drove side by side, as though they were already man and wife, which, for the sake of morals, I hope they will soon be."

"Certainly, I ought to say amen to your pious hope," said the doctor, "wishing, as I do, Mrs. Howard all the happiness she deserves. I, in particular, ought to desire her to re-enter the matrimonial state, from the experience I have of its blessedness."

"Of course," retorted Mrs. Carlton, "you will recommend her to select for her husband a man with little fortune, that he may enjoy hers, and treat her as some people I know treat their wives."

"Pray," said Miss Wilson, primming, but speaking, as she began to fear an explosion of her friend's choler; "pray, ma'am, is this lady going to be married, did you say?"

"Oh, ma'am, I am not sufficiently acquainted with her secrets to be able to answer you that question. You should ask my husband, who is frequently closeted with her; she never condescends to come and see me; she is fonder

of the society of men than of women, not excepting men of holy calling, if report says true, which you will allow speaks in favour of her morals; though, from all I hear, one cannot commend her as much for her constancy."

"Woman," said Marston, trembling from anger and conflicting emotions, "how dare you slander innocence and virtue? How dare you even breathe a name, fit only to be pronounced by lips as pure as her own."

"What?" said the vixen sneering. "Are you her champion? Will you chant her praise for virtue, without practising it yourself? Do you suppose I don't know you, Mr. Marston, and all the country round, for twenty miles? I came on purpose to see you, and, now that I have found you, shall tell you my mind. Be so good as to leave off enveigling that man (pointing to her husband), who used to be an honourable one, to listen to your scandalous

amours,—thus making him a partner in your infamous conduct,—or I will expose you both to the whole county as you deserve."

"Come along," said the doctor, pulling Marston forcibly away, while his voice trembled with concentrated passion, which he felt very much disposed to wreak on his odious wife. "Come along; the day would not be long enough, were we to listen to the scandal and impertinence of Mrs. Carlton. Let her take care of her own reputation; I promise you, she has made herself one which I should be very sorry to share!"

"Ah!" said the poor Benedict, when they had moved on a few paces in silence, "women contrive to make one wretched, in more ways than one. When they are amiable and lovely they make us sigh for them; when they are like my dame, they make us regret ever to have known them; I believe, fair or ugly, good or

bad, virtuous or frail, they are Satan's own creatures on earth.

"And therefore draw one to perdition," said Marston.

"Aye, truly, nine times in ten!"

"My mistress desires me to say, sir," said the servant, who had been standing near the carriage all the time, and was now sent running after the doctor; "my mistress desires me to say (grinning as he spoke) that it is getting late, and that she is returning home; and that you will be too late, if you don't come too, as there is company to dinner."

The doctor muttered something like an oath, from vexation; and looking more apologies than he ventured to express, for quitting his friend so abruptly, parted with him, promising to return next day, and talk over the new scheme.

Marston motioned an adieu to the doctor,

and walked rapidly on towards the abbey.—Wretched man! it was in vain he sought relief by locomotion; he carried with him the fire which consumed his brain, and tortured his soul.

Mrs. Betty returned to the abbey with Eleanor, soon after the arrival of Marston: it wa getting late, as Mrs. Carlton had observe and the little girl's supper was hurried an over sooner than usual, her attendant bei very impatient to descend to the pantry, a have a little talk with Mr. Joseph. She f herself of more importance than usual: s had a budget of news to relate to the man.

"There, my dear," she said, putting Elea to bed; "now go to sleep, like a good chi and we'll be up by times to-morrow;" and s hurried down to the pantry. "So, Mr. Joseph, here's strange goings on! Master gone

mad for love! and mistress gone off with a captain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," grumbled Joseph, "who has been stuffing your head with such a pack of stories? Master's neither mad, nor in love either with any body; he has got other things to think of."

"That's neither here nor there, Mr. Joseph; *I* knows what I knows, and its none of our sort as told me. I tell you, master's gone jealous-mad! Didn't you mind him, the day as he comed here; the air with which he spoke. 'Betty,' says he (quite tragedy-like), 'you'll go no more to Netherwood!'—and then he looked just so, and crossed his arms; and says you to me, just after, 'There's been a rumpus, or I'm mistaken.' Well, there *has* been a rumpus; and all Wetherby's talking about it. Mistress is to be married to put all straight; and she's to marry the captain, and then he wo'n't take

young master to sea; and so all will be settled; and that's what vexes master so."

"Now, Mrs. Betty, do you suppose that I shouldn't know all this, if it was true; arn't I master's old servant; and do you think that had he been in all this trouble, he would not have told me? Besides, master's a Romish priest, and to be in love with any one would be a mortal sin."

"Then the more shame for him," said Betty, "for I'll never disbelieve what I have been told from such good authority."

Joseph stoutly defended the honour of his master, although he believed there was some truth in what she said.

"Now mind me, Mrs. Betty, it's no good to be speaking ill of our master; and you, afore every one, should not spread reports to his prejudice, for you have always been kindly treated; so just never speak again of what you have

been saying, which I don't believe, and nobody else will."

"That's not so certain," said Mrs. Betty, flouting; "I suppose when you hear the bells ringing at Wetherby, and the bans being published; I suppose you'll believe then; and indeed I hope that will be very soon, for between you and I, Mr. Joseph, I don't care to serve any one with a bad reputation. It does no good to an honest young woman; besides, as to being moped as I am here, I'd just as lief be buried: so, when Mrs. Howard is married, I shall seek a sitivation with her; and master may get a Romish woman to wait on Miss Eleanor, if he likes it."

"Now hold your tongue, you silly ape," said Joseph; "here's master going by, and I'd like to hear you holding such language before him."

"Would you," said Betty; but, at the same time, she lowered her voice, and returned to

little Eleanor, resolving however to consult some one before she took the important step of giving warning.

Joseph ruminated on what she had said, and felt something like conviction, the more he reflected; and, by the time Marston summoned him to attend in his dressing-room, he had worked himself up to the point of acquainting his master with a portion of his intelligence; prudently and carefully, however, resolving to suppress all that regarded him personally. Marston furnished him the means of beginning, by saying,—

"Joseph, would you like to travel abroad with me?"

The thought instantly struck the old man that his master was quitting the field on purpose, and he replied,—

"Wherever your honour chooses me to go I will most willingly. Your honour, indeed

could do no otherwise than take me along with you, seeing that I have been your servant, boy and man, five-and-thirty years, come Christmas. And, as for going abroad, and leaving my friends, why, I may almost say, I have none; seeing as I've buried 'em all,—and that I've no sweetheart, or woman, to say, 'Don't go!' Ah, sir," he added, shaking his head (having, as he thought, arrived most cleverly at the subject he wished to talk upon), "them women are mortal plagues! and so worrits one like, one never knows what they would be after; no, not the best on 'em. There's Mrs. Howard now, as is going to be married, one wouldn't have thoft she would have behaved so, all of a sudden."

"Behaved! how?" said Marston, with a thundering voice; "what do you know about the lady, or her behaviour?"

"Oh, sir, I only know what every body knows," said Joseph, frightened.

"And, pray, what may every body know?" said Marston, sternly.

"I can't say as they say any harm of her," said Joseph, trembling, "only——"

"Only, well!——"

"Only the bans are published at Wetherby, and the bells will be ringing next Sunday, and the captain as she marries has consented to not taking young master Harry to sea, on account of the marriage, and its been kept very snug all this time, and——"

"And, blockhead! who told you all this?"

"Its the talk of all the town," said Joseph, sullenly.

"Leave me," said Marston; and Joseph did not wait to be told twice.

"It is not possible!" thought Marston; and

yet her manner, the day he had seen them together, had displeased and perplexed him. How came it, too, that there should be so much gossip about her! He had heard it from different people. There must be some foundation for this rumour, thus suddenly spread abroad. The more he dwelt on the subject, the more circumstances seemed to confirm the report. This, if true, was indeed a dreadful overthrow of all his hopes, of all his plans. He had been solacing himself, since his return home, with the thought of the delight he should experience in declaring his sentiments to her; and never, for a moment, doubted the reception she would give this declaration. Then he would have set off immediately for Rome; he was as sure of the pope's consent as of hers: and he had continued his pleasing dream, until it was thus disagreeably disturbed by Joseph.

The following morning Dr. Carlton arrived at an early hour; and his first inquiries were about his rest, whilst he silently examined the countenance of his patient, which bore an expression of much irritation and unsettledness. The latter instantly asked him, how much truth there might be in his servant's gossip, corroborated as it had been by Mrs. Carlton, adding, "Should this be the case, all my dreams for the future are at an end."

"I have heard of no marriage," said the doctor; "but cannot see, my good friend, how such an event, supposing it was to be, would alter your plans."

"Most extraordinary reasoning," said Marston, "will you have the goodness to explain your meaning?"

"It seems to me to be very clear. If you succeed in turning your thoughts into some

other channel, and shaking off the fatal passion which is destroying you, it will be immaterial to you who she marries."

"And pray, sir, when did I intimate the possibility of such an event? or, rather, is not my intention of submitting my case to the pope, and getting his absolution from my vows, so as to obtain honorably the hand of the person to whom I am devotedly attached, the strongest proof of the depth and durability of my sentiments? How then are you for an instant to suppose, I can contemplate with patience the possibility of her being united to another?"

"Now then," said the doctor, after a pause, "I do understand you; and, I confess, that a less explicit declaration would have still left me in the dark.

"Now then you approve," said Marston, with alacrity.

"Approve," said the doctor, "hem——I hardly think that is the word."

"How!—what?"

"Our manner of viewing religious subjects is so different, that I believe it would be very difficult for us to meet and agree on any point connected with them. So opposed as I am to the nature of the vows pronounced by the Catholic priesthood, I am equally in opposition to their breaking them when once made. It seems to me, that a contract made with heaven cannot be dissolved on earth; and I cannot acknowledge the existence of any power, short of the Great One with whom you have contracted, who could authorize you to break your vows."

"What, not his representative on earth?"

"No! not a self-created representative, constitutedby laws of his own making, and vested with powers also self-derived!"

Here the discussion was open on fair grounds with either party; and all the beaten arguments of controversy might have again been brought forward, but Marston, weary of opposition to that on which he was resolved, broke suddenly off, and proposed a walk to his friend; avoiding, for the remainder of the time that he stayed with him, conversing on the subject nearest his thoughts.

Dr. Carlton saw that he was irritated, and therefore humoured him; and soon after they parted.

CHAPTER IX.

GHOST.——————"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood." SHAKSPEARE.

MRS. HOWARD returned to Netherwood, in six weeks after her departure thence for Gravesend; and a fortnight passed subsequently without any remarkable event occurring. Her days

were marked by melancholy and monotony. Once or twice she drove to Wetherby to make purchases; on one of these occasions, she was surprised at Miss Wilson's not returning her salutation, as she passed her on the road entering the town, but thought little of the circumstance, supposing that the old lady had not seen her. Upon another occasion, she also met Mrs. Carlton, as she entered Jeremiah Esketh's shop; and that lady hurried out, without returning her curtsey, in so precipitate a manner, that she nearly fell in so doing. Mrs. Howard turned and looked after her, a little astonished; but was so little conscious that it was her presence which occasioned the flurry, that she again supposed accident was the cause of it; and consequently gave it no further thought.

The two friends would have been severely mortified, could they have supposed so little

effect had been produced by their malicious rudeness. The good Quaker had been more aware of the affront intended; and endeavoured, by his attention to his customer, to balance the proportion of civility she ought to have received in his shop.

"I am sorry to see thee look so pale! Art thou ailing? And is there ought I can offer thee? Surely, refreshment might do thee good."

Mrs. Howard thanked him for his kindness and told him she had been parting with h son, and that she supposed the grief she f had affected her looks.

"And, truly, it is enough to do so; thy is a comely child, and Sarah hath often spo to me of him;" and the good Quaker bro the chair he offered her, and pulled a n place under her feet; and sought, by ma tle attentions, to prove his respect and e

The walks which Mrs. Howard most carefully avoided were the moor, and the road leading to Marston Abbey. She feared to meet Marston. He, on his side, did not like to enquire of Joseph when she was expected to return, after the conversation he had had with him concerning her; and he walked almost daily to the gate of Netherwood-park, in the hope of ascertaining her arrival: but, after two months of suspense had thus passed, his impatience knew no bounds, and he ventured through the gates, and, entering the grounds, proceeded to the house.

The day was mild, the sun was shining with unusual brightness for the season, and Mrs. Howard was sitting at the open window of the drawing-room reading, when Marston approached. His resolution almost failed him when he saw her, and he stood in contemplation of her for some minutes.

A deep-drawn sigh relieved his bosom; and as he drew near to her, she raised her eyes. The moment she dreaded was arrived; and her colour rose high, as she attempted to look unembarrassed, and to receive him as formerly. Still there was constraint in her manner. In his, it was every thing by turns—fear, joy, embarrassment. He said several incoherent words, which she did not answer; but he looked, at the same time, the passion which h felt to the extreme extent of what was possibl to be experienced.

There was such gentleness in his mann she could not have received him unkind and she began enquiring after his health. answered, but knew not what he answe his thoughts were of her,—of how he sh begin the subject which was to decide h ture destiny.

She again endeavoured to assume unc

and spoke of the weather, the wind; was it a favourable one for the Diamond to get down the channel?"

"I suppose so," said Marston, who knew nothing about it.

"I have had a severe trial in parting with my poor child——but he was cheerful, and full of the future. It is a great thing his being with Captain Harris, who will be like a father to him."

Marston winced a little.

"Will he remain long at sea?"

"Ah, perhaps three long years!"

Marston breathed a little easier.

"Three years may appear long or short, according to different circumstances. Three years seem a long space of time to you to be separated from your son; the same length of time would be but as a day to me, if hope

were, at the end of that space, to give me courage and life."

"We all hope, Mr. Marston; it is the principle of life. There is a Persian proverb, which has been translated to me in French; and which, I think, prettily expresses the sentiment of Hope:—

'Espoir est la fin de desespoir.
Apres la nuit la plus noire,
Arrive l'aurore d'autant plus brillante.'"

"I think," said Marston, reproachfully, "this is the first time in our lives that you have called me, Mr. Marston. Am I become a stranger to you, Louisa? Have I offended you? Oh, if you knew how far I am from intending it,—how much I fear it,—you would not look so severely on me."

"We are too old friends, for it to be possible that we should be angry with one another," said Mrs. Howard, smiling, (though she felt

something like what they must feel, who rush on the forlorn hope;) "and the holy character you bear, would not allow me to dare to be angry with you, were it otherwise. I assure you, I feel too much reverence towards you, to be influenced by any sentiment of anger."

Marston felt as though a dagger had entered his soul. One word had overthrown his whole fabric of hope. How venture to talk of his love or his plans, while she was in such a mood! He threw himself on a chair, and took the book, which she had been reading, from her hand, to cover his confusion.

"What are you reading?" he said; "'Le Lepreux de la cité d'Aoste,' (Le Maistre.) It is a very melancholy subject you have selected for your lecture."

"It is so, but it suits my present temper of mind."

"Do you then interest yourself in the sor-

rows of the unhappy, solitary Lepreux? How beautifully, how truly, has the author described all the sufferings the human heart endures in solitude! Did you remark the passage relating to the sleepless nights the Lepreux passes? Le Maistre must have undergone those sufferings to have described them so perfectly. I have read that little book so often, that I could repeat nearly every line. I love the author for having written so many of my thoughts and feelings; oftentimes he has soothed my aching heart. Tell me; if there existed a lonely, unhappy man, as miserable in his solitude as the leper of Le Maistre, with only one affliction less than his, would you shun that unhappy man, when your presence, your kindness, your compassion, your intercourse with him, would soothe his sorrows, cheer his heart, and give new life to his desolate existence; when a kind look would spread a glow of happiness over h

whole frame; when a hand extended to raise the supplicant, whose only wish, only hope, only happiness, depended on that hand, would restore him to peace, would you refuse it to him? Could you precipitate him into the abyss of anguish and despondence, which one word of yours would have power to do? Oh no! your nature is too gentle, too lovely; you could not refuse a heaven on earth, to one so chased, so tried, so long unhappy. Do not turn your looks aside; do not motion a negative with your hand; listen to me, Louisa; one word of yours destines me to madness, to death, or to life and blessedness! Nay, listen to me, I implore you. From childhood until now we have been friends; you have been more to me, ten thousand times more. From the brink of despair you brought me back to reason; you solaced me; would you drive me back again

to the state of wretchedness, from which you raised me? Oh! let me hope that our existences may be linked together. Louisa, my own Louisa, shall I call you so?"

Mrs. Howard was distressed beyond measure. A burning flush was diffused over her fair countenance. A feeling of anger against Marston was mixed with pity for him. She did not wish to give him pain, and endeavoured to frame her answer mildly.

"You quite forget your position, my poor friend; you overlook the insurmountable barrier, which exists between us."

"No, no, I do not forget it, if that is the only one; if there is no other obstacle to the realization of wishes, prompted by the truest, the most ardent love, I may hope to attain the summit of all earthly happiness. I will go to Rome; I will get absolved from vows which I

was mad to pronounce; which have caused all the struggle and suffering of my soul, and from which I can, thank heaven, be released."

Mrs. Howard shook her head and again motioned a negative.

"What does that mean?" he said impatiently; "speak; your silence now tortures me."

"It is unkind of you, Marston, to put me to such a trial as the present one; to oblige me to inflict pain on one already so unhappy. But since you urge me to reply, you force me to declare, that that which you propose is impossible—must be impossible. Renounce all thoughts of it, at least so far as I am concerned. Do you think I could enter into an engagement at the altar of God, with one perjured in his vows towards *him*? never. Do you think, with the friendship I bear you, which is most true, most sincere, do you think I could, by consenting to such perjury, link my fate to one

whom I should have caused to lose the joys of everlasting life? never. Do you think that an absolution granted by man, can dissolve engagements made with God? No, no, I do not believe it. I, as a protestant, should not make an engagement to take the veil, and become a nun; but if I made any other vow to Almighty God, no power on earth could annul that vow. By breaking it, I should condemn myself to eternal punishment. Believe me, dear Marston; banish from your breast a hope impossible to realize; let us be friends, but only friends."

Marston's agitation at this reply, which he had not once contemplated, was extreme. He was mortified, humbled, and even felt resentful; and remained some minutes silent, his eyes cast down, and a bitter smile quivering on his lips. At last he said,

"May I venture to inquire if an interest for

Captain Harris, of a warmer nature than that which you evidently bestow on me, has influenced you in this decision?"

Mrs. Howard felt offended, and replied with some severity, that the motives of her reply had been too explicitly avowed, for it to be necessary to seek them elsewhere than in themselves. Marston was too wretched to continue resentful, and he again pleaded:—

"You view my engagement," he said, "in a different light from that which I even did in making it. True it is, that the vow of celibacy is made towards God, but it is a vow ordained by the Church, and therefore under the authority of the Church to absolve; else, why is that power vested in the Holy See? It is cruel, oh, most cruel, infinitely more so than you can form any idea of, to be severer towards me than the Church would be. Suffer not yourself to be influenced by such opinions. Louisa!

have pity! do not condemn me to a life of despair!"

Mrs. Howard would have given the world for some interruption to relieve her, and break off the subject. The earnest, anxious look of Marston distressed her extremely. At last she said, "I am so little prepared to answer you, Marston,—give me time, I will write to you."

She rose as she said this from her chair, and moved towards the flight of steps which descended to the terrace; but he caught hold of her hand to detain her, saying,

"Do not write. I know that if you write, it is my doom you will pronounce. Wherefore write? If you have any particle of feeling for me, if your heart is not cold as marble, if the most perfect indifference for me does not dictate this reply, you cannot thus quit me, and destroy in one moment the hope which I have nourished, and which has prevented my sink-

ing in despair. Talk with Dr. Carlton; he knows all I have suffered for your sake. I did not dare let you know it: he has felt for me: let his friendship for us both be my mediator."

He spoke with hurry and agitation, while she endeavoured to withdraw her hand and retire. At last she said with some anger,

"Allow me to pass, Mr. Marston; this restraint is irksome to me. I have no need of the counsel of a friend, when my conviction of what is right prompts my actions or decisions. I have a more earnest desire for your welfare than you give me credit for; and I must add to my former answer, that independent of the motives which would make me decline an union with you, the difference of our religion alone is an insurmountable obstacle. We have lived a number of years as friends; let that friendship continue pure, warm, sincere, a solace to us both; but never again let us revert to the

conversation of this day; upon that condition only we may continue to see each other;" and she drew her hand from his, and descended into the park. He followed in silence as far as the lawn, and then darted off in the direction of the moor.

To turn from the principal to the subordinate actors in this, our too true narrative.

"Mr. Joseph," said Mrs. Betty, with the pert, decided tone of voice, which Abigails well know how to assume, when they intend to offend, "Mr. Joseph, you may tell your master to seek another nurse for Miss Eleanor; I'm none of the sort as stays with such as he."

"Such as he, Mrs. Betty, indeed! I'll not be the bearer of any such message; and you may e'en do your errand yourself, if you are so-minded. But take a bit of advice by the way—and speak a little more civilly, or you may come by worse than you expect."

This colloquy occurred a few days after Marston's last interview with Mrs. Howard. Mrs. Betty had walked herself off in the morning to Mrs. Carlton's, to take advice as to what so respectable a young woman, as she considered herself, ought to do; and had acquired courage and insolence sufficient, by this visit, to form her determination, and to execute it in the manner above described. Joseph's refusal to be the bearer of her message, forced her to delay for that day any further measures, and for ten days following she found it equally impossible to effect her wishes.

Marston confined himself entirely to his room, and did not even ask to see his daughter. The poor child pined at the neglect she experienced, and her loneliness even touched the heart of Betty, who could not quit her at such a time after having had the care of her during five years. It was impossible not to feel

affection for the little girl, who was of a very endearing disposition. Joseph avoided Mrs Betty as much as he did his master, from other causes; and she perceived that something was wrong in the house, though she knew not what. The old man appeared uneasy, and was constantly going to and fro, from the pantry to Marston's room. Sometimes he would remain listening a long while at the door of his master's chamber; then he would withdraw gently, with a little nod of satisfaction, as much as to say, "come, I think he's asleep." On the last morning, however, of these days, he hurried out as fast as his age would permit, and sent one of the labourers in the park to fetch Dr. Carlton; and as he went out, said to Mrs. Betty, "Keep Miss Eleanor out of master's sight, and watch yourself if anything happens while I am gone; I will be back directly."

Dr. Carlton arrived in three hours; he pro-

nounced Marston to be in a state of delirium, recommended darkness and quiet, and having bled him, desired that a woman might be sent for from the village, to nurse him and watch by him with Joseph.

Marston continued in a state of delirium for several days, Dr. Carlton attending him with the kindest care. The fever then subsided, but was followed by sullenness and silence. A great expression of melancholy was observable if he raised his eyes to any one speaking to him; but his answers were brief, and unsatisfactory, and the greatest dejection was visible in his whole manner. Dr. Carlton endeavoured in vain to rouse him. He encouraged him to take gentle exercise, and desired Joseph to accompany him in his walks. The old man did as much as his age would permit, but sometimes he was left far behind, as Marston

would suddenly stride on at a rate he
not follow.

It was on their return from one of th
cursions, that Mrs. Betty and Eleano
them, after the lapse of nearly a month w
the latter having seen her father. She ran
and burst into tears. Marston seemed af
and stooping down, looked earnestly a
and then embracing her, led her on wi
towards the house. Mrs. Betty now th
the moment was propitious for her, and s
ing her apron, and mincing her words, s
mated her intention of seeking another
tion. Marston stared at her; and as s
Mrs. Davenport, to whom she repai
stantly on quitting Marston Abbey, "h
a sudden looked quite terrible like;
frighted out of my wits; and, says he,
does the woman say?' just for all the

like the player as came to Wetherby last year, and played the tragedy; and, says I, 'woman indeed! I sha'n't stay for to be called names, I can tell you;' and so I got up my things and came away; and poor Miss Eleanor, she must be minded by the char-woman, as has been nursing master, for I would not stay, not for nothing; he's enough to fright one to death."

It was at this period of our history that Mrs. Howard at length received a letter from Captain Harris, dated from the Land's-end, enclosing one from little Harry. The captain had, according to a promise he made, sent a boat on shore when he reached that point; with a few lines, to state that they had prospered thus far on their voyage, after having been detained a month in the Downs by contrary winds. Little Harry's letter ended by begging his mamma to take care of his little

birds in the aviary, and to kiss sister Eleanor for him.

It was one of December's gloomiest days on which Mrs. Howard received this letter. A thick yellow fog, and mist, enveloped all exterior objects; and a cold, raw air combined with the fog to render every thing comfortless and melancholy. The last leaves of autumn fell fast under the destructive power of the season, and strewed the park of Netherwood with their withered remains. No song of birds enlivened the air; no whistling of labourers announced that industry, and activity, rendered them insensible to the oppressive influence of the season.

All was cheerless; and Mrs. Howard's heart sunk within her, at the correspondence of the day and season with her own feelings. How different they were, little more than one year

before! Then she had her dear boy with her; little Eleanor also; and she had a friend, in whom she could confide almost as mistrustingly as in a female companion. Then her days succeeded each other, without any event of sad import to mark their date, or remind her that existence was a state of trial and suffering.

Her life might have been compared to a smooth rivulet, gliding gently along through flowery meadows; neither troubled by the rushing of waterfalls, nor the obstacles which rocky soils present. Time insensibly advanced in its march; and although those accustomed to the excitement of an active life, filled with events, would have considered so peaceful an existence as monotonous, and void of incident, she was in the happiest state the doom of life allows of: and she had the good sense to know and appreciate it.

Now how differently she was situated! Her

son, the idol of her existence, almost torn from her, and already on the ocean, to be exposed to all its dangers, and to be removed from her to the other end of the globe: she no longer near him, to watch over him in illness, to comfort him in his early sorrow, to enjoy his youthful gaiety. Little Eleanor was withdrawn from her, and she had become attached to her as to a daughter; and the friend of her childhood, and maturer years, was one she must no longer see, though she knew him to be unhappy, and this through her! Her reputation injured by malevolence! Alone,—no one to whom she could communicate her feelings!

Netherwood was suddenly become a prison to her. She turned her thoughts towards Ireland—towards the home of her family. Her mother still existed; she was aged, morose, and severe; still she was her mother; and with her she would not be so lonely as she now found her-

self. Her sad thoughts oppressed her; and with restless agitation she took the letter she had just received with her, and, notwithstanding the weather, proceeded to the green-house. This green-house was her favourite resort, and had by degrees become the daily object of her walks. Here she was certain to meet with no interruption. It was removed from every path, or communication, with the village; and neither servants nor peasants had occasion to pass by, or intrude on her solitude or reveries. There was a small door at the back of the building, which opened on the extensive moor; but it was only used by the gardener for the purpose of throwing out weeds and rubbish; and he generally kept the key of this entry into the grounds.

In the winter season Marston Moor presented a barren and gloomy aspect, more so even than waste lands in general disclose,

owing to a large portion of it having been dug into gravel-pits; which thus displayed a series of large barren excavations. Here and there were spaces covered only by the brown turf, cut up by the peasants to make peat for their fires. In other parts, the eye was a little relieved by patches of broom and heather; but these were now cheerless, and added melancholy to the scene, from the withered hue with which approaching winter had clothed them. The largest of these excavations, being a stone quarry, lay not far from the road which led from the village of Netherwood to the abbey.

The moor had acquired, by these stone and gravel-pits, a fearful reputation. They were said to be places of concealment for robbers; and the peasantry avoided crossing near them after sun-set; various tales of murder and horror being told by the villagers, as having occurred there, when assembled on wintry-

nights round their turf fires,—whilst the snow would fall thick upon their thatched-roof cottages, and the wind howl dismally, shaking their feebly-constructed casements.

Even old Joseph, who had lived at the abbey five-and-thirty years, without hearing of any actual robbery or murder happening in those parts, had adopted the prejudices of the country on the subject; and would take a long circuitous route home, when returning from Netherwood, rather than pass that awful spot.

It was from the same principle that the gardener at Netherwood carefully kept the door of the green-house, which opened on the moor, locked, bolted, and barred; but at the moment Mrs. Howard entered there he was engaged in flinging out rubbish, and it was consequently open.

Little Harry's aviary was situated in this

green-house; he had been very fond of it; since his departure the care of it had devolved on the gardener, until Mrs. Howard's return home, when she constantly attended to it herself, for her little boy's sake. The recommendation, contained in his letter, induced her to return to see if all was well with the little feathered inmates; and she remained there a long while, dwelling on recollections now mingled with pain; remembering various moments of great interest, as connected with her son's birth, and her husband's subsequent death,—and her heart found relief in the tears which she shed. A parent's love for a child is so pure, so warm, so disinterested, and yet so feebly requited. The affection of a child for a parent, in its strongest degree, does not amount to a hundredth part of that which a parent feels for a child; and it is not until the child becomes a parent that he is aware of this.

"There is a philosophical reasoning, which accounts for this; and I will explain it entirely to your satisfaction," said the learned Dr. Murphy to Mrs. Murphy, who sat by her fireside, repining at the indifference of her son to her. "The nature of man, from his infancy to his manhood, and thence to his decrepitude, is to lean towards those who are needful to him, in the same manner as he would lean on the staff which supports his steps. Thus, in infancy our children feel their helplessness, and cling to us for support and assistance; and to that feebleness are joined their affection and attachment. But when they have acquired the force and power, both morally and physically, which enables them no longer to require our aid, but rather to bestow it on others, then the affections take a lighter shade of colouring, and gradually diminish in intensity as the age advances; thereby preparing the heart,

by degrees, for that separation which the law of nature imposes finally upon us all. It is very rarely that you can witness the same warmth of attachment existing between children and their parents, at a very advanced stage of life, as at an earlier period of their existence. It is when the sentiment of strong affection commences to diminish towards our progenitors, that it is conveyed full of hope to the rising generation; at the very epoch that the ambitious propensities of man discover themselves. Then he attaches himself to rising powers, and leans towards them for another kind of support. Then it is that he courts the sons of kings and great men; for remark, Mrs. Murphy, it is rather those, that the kings and great men themselves, who are surrounded by the large mass of courtiers. It should seem natural rather to adulate and court those in power, than those in expectancy

of power; but, no—the same principle unconsciously guides them. The rising sun throws out warmer rays than the setting; and the rising sun, in expectancy of power, is in the position of the young man, just in the ascendant, shaking off his younger feelings, and becoming protector instead of protected."

"And is it that you'll be proving me, doctor," said the impatient Mrs. Murphy; "and you'll be convincing me, that my son is an ascendant, as you call him, whereas all the world will be proving you that he is my descendant. It's just all blarney! and I'll not be reasoned out of common sense. I am his mother, and made him; and he shall obey, love, and honour me."

"As for love, honour, and obey, I have been just explaining to you, Mrs. Murphy, that your son is coming of an age when you cannot expect the same degree of those sen-

timents as when he was younger. And as t
your having made him, that is a clear mistake
And if you listened with more suitable atten
tion to my discourses, on various matters, yo
would not make phrases which are altogethe
nonsense, but would improve your mind an
conversation."

Dr. Murphy had many more excellent thing
still in store to urge, as consolation to Mrs
Murphy; but we must return to our history.

The day passed cheerlessly at Netherwood
The servants, who were all attached to thei
mistress, were aware of her melancholy, an
felt for her; the gloom which hung aroun
her pervaded the whole house; the domestic
were dismal themselves. The dull darkness
and damp cold of the atmosphere, made the
shudder, as they went about on their severa
duties.

The day-light began to decline, and then t

house assumed rather a more cheerful aspect, from the bright blaze of the fires in the several apartments; but even this had a comfortless appearance, as lights were not brought into the rooms Mrs. Howard inhabited, since she had not returned home. The shutters were not closed, as the servants did not know whether she would enter the house by the drawing-room window, or the hall door.

By degrees, the flames from the fires subsided, sending up only at intervals a flickering faint light; while the mizzling shower, which had fallen latterly, now beat against the windows in torrents of heavy rain.

The servants ran out, in various directions, with umbrellas to meet their mistress. The gardener stated, that he had seen her enter the green-house at an early hour of the day, but that, on his returning to lock the door two hours after, she was no longer there. They

sought for her in all the various walks of the shrubbery and park, and even went as far as the village; but their search was all in vain, and they returned, after some time, with the perplexing news that no trace could be found of her.

The night was by this time far advanced, and was extremely dark. Those who were seeking could no longer distinguish each other, and shouted loud, and called, in the hopes of a returning answer,—but none greeted their anxious ears.

Mrs. Davenport suggested the possibility of her being gone to Marston Abbey; and she dispatched them again in that direction with torches.

The storm augmented, until it became furious; the torches could not resist the violent wind and rain, and were extinguished one by one. The blast howled, as if terrified at its

own force;—lightnings flashed, and heavy thunder continued with incessant roll.

Several of the servants, intimidated, returned home. One, who had intended to explore the moor, got as far as the greenhouse, and then took shelter there without daring to quit it. Only one of them (the gardener) proceeded as far as the abbey, taking the circuitous route already mentioned; but the combined noise of thunder, hail, and wind, drowned his voice, and rendered all his knocking at the portal unavailing; and he returned drenched with rain, and dispirited at his failure. The tempest lasted all night. In the morning, as soon as daylight appeared, a fresh search was instituted.

The havoc that the storm had made was immense. Enormous oaks had been torn up by the roots. Smooth walks were now deep ravines; the lawns appeared lakes; branches

strewed the ground, and all wore a look of desolation. The same gloomy darkness prevailed as on the preceding day: all nature seemed in mourning. The servants returned with fresh disappointment in their looks. They had been to the abbey, but had knocked in vain; the doors and windows were closed, and there was no possibility of gaining admittance or information. They went round the vast building in hopes of finding some door unclosed, but every thing was fast. They went under the windows of the room occupied by little Eleanor, and called; no sound was returned. The buttery and pantry were on the ground floor, near Marston's apartments; and had a small door leading into the large court, in the interior of the great façade before described; and they succeeded in scaling the wall, and so reached the window of the pantry, by which they hoped to enter, and thus pass into the interior of the

building. By continued efforts they at length succeeded in forcing the window open, and entering the house; but all was silence and solitude. In little Eleanor's room, some toys were on the floor, but no other signs of its being inhabited were visible. In Marston's room, there were quantities of papers torn and strewed about. The bed had not been disturbed since it had been last made. In Joseph's room there appeared to be more confusion; every thing had been deranged. The closets open and empty; the sheets and coverings of the bed had been removed. In the chapel, where lights always burned over Mrs. Marston's tomb, all was darkness. The lamp had not been replenished. But nothing further could be learned; there was no one in the abbey.

Towards evening, one of the servants entered Mrs. Davenport's room, pale, and breathless. His eyes seemed starting out of his head with

terror; and he could only point towards the window, in the direction of the green-house. It was some time before he could succeed in articulating broken sounds.

"Go——the moor——the stone pit——my poor mistress——good God——too late——dead——dead——murdered!!"

"Dead! Murdered!" shrieked the old housekeeper; and her cries brought the other servants into the room. But silence succeeded to the first scream of terror; and they looked with horror in their countenances towards the spot indicated by the footman. Several then rushed out, and in the course of two hours returned, bearing the inanimate body of their beloved mistress.

As they passed through the hall carrying h on branches, which they had laid together haste as a sort of litter, the rustling noise their feet on the marble floor produced a mel

choly and sepulchral sound; and the domestics wept in silence, while an awful terror oppressed them. They laid her on the couch in the drawing-room, on which Marston had reclined but a short time before. Now, the canvass on which she was represented, and which he had contemplated with such rapture, was more animated than she, once so lovely!

She seemed to have suffered some violence previous to her murder, and to have made considerable resistance; for her clothes were torn, and her hat thrown back and broken under her. On raising her hair, which was drenched with rain, and fell over her face and neck clotted with blood, there were marks of a gun or pistol-shot on the back part of the head. A ball had entered there, and passed across in an oblique direction.

This circumstance was dwelt upon by the coroner's inquest, which was held upon the

body. They observed, and so did the su
who attended, (for Dr. Carlton was too
ted at the loss of his friend, to be able to
at so distressing an examination,) that
pistol been presented to her head with a
of threatening or killing her, it would pro
have been directed nearer the temple or
head. The right arm, which was extende
stiff, was much bruised; the hand espe
was greatly injured, the flesh being torn
though she had seized the pistol or gun
had destroyed her, and struggled violently
her murderer.

The coroner brought in a verdict of
murder against some person or person
known.

END OF VOL. I.

NOTES.

(a) Walter Scott, in his notes to the poem of Rokeby, gives the following interesting accounts of the battle of Marston-moor.

"The well known and desperate battle of Long-Marston-moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20, 000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded, that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston-moor, a large, open plain about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the prince, who had now united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitelocke has recorded with much impartiality the following particulars of this eventful day: 'The right wing of the parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regiments of the Scots

horse. The left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester, and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot and two brigades of the Scots foot for a reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"'The right wing of the prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major General Porter. Thus were both sides drawn up into batalia, July 3rd, 1644. In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The prince with his left wing fell on the parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way. The like did Generals Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the king's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands: for Colonel Cromwell with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them, and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell all together upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a compleat victory after three hours' fight.

"'From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3000 of the prince's

men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chace, and 3000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, 25 pieces of ordnance, 47 colours, 10,000 arms, two waggons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage.' "—Whitelocke's Memoirs, Lond. 1682, fol. p. 89.

"Lord Clarendon informs us that the king, previous to receiving the real account of the battle, had been informed, by an express from Oxford, 'that Prince Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there, that they had made public fires of joy for the victory.'

"Monckton and Mitton told the news,
How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot aghast,
Spurring his palfrey northward pass'd,
Cursing the day when zeal, or meed,
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed."

P. 20, Note to Canto 1st. Rokeby.

"Monckton and Mitton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract, from the manuscript history of the Baronial House of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish general, the earl of Leven. The particulars are given by the author of the history, on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript

has been published by the consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Somerville:—

"'The order of this great battell, wherin both armies was so neer of ane equall number, consisting, to the best calculatione, near to three score thousand men upon both sydes I shall not take upon me to discryve; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information I received from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunitie and libertie to ryde from one wing of the armie to the other, to view all ther severall squadrons of horse, and battallions of foot how formed, and in what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relateing to the fight,—and that both as to the King's armies and that of the Parliament's; amongst whom, until the engadgment, he went from statione to statione to observe ther order and forme: but the descriptione of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the losse of the royal armie and the sad effects that followed that misfortune as to his Majestie's interest, has been done so often already by English authors, little to our commendatione, how justly I shall not dispute, seing the truth is, as our principall generall fled that night neer fourtie mylles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where he commanded being totallie routed: but it is as true, that much of the victorie is attributed to the good conduct of *David Lesselie*, lievetennent-general of our horse. Cromwell himself, that minione of fortune, but the rod of God's wrath, to punish afterward three rebellious nations, disdained not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same

[illegible]alitie of command for the parliament, as being lievetennent [illegible]enerall to the Earl of Manchester's horse, whom, with the [illegible]sistance of the Scots horse, haveing routed the Prince's right [illegible]ing, as he had done that of the Parliament's.

"'These two commanders of the horse upon that wing, [illegible]isely restrained the great bodies of thir horse from persuing [illegible]ese brocken troups, but, wheelling to the left-hand, falls in [illegible]pon the naked flanks of the prince's main battallion of foot, [illegible]arying them doune with great violence; nether mett they [illegible]ith any great resistance untill they came to the Marques of [illegible]ewcastle his battallione of white coats, who, first peppering [illegible]em soundly with ther shott, when they came to the charge, [illegible]outly boor them up with their picks that they could not en- [illegible]r to break them. Here the parliament's horse of that wing [illegible]ceaved their greatest losse, and a stop for sometyme putt to [illegible]eir hoped-for victorie, and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battallione, which consisted neer of four thou- [illegible]nd foot, untill at length a Scot's regiment of dragouns, com- [illegible]anded by Collonell Frizeall, with other two, was brought to [illegible]pen them upon some hand, which at length they did, when all [illegible]heir ammunitione was spent. Having refused quarters, [illegible]very man fell in the same order and ranke wherein he had [illegible]fought.

"'Be this execution was done, the prince returned from [illegible]his persuite of the right wing of the parliament's horse, which he had beatten and followed too farre, to the losse of the bat- tell, which certanely, in all men's opinions, he might have [illegible]aryed, if he had not been too violent upon the persuite;

which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunitie to disperse and cut doune his infanterie, who, haveing cleared the field of all the standing bodies of foot, wer now, with many——— of ther oune, standing ready to receave the charge of his allmost spent horses, if he should attempt it, which the prince observeing, and seeing all lost, he retreated to Yorke with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding of this, ther was that night such a consternatione in the parliament' armies, that it's believed by most of those that wer there present, that if the prince, haveing so great a body of horse inteire, had made ane on fall that night, or the ensueing morning be tyme, he had carryed the victorie out of their hands; for it's certane, by the morning's light, he had rallyed a body of ten thousand men, whereof there was neer three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the toune and garrisone of Yorke, might have done much to have recovered the victory, for the losse of this battell in effect lost the king and his interest in the three kingdomes, his majestie never being able eftir this to make head in the north, but lost his garrisons every day.

"'As for Generall Lesselie, in the beginning of this flight haveing that part of the armie quite brocken, where he had placed himself, by the valour of the prince, he imagined, and was confermed by the opinione of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they were fleeing upon all hands; theirefore they humblie intreated his excellence to reteir and wait his better fortune; which, without farder advyseing, he did; and never drew bridle untill

he came the lenth of Leads, having ridden all that night with a cloak of *drap de berrie* about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day before they had the certanety who was master of the field, when at length there arryves ane express, sent by David Leslie, to acquaint the general they had obtained a most glorious victorie, and that the prince, with his brocken troups, was fled from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat amazeing to these gentlemen that had been eye witnesses to the disorder of the armie before ther retearing, and had then accompanyed the general in his flight, who being much wearyed that evening of the battell with ordering his armie, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had casten himselfe doune upon a bed to reste, when this gentleman coming quyetly into his chamber, he awoke, and hastily cries out,—'Lievetennent-collonell, what news?'—'All is safe, may it please your excellence; the parliament's armie has obtained a great victory;' and then delyvers the letter. The generall, upon the hearing of this, knocked upon his breast, and sayes, 'I would to God I had dyed upon the place;' and then opens the letter, which in a few lines gave him ane account of the victory, and in the close pressed his speedy returne to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanyed some mylles back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and receaved at parting many expressions of kyndenesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of his care and respect towards him; and in the end he intreats him to

present his service to all his friends and acquaintances in Sc
land. Thereftir the generall sets forward in his journey
the armie, as this gentleman did for ———, in order to
transportatione for Scotland, where he arryved sex days af
the fight of Mestoune Muir, and gave the first true accou
and descriptione of that great battell, wherein the Covenant
then gloryed soe much, that they impiously boasted the L
had now signally appeared for his cause, and people, it be
ordinary for them, dureing the wholl time of this warre,
attribute the greatnes of their success to the goodnes
justice of ther cause, until Divine justice trysted them
some cross dispensatione, and then you might have heard
language from them,—'That it pleases the Lord to give
oune the heavyest end of the tree to bear, that the saints,
the people of God, must still be sufferers while they are
away, that that malignant party was God's rod to punish t
for their unthankfulnesse, which in the end he will cast
the fire;' with a thousand other expressions and Scrip
citations, prophanely and blasphemously uttered by them
palliate their villainie and rebellion.'

"'M.S. History of the
Somerville Family, Edin. 1815.'

"With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,
Stout Cromwell hath redeem'd the day."

Rokeby, canto 1, p. 2

"Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a prin pal

share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor, which was equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scottish. Principal Baillie expresses his dissatisfaction as follows:

"'The Independents sent up one quickly to assure that all the glory of that night was theirs; that they and their major-generall Cromwell had done it all there alone; but Captain Stuart afterwards shewed the vanity and falsehood of their disgraceful relation.—'God gave us that victory wonderfully. There were three generals on each side—Lesley, Fairfax, and Manchester; Rupert, Newcastle, and King. Within half an hour, and less, all six took them to their heels; this to you alone. The disadvantage of the ground, and violence of the shower of Prince Rupert's horse, carried all our right wing down; only Eglington kept ground, to his great loss: his lieutenant-crowner, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Robert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any; but the beginning of the victory was from David Lesley, who before was much suspected of evil designs; he, with the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the ground, did dissipate all before them.'"—Baillie's Letters and Journals, Edin. 1785. 8vo. ii. 36.

(b) It is an observation, which has been made many times, that nothing brings a little child to one's recollection in a more affecting manner than the sight of its little shoes. Victor Hugo has represented this fact with much eloquence and interest in his novel, entitled "Notre Dame, de Paris."

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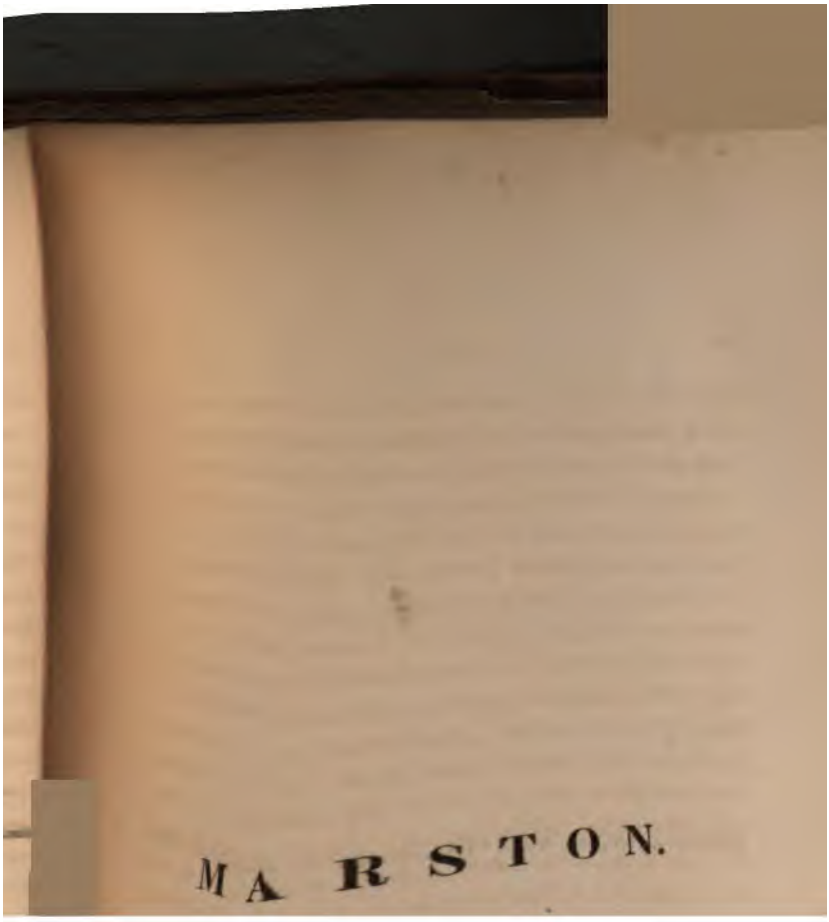
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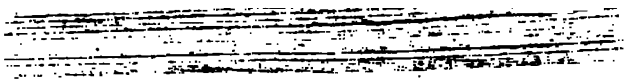

MARSTON:

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By a Lady.

"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me."

VOL. II.

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MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Upon the gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide
As she were dancing home:
The merry seamen laughed to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea foam." MARMION.

THE rising sun is at all times a magnificent object; but no where does it prepare to "run its race" with greater glory than as seen emerging from the calm blue waters of the bay of Naples. Its broad disk, enveloped in purple colour of

the richest hue, rapidly assumes an orange tint, changes as rapidly to a rich rosy dye, and animates, in quick succession, all terrestrial objects with its fleeting, but beautiful, colouring. Then rushes on the glorious dazzling light, before whose radiance all the preceding colours fade away; and land and ocean are brightly gilded, that the human eye can hardly contemplate the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

It is a remark which has been made by many travellers, that the Black Rock, near Dublin, and the town and site of Naples, can be viewed in their most advantageous light when should be approached by sea. The effect arising from the various combinations of scenery, viewed from the bay, are necessarily lost when the prospect is from the shore.

As the traveller enters the bay of Naples, he sees on all sides islands covered with the

richest verdure, and presenting the most picturesque forms. Ischia, Procida, Castelamare, and numberless "green isles of ocean," encircle, as with so many gems, the dark blue expanse of waters. Vesuvius, throwing up continual showers of lava, and of stones, with flames so bright, that the resplendent beams of the sun do not diminish or deaden their fire, imparts a tone of solemn grandeur to the otherwise smiling scene. The heights on which the upper part of the town is built, speckled with white buildings, and surrounded by gardens; the lower town, bordering the bay, with the Castel del Clevo, that awful dwelling for criminals, advancing its deep and dark dungeons into the sea; and on the left the sister mountains of the Camaldoli, crowned by their celebrated monastery, and the mountain d'Aniano, towering over the Lago, bearing its name; the villa Reale, filled with fragrant

flowers, descending to the very sea-side, bordered with olive trees; and, further on, the Strada Nuova, with its lemon-tree bosquets, conducting to the long, dark mysterious grotto, and the fine old ruined castle of the Queen Jeanne, projecting on the cliff;—each object is fraught with the grace either of present or of historical beauty.

Gales of the sweetest odours, issuing from the orange and lemon trees, wild myrtles, thyme, and other odoriferous plants, which grow in profusion on the rocks to the very sea-shore, come wafting across the bay, mingled with the tinkling sound of sheep-bells, church-chimes, "and the busy hum of men."

On the right, is seen the Mole di Gaieta, filled with vessels of every description, and, crowning all, the Fort St. Elmo, towering in majestic solemnity over the town of Naples.

On landing, the scene acquires a new in-

terest, from the varied character of the crowded population. Here the lazzaroni, with their brown mantles and hoods streaming behind them, full of loud song and boisterous merriment, accompanied by gesticulations, which to a stranger would appear the heralds of deadly strife; their sun-burnt countenances animated with the constant play of their features, but marked with evidences of violent passions; and their large dark eyes ever restlessly rolling with keen animation and vivacity. Here a group of fishermen, sitting on the wall of the pier, singing the little canzonettes of the country with taste, and, in different parts, untaught, but inspired. There a poet, mounted on a barrel, reciting verses, composed extempore, to a multitude of wild and ignorant lazzaroni, who are, nevertheless, gifted with a taste sufficiently refined to enjoy and appreciate poetry, not unworthy sometimes of a nobler audience.

Occasionally, these improvisatori condescend to recite passages from the classic poets of the Tuscan lyre, whose pure style, so different from the jargon of the lazzaroni, is yet understood and enjoyed by them *(a)*.

"Oh Donn Aniello caro, comme staje?"

"Pe servi lo Si. Macario."

"I songo sempe lo schiavottiello vuosto, mo nce vo'. Eh, comme da cheste contuorne?"

"Ah! e mo te nn'adduone? I songo tutte le juorne cca, ncoppa au muolo pe senti lo Si. Addezio, che canta le guapparie de chillo grann' ommo de Linardo, e ogge nce sarra' no bello piezzo de storia."

"Addavero! e dimme dí', che cantarrà oje?"

"Nient autò che quanno Linardo scommoglia ca la figlia de lo Rè de la Scozia e' nnozente, e ca lo malandrino de Pullallesso e' chillo ch' avea fatto lo pasticcio."

"Ne'!"

"E chesso è niente; lo sfida a duello e lo smafara, e quanno stà pe da lo spirito a lo diavolo, confessa tutta la magagna."

"E mo quanno è chesso ogge voglio propio sta a senti a vocca aperta."

"Se aje sta ntenzione j'ammoce a piglià li primme putoste, nnanze chi vene a folla."

"Si jammo ma lassame accattá primmo doje rane de spaffa tiempo."

"Va, va, ca t'aspetto."

In another direction may be seen crowds of children, barely covered, rolling in the sand, and rising thence to dance the tarantella, snapping their fingers, and shouting to the humdrum noise of a tambourine; and the countenances of all so animated, so expressive, that to a quiet stranger, unused to the exciting influence of the southern sun, it is a subject of astonishment, that a population apparently so destitute should be so happy!

"Oh cancaro e che bello vasciello!" called out a fisherman to his companion strolling on the pier; "tienemente là, Jennà, vi comme trase mpoppa." *(b)*

"Tu che mmalora dice? chell' è fravata."

"Fravata! no se vede ca te ne ntienne!"

"E quanto ouo scommette?"

"Chello ehe buo'.

"Embe na pizza de se rane e na palla marena."

"E ghiuto jamora mo propio addemmanná."

"Addemmanná! vance tu, i pe mme n'avaria scuorno. Comme? sonco vint' anne che baco pe l'acqua salata e non aggio a sapè si ehillo e basciello o fravata!"

"Tu jarraie da vint' anne pe lo mare, e ogg lo chiarenza t' avarrá ammarrate le ffeneste non nce smicca Proceta."

"Tu statte zitto e non ghi trovanno lefreche

la scommessa è ghiuta, e non se ne chiacchia-zea cchiù."

"Mme faccio maraveglia mo me vò quanno donco na parola è chella sa, tienne a mente ca sta sera me avimmo a magnà a pizza co le mozzarelle e chè a tuorto pava."

"Anzi si volimmo fa na cosa bona jammo mo propio a mangiarencella e po tornammo nce mettimmo tutte doje into o vuzzariello e e ghiammo a bedè."

"Comme vuo tu compà, ma addó volimme ghi?"

"Da lo Si. Aniello a chiazzo Franzese."

"Da chillo marjuolo? no ì non nce vengo."

"E addò vuo ghi?"

"Chiu priesto jammo da la Si. Sapatella mmiezo puorto che tene aerto gragnano razzenté."

"E mbè! vengo addo ruò tu."

Just then the white sails of the Thunderer,

a three decker, advancing slowly and majes-
tically round the point of the bay, attracted
attention, and the heavy sound of the cannon
came rolling over the sea, and was re-echoed
from the rocks as she saluted the port.

All the eyes of the crowd on the pier and
the mole were directed towards her, as she ad-
vanced, admiring her firm steady motion, and
the grandeur of her appearance.

The loud, clear voices of the officers could
be distinguished as they gave out the different
orders, and it was perceived, from the lower-
ing of a boat, that they would soon have a
nearer view of *gli marinari Inglesi*.

Precisely at this moment the first lieutenant
entered the admiral's cabin, and announced
that the barge was ready.

"Captain Norris," said Admiral Harris,
"when you have regulated every thing on
board, you may take your quarters on shore, if

You please. My orders are to remain here till the arrival of the Sunderland, and we may possibly have to stay some months. Mr. Howard," he added, addressing his first lieutenant, "you will be so good as to accompany me on shore."

Howard had just attained that happy age when every thing appears in its most beautiful colours, or rather when every thing is reflected back with the colouring that youth gives; and it was with a heart bounding with joy that he leapt into the admiral's barge, and anticipated months of enjoyment in that beautiful country which, as yet, he knew but by report.

He had been in the East and West Indies, on the northern station, and in the Baltic, in the course of twelve years, and had thus seen the most distant parts of the navigable world. He was full of health, and the buoyant spirit of untamed youth, and had already made some

fair ladies sigh in the ports he had visited but as yet his heart was untouched, and his bright blue eyes beamed joy through his long dark eye-lashes. His high forehead was set off by auburn hair, curling thickly over his head. He was tall, and well made; and the Neapolitan women expressed their admiration of the handsome youth in energetic terms, as he passed along the pier with the admiral but their compliments passed unheeded by Howard, who did not understand Italian.

Their appearance, however, amused him much; and had it not been for some impatient twitches on the arm, which the admiral, who was leaning on him, gave, he would have been disposed to attempt a colloquy with the pretty dark-eyed young women, who were selling roasted Turkish corn, and were coquettishly using their best endeavours to attract his attention.

(c) "Ah! Grariella grazié, vide, vé, che bell' uommene! chille anno a esse Angrise."

"Ah! si', so le capitanie de lo vasciello ch' è trasuto stamatina a miezo juorno."

"E nce teneno mente; ah nescia me che borranno?"

"Ch' anno a volè, la mmala Pasca che le batte; so frustiere e guardano, facimmo nfenta de no le tenè mente."

"Ah macamè anno pigliata a renza da chesta parte."

"Lassali veni' ca li voglio agghuistà i comme và, strilla strilla chi sa s'accattassero le pullanchelle."

"Pullanchelle, belle pullanchè!"

"Zi, zi! s'accostano, ogne pullanchelle nce la voglio fa pavà dojè rane."

"Signò, volite le pullanchelle, so caude caude?"

"Ah cancaro chisse non capisceno."

"Le volité si o no?"

"Lassale ghi a malora vi ca chisse, tenen auto ncapo."

"Leva lé Monzié, nuse non simmo chell che ghiate trovanno vuie, nuje vivimmo d'ar nore e pane niro."

Admiral Harris took lodgings in the Strad di Toledo *(d)*; and Howard also found apart ments to his liking in the same street. Th admiral was anxious to keep his young frien a little under his observation; for he wa thoughtless, wild, a prey to strong passions and apt to run headlong after any fancy whic struck him: but, to counterbalance thes faults, he was generous, kind, and affectionatel alive to the kindness shown him; capable alik of feeling strong friendship, and passionat love; open, unsuspicious, and confiding.

With such a character, at twenty years of age, much was to be feared, on his account, by

those who took an interest in him; and Admiral Harris considered himself doubly responsible, as being the sole representative of his parents; and the more so, for the tragical manner in which he had been bereft of them both at a very early age.

As they proceeded up the Toledo, he leant on young Howard's arm, and took the opportunity of giving him timely, though perhaps, from the waywardness of youth, inefficacious counsel.

"Dear Harry, this is your first visit to this town, but it is not mine; and I know it and its inhabitants well. I came here, for the first time, when I was just your age; and under disadvantages which do not, I trust, attend you. I had no friend on board the Bellerophon, the ship I served in at that period, to warn me of the dangers to which I might be exposed, nor any one to give me advice, in

case of need; and I bought the experience I then acquired at the expense of much misery. Let me, therefore, intreat you to consider me whilst we are here, not as your commanding officer, but as your father and friend; and to confide in me, should your youth and inexperience draw you into any hazard or trouble. Beware of two dangers in particular,—the gaming-table and jealous husbands. By the latter I nearly lost my life, having been poignarded at night, on quitting San Carlos; and having previously, in that same theatre, lost all I possessed at the gaming-table, which is held in one wing of the building, enticed thither by the wretch, who afterwards attempted to murder me."

Young Howard thanked the admiral very warmly for his friendly advice and kind offer; was deeply moved by the paternal interest the commanding-officer testified for his welfare

and promised him to attend to his recommendations.

The theatre of San Carlos, beautiful in its decorations, and harmonious in its proportions, is the lure and ruin of many young men, natives as well as strangers. The grandeur of the spectacles, the perfection of the singing, and the love for scenic representation inherent to the Italian, draw hundreds to it every night during the season; and the public gaming-table, held under the same roof, is resorted to by many who would not otherwise be allured within its vortex, were it not displayed before them with all the attractions ingenuity can devise to allure the rich, the heedless, and the needy to their ruin.

Although the ostensible charms of a theatre are music, dancing, decorations, and the excitement produced by the imitation of human life, the habitual frequenters of

San Carlos rarely attend or notice any o[illegible] them.

The theatre is but very imperfectly lighted, [illegible] with the exception of the stage. The boxes, [illegible] which are very large, rest in semi-shadow; [illegible] and the principal interest of their occupiers [illegible] are love intrigues, carried on in them, or re[illegible] unions of small societies, who converse on [illegible] the topics of the day, and only occasionally [illegible] lend an ear to some prima donna of most ex[illegible] quisite talent.

At Milan, the taste of the people takes another form. Tables are brought into the boxes of the Scala, with lights. The curtains are let down, and small societies are formed to sup or play at cards, while the singers exert themselves in vain to draw a little attention to their efforts and science. Yet it is from these two theatres that issue those talents which are appreciated in the other cities of Europe.

It is perhaps in Germany that music is really most felt and appreciated. In Paris, where all depends on vogue and fashion, an opera is *looked* at and coldly admired; in England, it is hardly looked at or listened to, except by some few of real taste and judgment. The fashionables who frequent the opera are intent on thoughts, utterly foreign to the ostensible attraction of the night. In general, theatres in every country are but the fosterers of vice; and yet undoubtedly some portion of the audience attend for the sake of the representations alone, without guile in their thoughts, or consciousness of being surrounded by depravity. Did they but reflect on the scenes around, not before them; were they but aware of the nature of the society by which they are environed; they would recoil with horror from mixing in such impure, such heterogeneous assemblages.

It is indeed astonishing, that among the num
ber of persons frequenting theatres in ever
country, but particularly Naples, there shoul
not be a great proportion, who having paid on
visit to satisfy their curiosity, and perceivin
what the real nature of the entertainment is
should ever return.

The progress of reason in the civilized worl
ought to render the intelligent superior t
being amused by fictions fitted but for children
It is derogatory from the dignity of man, t
think of his partaking with the younger gen
ration, of such puerile pastimes. It is placi
him almost on a level with the uneducated
vage; and if we consider the subject in anoth
point of view, it is condemning himself to i
hale loathsome poison. Were it only possi
to view the floating air confined in a theat
on a crowded night, what horrors would

observed! What miasms of an infected, putrid nature, are those engendered each second, and inhaled by all present!

Let a young, delicate, innocent girl be conducted to one of these theatres, the purest blood flowing in her young veins, and her breath as sweet, as pure as her blood; she is condemned to breathe the emanations of unwholesome bodies, in which diseases of various natures have corrupted the blood; whose breaths are pestilential, * * * * * and all crowded near one another, while the heat arising from the assemblage of masses of persons augments the fermentation of these exhalations, till they become an animal poison of the most baneful description; and this is what is imbibed *(e)* into her frame! Pah! the thought is horrible!

Can the young girl, innocent and virtuous when she entered the theatre, can she be as

pure and guileless when she quits it? No that her mind will have been perverted by the representations she has witnessed, although high-wrought passions, good or bad, may have been depicted; but that the poison she has imbibed is of an evil nature, and therefore working evil, by affecting the passions, and disposing towards evil *(f)*.

As Shakspeare says, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." There is a silent, wonder-working influence in that space, which the human eye cannot penetrate. The air, that invisible element, is full of life and movement; and that life and movement circulate in our earthly compositions. May we not infer, that the influence on our physical frame, and hence, on our moral constitution, must be pernicious, when that element is animated by emanations from sinful and corrupt masses;

and that on the other hand, contact and approach of the innocent and pure alone, have a preserving influence on innocence and purity?

Who can say where that heaven is placed, to which we are taught to look as our recompense after this life of trial and sorrow has passed away? We place it on high, because the boundless space above us leaves an indefinite supposition and feeling, that there is something beyond that immense expanse. But may we not seek it nearer to us, and yet not depart from the faith of our fathers? Wherefore not suppose, that that air which surrounds us, above, below, on every side, yet invisible to our weak perception, may become a new world to us hereafter, of immense beauty, revealing to us the mysteries of the creation, of ourselves, of the millions of globes around: that then we shall belong to that element, which now we may not, cannot, discern? Do we not believe,

that the all-seeing eye of God is every wher
and do we not acknowledge his presence
every place? Wherefore else utter prayers a
supplications, which we hope our feeble voi
may make heard. We even repeat them m
tally without giving them utterance. If th
our Heavenly Father is so near to us, why m
we not suppose, that those worthy of bei
received unto his bosom are as near to us, b
invisible, until we change our earthly fo
heavenly existence? May we not also supp
the evil spirit, and that future existence wh
we call hell, to float likewise near us, appro
ing us to draw us away from the cele
influences.

CHAPTER II.

" Ceder dovete l'armi,
Per ordin del mio Re' sia cur a vostra
Il discolparvi poi
E sottrarvi al destino
Che forse vi prepara
La morte piu crudel, e la piu amara
La virtu coll' error il Re sovrano
Non confonde gia mai." CRESO.

A FEW weeks sufficed to make Admiral Harris and his young officers acquainted with the Neapolitan society, and such foreigners as were then at Naples; although the former, indeed, presents few interesting features.

The Neapolitans of the higher class are, in

general, ignorant, idle, and neglectful of their persons; having the defect common to southern and hot countries, of not considering cleanliness as belonging to their code of morality. Indeed, if such a code ever existed, it must have been entirely forgotten; for to speak mildly of them, they are of loose morals, which, in fact, they do not attempt to conceal or disguise. They thus remove all temptation to imitate them. It is concealment and mystery which give charms to vice; in the open glare of day it is hideous. Pope truly says,

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> That, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

Man seeks to penetrate that only which is hidden, and is attracted by the supposition of unknown enjoyments, or by the possibility of overcoming difficulties; but shameless vice is repulsive to those not already degraded to the point of being shameless themselves.

Admiral Harris found a few persons in Naples, who preferred, as he did, rational conversation or a quiet game of whist, to all the exciting but frivolous amusements of a crowded city; and he soon ceased to frequent the public places where these formed the only attractions, unless express invitation from the court constrained him to attend.

This, although perfectly natural at Admiral Harris's time of life, was nevertheless most unfortunate for his young friends' sakes; since they were not sobered down to his tastes, and sought to wile away their time more suitably to their inclinations, than in appearing in the quiet little circle, which met at the houses of the different members who composed it by turns. Much sorrow might have been spared to both the young men, had the Admiral kept a more observant eye upon them; but having given his advice to young Howard on landing,

he trusted to his promises of prudence and caution, forgetting that his blood was younger and warmer than his own.

His nephew, a man of six-and-twenty, was beyond his guidance or control; but friendly interference would have preserved him likewise from snares, into which he was but too frequently beguiled.

Captain Norris and young Howard strolled about the town and its environs, and were soon so well acquainted with all its precincts, that they might have served for guides to new-comers; but towards dusk, Howard in general found some reason for quitting Norris, who for his own part, also appeared willing to part company. They never questioned each other or made any remark on this coincidence; both being too much engrossed with the subject of their thoughts, to think of inquiring into the cause of their separation.

Where did Captain Norris go? To the San Carlos: not to hear the Colbrun sing, to admire her beautiful acting, or the exquisite music of Mosée, not to be wrapped in ecstacy at some entrechats of Mademoiselle Rossi in the beautiful ballet of Macbeth; but to the gaming-table, to live hours, days, in as many seconds, while awaiting, breathless and motionless, "the hazard of the die," to learn, whether at the next throw he was to be a beggar, or the possessor of wealth; which was again to be risked on another throw of the same dispensers of fortune or misery.

There, round a large table, heaped with glittering gold to decoy the credulous, and attract the covetous, might be seen the expressions of all the powerful passions, which the human breast is capable of feeling. There, eyes starting out of their sockets, while watching the throw of those awful, menacing dice,

told all the sufferings of the inmost soul, dependent on the fate of the last ducat ventured. Others, concentrating their violent emotions, looking coldly, calmly; but the deadly pale hue of their countenances evincing the mortal agony they endured. Others, giving loose to passion bordering on madness, blaspheming with clenched fists and horrible contortion of features; and here the joyous glare of the eye of those fortune favoured, contrasting painfully with the expression of despairing misery impressed on the lineaments of most of those assisting at that dreadful lottery. And, even yet more revolting to the thoughtful mind, the placid, smiling countenance of the owner of the table, tranquil in the certainty of his fraudulent gain.

Here, Captain Norris, at other times cheerful, frank, and good-natured, would change in appearance, as completely as the chameleon under different rays of light. Gloomy fore-

ding, and anxiety respecting preceding losses, would add still greater seriousness and suffering to his haggard countenance; when, occasionally, a run of luck would entice him to attempt regaining all he had previously lost, and thus keep him constantly hovering around the ruinous attractions of the table(*g*).

Where did young Howard go? Beyond the Strada Nuova, after passing through the Grotto di Posilippo and Puzzoli, a narrow road, bordered on either side by small gardens smelling of thyme and aromatic herbs, conducted to a rural lane, sheltered by myrtles of growth sufficient to conceal a cottage, which terminated the little avenue; and which lay at the foot of the mountain on which is situated one of the convents of the Camaldoli, whence the mountain takes its name.

On the right of the cottage, separated by a hedge of cypress-trees, might be discerned an

inclosure, planted with Yuccas, willows, and [redacted]
myrtles; and in the centre of this inclosure a[redacted]
urn of modest but tasteful form was placed o[redacted]
a lonely tomb. No cross headed the tomb[redacted]
stone, as is generally seen on the Catholi[redacted]
dwellings of the dead. No pompous inscri[redacted]
tion told the merits of him now reduced [redacted]
ashes. Silence and peace surrounded the r[redacted]
mains of the silent occupier, not of consecrat[redacted]
ground, but still hallowed equally and rever[redacted]
by those who laid him there. A friend watch[redacted]
over this asylum, for sorrow and pluck[redacted]
away the weeds which would have overspr[redacted]
the tomb in that climate of luxuriant grow[redacted];
and oftentimes would go and sit by the tomb
in the dead of night, and weep and mourn the
memory of former times; while the moon shed
her mild, pure light, upon the stone, on which
was engraved the word,

"GUISEPPE."

One evening that Howard had been exploring the Lago d'Aniano and its romantic environs, and was descending through a thick-set wood to the coast, a shriek reached his ears, which appeared to issue from the other side of the wood. It was a female voice and a cry of distress; and he did not hesitate to rush in the direction of the cry, which was repeated several times, and at length became fainter and fainter. Each diminishing sound urged the young man forward with greater velocity; but he had innumerable obstacles to surmount. The thick and long-leaved cactus, bristling with sharp horns, continually impeded his progress. Sometimes he would attempt to tear up the plant by the roots; but its large, dense leaves, hard as oaken boards, half a foot wide and long in proportion, and frequently more than an inch thick, seemed to defy the feeble efforts of man; and he advanced slowly and with

incessant toil, while his torn garments gave ample proofs of the difficulties of his path.

He at length succeeded in reaching the spot to which the cries had attracted him, and, breathless and panting, he arrived in time to rescue a young and lovely girl from the hands of a villain.

It was fortunate for Howard that he had been on duty that morning on board the Thunderer, and that he had not taken off his uniform on quitting the ship, but had immediately proceeded on his rambles. He rushed upon the miscreant with his dirk, ere the wretch was aware of his presence, and struck him to the ground. The rescued female, overpowered with emotions of joy at her unexpected delivery, now lost her little remaining strength, and fell apparently lifeless at the feet of her deliverer.

Howard raised her in his arms, and attempted

to restore her to animation by fanning her with his hat; but his efforts did not meet with the desired effect, and in the greatest distress he laid her down, and looked round to procure some assistance, or to find some water to bathe her temples. At length, glancing in the direction of the Camaldoli, he saw a monk descending the mountain slowly, and at a measured pace; his grey cowl falling over the upper part of his face.

He shouted to him with all his strength, and the sound apparently reached him, for he quickened his pace, and by a short cut across the mountain, imperceptible where Howard stood, was soon by his side.

Why he had called him, did not require explanation. The apparently lifeless body of the young female indicated that assistance was necessary; and the monk assisted Howard in bearing her along, pointing out with his hand

the road they should take, and looking with earnest pity, and strong emotion, on the inanimate burthen they were supporting.

A few steps brought them to the cottage already mentioned, and the monk called an old woman to their assistance; who uttered the most piteous cries, on seeing them enter the cottage with the apparently dead body which they bore. But when they laid it down, a slight movement was perceptible in the hands, which became contracted; the deathly paleness gradually disappeared, and at length a sigh announced returning consciousness.

The monk bowed his head, and crossed himself, and appeared wrapped for some minutes in devout prayer; and then turned to young Howard with a look of enquiry. The young man's face was flushed with agitation; and his open, frank countenance and manner seemed to satisfy the monk, who turned his serious

penetrating eyes on him with an expression of benevolence.

Howard attempted to explain, as well as his newly-acquired and imperfect knowledge of Italian would allow, how he had succeeded in delivering the young female from the hands of the villain. The monk took his hand, and pressed it earnestly, in token of acknowledgment; and the old woman overpowered him with reiterated thanks.

The looks of the young girl expressed her feelings more plainly than utterance could declare. She could not speak; and when Howard withdrew, she followed him with anxious eyes to the door.

The monk remained some time with the cottagers, and then took the road towards the wood, where they had left the villain senseless; but the body was no longer there. Much

blood was on the ground; and traces of the same, which diminished by degrees, and at length entirely disappeared, were observable for some distance in the wood.

During some years, Naples, and the adjacent countries, had been infested by a band of robbers, who were the terror of the inhabitants. Wherever they appeared, all was desolation. Murder and rapine followed their steps; and the poor, timorous, peaceful natives found themselves forced to make a pact with them, and give them shelter and concealment, in order to protect themselves against their cruelty.

The government had in vain endeavoured to suppress them. Their band was so considerable, that they were distributed in most of the villages without being suspected. They had the means of acquiring information of the ar-

rival or departure of travellers in the different inns, and would then lie in wait on the roads to attack them as they passed.

They were also apprised by the villagers (whose interest it was that they should be destroyed, but whose timidity led them thus to counteract the endeavours made for that purpose) of the intended measures of government to suppress them, almost as soon as the means were devised, or the orders given.

They had fastnesses in the forests, where they were accustomed to rendezvous. Attempts were made to seize them, by cutting down the forests, and the country was laid waste for many miles round; but they had other places of concealment, and laughed at all the efforts of the soldiery.

This band of robbers was not composed merely of the lower order of depradators. Nobles, guilty of crimes, who had escaped from

the hands of justice, from prisons, or from the galleys, were connected with it.

They admitted into their fraternity those of other countries, provided they took the oaths imposed upon them, and submitted to their laws. There were villains from the Tuscan States, from Venice, Rome, Calabria, Parma, Pisa, Genoa—no matter whence they came, provided they had the will to dare.

They had lately received into their band the Marquis di Cesari, a very handsome young Roman nobleman, who had lived in the first circles at Rome, and been admired and courted as one of the leaders of fashion. He had been the owner of the finest equipages; and his hotel was furnished in a style of the greatest luxury and magnificence; but his prodigality was the principal cause of all his later crimes and degradation. His fortune could not suffice for the expences of his establishment.

He had an uncle, who was very rich, the cardinal of the same name; and having drawn largely on his bounty, until the old man had refused to encourage his extravagance any further, he bribed one of the servants to murder him.

The wretch executed his wishes with such precaution, that the author of the crime was not suspected; and the young man enjoyed his ill-acquired wealth in entire security.

Some time after, this same servant, emboldened by the impunity with which he had escaped the punishment his infamy merited, murdered another person, on some quarrel of his own; but his precautions this time were at fault. He was discovered, tried, and condemned to be beheaded.

On being led to the place of execution, he denounced his master, as having first initiated

him in sin and murder; and accused his judg
of injustice, for punishing him and allowi
his master to remain unmolested.

His accusation caused the apprehension
the Marquis di Cesari; and he was confront
with his servant, previous to the execution
the latter. The circumstances of the murd
of the cardinal were too precisely detailed
admit of a doubt of the fact. Further inv
tigation corroborated the accusation; but
the young man was of noble birth, both by
father's and mother's side, the laws of Ro
could not condemn him to death. The blo
of nobles may not be shed in that coun
even for crimes.

He was condemned to the galleys for l
and sent with other malefactors to Pisa,—th
to sweep the streets, and perform other la
rious tasks, chained, hand and foot, two

two; and those chains never to be taken off, night or day, bare-headed and bare-footed; a loose serge-dress being their only covering.

The murderers are distinguished by the colour of their dress, it being red; the other malefactors are clothed in yellow. The cells in which they rest at night are cut in a rock, open to the night-air; and mid-way is a very elevated rock, overhanging the sea, with a narrow, tortuous path ascending it, which conducts to the different cells, and is guarded by a strong detachment of soldiery.

From this rock, and from the chains which bound him to another malefactor, and from the vigilant guards stationed over him, did the Marquis di Cesari escape *(h)*. He fled to the neighbourhood of Naples, and joined Grassiari's band.

The evil these depredators did at length be-

came of so extensive a nature, that the go
ment was obliged to make great pecu
sacrifices, in order to succeed in destr
them. A price was set on the head of
leader; and a reward was also offere
every one of the band apprehended b
peasants.

The love of gain was an incentive of
cient power to induce the indolent peasan
second the efforts of government, and
them break their covenant with these
booters. Beset, and hunted down, they
obliged to seek for safety in flight; and
withdrew to one of the small islands i
Mediterranean, and thence removed to
where they attempted to organise
selves, as they had done in the vicinity o
ples; concealing themselves in the roc
day, and endeavouring to subdue the pe

by terror at night; but little plunder could be obtained in a place so devoid of riches and luxury.

They could not persuade the Elbese peasantry to fraternise with them; and the resources with which they had fled from Naples began to diminish rapidly. They did not dare commit depredations openly by day, lest their places of concealment should be discovered; and they began to foresee the possibility of their perishing by starvation.

Their situation becoming very critical, a council was held to determine what they should do. It was agreed that a deputation of thirty of them, with Grassiari at their head, should return to Naples, and surrender themselves to government, making the best conditions they could obtain for themselves and the rest of their band.

They landed on the coast near Puzzoli at

sun-set, and concealed themselves, till the night was well set in, in the woods adjoining the Lago d'Aniano. There they concerted their future movements; and it was resolved that they should endeavour to persuade the abbot of the monastery of the Camaldoli to negotiate with government for them. This abbot was known to one of the banditti, and had behaved with some kindness at a period previous to his joining the band; and it was this individual who suggested employing the Padre Antonio as a negotiator for them with the government.

Augustin was the only son of a poor old widow woman residing at the foot of the Camaldoli. He used to carry hemp to be steeped in the Lago d'Aniano, a very dangerous employment, which annually cuts off many of the natives; the vicinity of the lake being rendered unhealthy by the malaria, in consequence of the fermentative process undergone in the

water by the hemp. Augustin caught the fever, and would have died, had not Marguerita, his mother, applied to one of the monks at the Camaldoli, through whose skill, and unwearying care, he at length recovered.

The monk who watched over him was the Padre Antonio, who shortly after became abbot of that community. It was then to him that Augustin suggested their addressing themselves. He had his reasons for thinking that Father Antonio would not refuse him, and he was deputed to confer with him.

They then ascended the steep, and winding rocky road which led to the monastery. As they drew near to it, the voices of the monks rose in solemn chant for the midnight service; and the sound rolled in harmonious diapasons past the startled ears of the ruffians, who formed themselves in a circle round the convent; it having been decided, that if they failed

in their request to the abbot, they should re-venge themselves immediately by destroying the convent, and murdering the monks.

The holy sounds, so distinctly heard in the silence and stillness of the night, caused the less wicked of the band to shudder; and Augustin turned from the spot where the voices reached him, lest he should be unmanned, and incapable of executing his purpose. Father Antonio had saved his life, and he felt some remorse on depriving his benefactor of his, in requital for that service. There were other ties also between them, and the ruffian was not entirely forgetful of them, although his intercourse with more hardened villains had, in a great measure, destroyed any sensibility with which he might have been originally endowed.

The chant ceased, and silence reigned around; and the banditti, resting on their guns re-

remained motionless. Sound is much more perceptible in the night season than in day time; wherefore has not been satisfactorily explained. It has been attributed by some to the repose in which every living creature is wrapped; and it is alleged that the insects, during the light of day, by their motion and imperceptible humming, thicken the atmosphere, and render it less impervious to sound. It may be so; but it might, in reply, be stated that other insects live only in the light of the moon; and that, even in the absence of all light, they supply its place, as, for instance, the fire-flies and others. Certain it is, that the slightest sound reaches much further, and more distinctly, in the night than in the day season; and in southern climates this fact is still more evident than in northern ones.

The banditti, without reasoning on this fact, were aware of its truth, and sought to avoid

discovery of their presence near the convent, by their remaining motionless while Augustin approached the gates, and knocked for admittance. He requested to see the abbot, stating that he came from a dying man, and desired to be conducted to him immediately. The appeal was irresistible, and the porter unbarred the gates, and conducted Augustin to the abbot's apartments, leaving him there, while he went to seek him in his cell, to which he had retired after the midnight service. The abbot started when he beheld Augustin, and his eye expressed displeasure.

"Whence come you, my son? Is our pact already broken?"

"Father, the covenant into which I entered with you, and by which I bound myself to become a soldier, has been dissolved by the band to which I belong," replied the ruffian undauntedly. "They released me long ago

from its observance; I acknowledge with them no laws but our own; I obey no other; but necessity, hateful, curbing necessity, forces us to bend the knee to an authority we despise. Starving, wretched, houseless wanderers, whose heads are set at price, whose own kindred thirst for their blood, and seek to sell them to the butcher's knife, such are we become; and now we are returned to the lion's den to sue for mercy. Father, I am deputed by our band to solicit your assistance; you are the prime minister's confessor, and you, if any one has the power, can obtain our pardon. I need not remind the abbot of the Camaldoli, that it is Augustin, Marguerita's son, who asks this service of him: nor is it needful to impress upon his mind, that the convent at this very moment is surrounded by his associates in misfortune, who, although bowed to the earth by sufferiug, have the power and the will to revenge insult,

and to force compliance with a just and natura[illegible] request."

The monk's care-worn countenance assume[illegible] a livid colour, while anger flashed from h[illegible] stern eye; but he mastered his emotion, a[illegible] questioned him with apparent calmness.

"What are your numbers?"

"We are thirty; and if pardon is grante[illegible]d our whole band of five hundred will surrend[illegible]er at discretion."

The monk reflected long; and Augus[illegible]tin watched him with keen and fixed glan[illegible]ce, prying, with intense anxiety, into the vario[illegible]us workings of the soul of him, on whom his fate depended.

"I will speak to the minister; but ye must remain under confinement here, until I obtain his answer. If it is favourable, ye shall be released; if not,"——and he looked at the unabashed bandit for his answer.

His impatient comrades gave repeatedly the signal agreed-on, that they waited his return. The night was drawing near its close; and already a slight appearance of dawn encircled the bay. Five hours had passed in conference with the abbot, ere Augustin appeared, and in few words stated the success of his negociation, and the conditions to which he had consented in their names. No other alternative was possible; yet they hesitated for a few moments, whether to trust to the word of the abbot, and thus become prisoners; but Augustin reminded them, that now the fact of their being on Neapolitan soil having been made known, it would soon be spread abroad over the country; that the daylight precluded the possibility of escape, and that they had made up their minds to this measure, previously even to their landing from the felucca; that even at sea they would be pursued, and if taken, barbarously

butchered; and that at least in submitting to the measure prescribed, they ran a chance of delivery. Grassiari reminded them of their starving comrades, who awaited deliverance by their means, and at length they entered the chapel; that same chapel, whence had issued holy cantiques, and which was thus converted into a prison for the worthless ruffians, who had shuddered on hearing them! The doors were closed and fastened on them; and father Antonio repaired to the prime minister's hotel as the matin bells rung.

Father Antonio was earnest and sincere in his intentions of attempting to save the surrendered banditti, and to keep the word he had pledged to them. It was therefore with extreme disappointment, and loud-expressed displeasure, that he quitted the wily minister, who had made him evasive and unsatisfactory replies; although he urged, intreated, nay in-

sisted, stating that he had passed his word for their safety. The minister was too delighted at having these devastators in his power, to enter into the reverend father's feelings. He even summoned a secretary while the abbot was pleading, and gave him an order in the monk's presence; but he did it in an under tone of voice, which could not reach the ears of the abbot. The latter, however, suspected its tenor; and hastened back to the convent to give his prisoners warning to attempt their escape.

The sbirri were, however, speedier than he; and ere he reached the top of the mountain on which the monastery stood, he saw the banditti descending towards Naples, manacled, and surrounded by a considerable armed force. They were hurried along amidst the maledictions of the multitude assembled to see their fate; and were thrown into the subterraneous

dungeons under the palazzo of the kings of Naples.

These dungeons, of great extent, run under the entire area of the palazzo; and a small stair-case forms a communication between them and the king's private apartments. Here do criminals drag on the weary load of life, without ever beholding the light of heaven. Petty offenders are punished in a less degree, being condemned to work at the rocks, chained to one another; but they have light, air, and exercise, and only pass the night in their dungeons.

It is a harrowing and repulsive reflection, that whilst the subterraneous portion of the palace is inhabited by the perpetrators of crime and the sufferers of punishment, the upper apartments of the same building are filled with all the splendour, magnificence, and gaiety of life: that while dance and festivity on gala nights animate the youthful and gay in the

apartments of the sovereign, groans and sighs, imprecations and blasphemy, rise to the roof of the dungeons, only a few feet below those floors on which the joyous revellers tread.

To these gloomy abodes then were the surrendered banditti consigned. This event happened three years before the arrival of Admiral Harris, and his companions at Naples. In those three years, two-thirds of the prisoners had died in the extremity of suffering; their chains were never taken off; and when one died who was chained to another, his dead body was allowed to decay by the side of its living partner. So dreadful was their condition, that even their jailor felt compassion for them, and was prevailed on by Augustin, who was one of the survivors, to allow him to leave his dungeon in his company, and repair to the Camaldoli; where he wished to make one more effort to save the remainder of his companions and

himself. Grassiari, their chief, was dead; Cesari, the next in authority under him, had also succumbed to the severity of his confinement; and Augustin was chosen by the survivors as their leader.

It was sunset when the jailor accompanied Augustin to the Camaldoli. The entire length of Naples was to be traversed, previous to reaching the road which conducted to the mountain; and his fears were great lest detection should ensue, as the chains which were riveted on his prisoner clanked at each step he took; a sound so well known, that without raising their eyes, or moving to ascertain whether these conjectures were just, the inhabitants know that a galley-slave is passing. The jailor was armed for his own protection, not being disposed to trust to the honour of a ruffian, however he might be inclined to alleviate his sufferings.

By the time that they arrived at the convent the night had set in, and as they sounded the bell to ask admittance, the abbot approached the gates, as he returned to the convent from visiting the grave where Giuseppe was buried. The monk's stern countenance had still an expression of anguish on it, as though his thoughts had been of a very painful nature. There were traces of tears in the furrows of his cheeks, and it was evident that grief rather than time had made sad inroads on his once handsome features. As he looked up and saw the two men at the gate, and by the clear light of the moon which was now risen, perceived chains on one of them, he started with astonishment, and his gaze became more intent on the face of the manacled intruder, who appeared at so unusual an hour of the night.

Three years of suffering had much changed Augustin's appearance; but by degrees his

features were recalled to the abbot's recoll
tion, and the circumstances of their last int
view rapidly recurred to him.

"You may well start, father," said the r
fian; "you probably never expected to see
more. You have broken your faith with
and thereby have caused the death of aln
all my companions; but ten of us remain;
have languished in damp dungeons, ever si
the day I trusted to your honour. I am ne
theless come to make one more effort with
to obtain pardon for me and my wretched c
panions; but remember what Augustin t
you. Woe to you, if you fail a second tin

The abbot motioned the jailor to withd
to a little distance; and he obeyed, but k
his eye firmly fixed upon Augustin, and
finger on the trigger of his gun, in case
bandit should endeavour to make his escap

Father Antonio then told him the effor

had made to save him, and the disappointment he had experienced when he saw him and his comrades dragged in fetters from the convent, notwithstanding the word he had pledged.

"It is a thankless office to serve a villain; it is even a thankless office to attempt to serve any one, and fail of success."

Resentment darkened the visage of the Neapolitan bandit; and with a menacing gesture he denounced vengeance on the monk.

"You shall rue the day that brought us first acquainted," muttered Augustin; and the sinister expression of his countenance betrayed the horrible thoughts he was ruminating. The jailor saw the menacing attitude of his prisoner, and drew nearer to the abbot, who, motioning a farewell to Augustin, entered the gates which had remained open since his arrival, and they were immediately closed on him.

The ruffian remained with his eyes cast down,

motionless, and buried in deep thought, until the jailor reminded him of his agreement, and that he must return to his prison. Then all the fury and desperation he felt burst forth; and hurrying on with all the quickness which his chains allowed, he descended the mountain, until they were out of hearing of the convent. At this moment suddenly stopping, and before his companion could be aware of his intentions, he approached him and entangled his legs in his own. They both fell, and a violent struggle instantly commenced; during which, the object of the villain was, with his one unshackled arm to gain possession of the gun, and the jailor used every effort to retain it. Augustin was, however, the stronger of the two, and his rage endowed him with almost supernatural strength. They had in the conflict drawn nearer to one of those tremendous precipices on the side of the mountain towards the sea.

Here he formed the desperate and infamous intention of sacrificing the man who, at his own peril, had broken through the severe discipline of the prison, and departed from his duty, in the benevolent hope of assisting a wretched, though sinful, fellow-creature.

After some struggling, he succeeded in dragging him to the edge of the rock projecting over the mountain side, and flung him with violence into the deep abyss. He then dragged himself into the wood, and with sharp flints succeeded, after long labour, in unriveting his chains. Towards the break of day, he entered his mother's cottage, ere Agathine had risen from her couch.

Her room was within that of Marguerita's; and her terror was beyond description when, on waking, she recognised the voice of Augustin conversing with the old woman; and heard

him narrate the events of the last three years, and his recent escape.

"And now where is your pretty bird, mother? I will not be fooled again, as when I was a novice: I must, and will, see her. That old monk was very cunning with me once, but it is now my turn. He persuaded me to give up my trade of steeping hemp, and gave me gold, to bribe me to become a soldier, telling me that I should get the fever again, and that he should not be able a second time to save my life. But the old priest knew well why he wished me away. He saw that I fancied his pretty daughter! Aye, mother, aye his daughter. Do you think that I believe all the history conjured up between you and him to impose upon me? I am wiser than you suppose. You should not have left me alone one day, when I was lying ill on my bed of the

fever, for which the monk attended me;—and when the old man who lodged with you was taken ill, and wanted to see the padre; and you could not get at him, because he was gone into Naples to the prime minister. Do you remember that day? Do you remember that the old man, who was a foreigner, was obliged to tell you all his history, because he felt the life was going from him?—and, heaven knows, what a job it was with his lingo! But he made it clear enough for me that my pretty mistress there (pointing to the door of Agathine's chamber) is the padre's daughter, and that he recommended the greatest care of her. I should have heard the rest of his story but for that magpie, Aniello, who came to see me. When I got rid of him, the old sinner was still at his story, and telling you how, and where, he would be buried; and all you were to tell the padre about his attachment,

and fidelity, and what not. Do you remember all this? And now, mother, a padre hasn't a pretty daughter for nothing; nor will I let the little bird languish on alone in her cage. She shall have a lover, and a fine stout one like myself, so don't be barring my passage to her room. You know of old I don't understand control, or opposition to my will; and if you won't let me pass by fair means, and like a reasonable woman, why, I shall not think much of silencing your clamour, and stiffening your limbs. I have not been a *ruffiano* for three years to be overcome by an old woman, even though that old woman be my mother; so make way."

Marguerita trembled. She knew the impetuosity of her son's temper: she knew, too, how her means of existence depended on her honourable care of her charge.

"My son, you shall see Agathine, but she

is not yet risen; have patience, and I will fetch her to you;" and in her heart she supplicated the assistance of some saint.

Agathine, meanwhile, had not waited to hear more than his first demand for her, but had stealthily clambered out of the window of her room, and ran, with the speed of a fawn, to the top of the mountain to the convent of the Camaldoli, as the nearest place of succour.

It was a day of solemn festival in the convent. The gates were closed, and the distressed maiden rang for assistance in vain. Fearing pursuit and discovery, she then fled into the wood, and remained concealed some time; but Augustin sought her with too keen an eye not to discover her; and it was then that her shrieks had brought young Howard to her deliverance.

From that day, Howard felt himself continually drawn towards the Camaldoli mountain.

The country struck him as more beautiful, and the scenery more interesting, than in any other direction. Hardly a day passed without his paying a visit at the cottage; and latterly the pretty Agathine had advanced, in the road leading to their little dwelling, to meet the Signor Enrico, as he arrived.

They were less interrupted in the little nothings which they said to each other than in the small room, in which the loquacious Margarita considered herself bound to do the honors.

"I am afraid, signor," said the fair-haired Agathine to Howard, one evening after some weeks had thus passed; "I am afraid Father Antonio is displeased with me, and yet I do not know what I have done to offend him."

"First, my pretty signorina, let me understand why it signifies if the old monk *is* displeased with you; and, next, we will discuss

the possibility of his being such an old stone as to look at you without loving you ; as to be near to you, as he sometimes is, for hours together, without doing as I now do." And he encircled her with his arms, and kissed her fair forehead.

Agathine blushed deep as the fresh-blown rose, and gently withdrew from his arms.

"Signor Enrico, you do not then know that Father Antonio is my confessor; and that he has a right to be angry with me if I do any thing which may incur his disapprobation. To him I tell my most inmost thoughts; and many, many have our conversations been about you. The good padre approved of all I said concerning you; commended me for the deep gratitude I bear you, and encouraged me never to forget my friend ; but yesterday he had been into Naples, and he entered our cottage, as he was returning to the convent, and told me, with a very stern look, that he forbade me

ever to speak with you again. His prohibition made me weep; and then he looked most terribly, and bade me mind his injunctions, or tremble at his anger. I begged Marguerita to tell you this, when you should come, but she fears the padre even more than I do, and she refused to see you. It was the greatest difficulty I obtained her permission to meet you this once. Farewell, Signor Enrico," sighed the pretty Agathine, as she turned to depart.

Howard was going to detain her; but she raised her eyes towards the Camaldoli, and beheld the monk, at a distance, descending the mountain; and, with light and rapid step, she ran towards the cottage, and was soon out of sight.

Howard's agitation, surprise, and resentment were too great for him to be able to meet the monk at that moment; but he resolved to seek him, even in his own convent, if he could

not meet him elsewhere, and obtain an explanation of the sudden antipathy he had inspired.

He returned every evening to the spot where he used to meet Agathine, but she never appeared; and he was deeply annoyed at her obedience to her confessor, and the little regard she seemed to entertain for him.

Several weeks passed thus; and the greater Howard felt the difficulty of approaching Agathine, the more he desired it. His youthful fancy was touched by the naiveté and beauty of the fair Italian; and, now that he was deprived of her, he rushed headlong in pursuit of her, without once reflecting what might be the result of his passion, or what might be expected of him by the young girl's protectors.

He had not entertained any positive intentions, or formed any settled plan concerning her; but the sudden obstacles which he encountered to meeting her, fanned the flame

which had lain smothered in his breast; from a boyish predilection, his heart sud expanded to the all-powerful feeling of sionate love.

If women, in general, knew the potent which they possess to draw and attach slaves, they would not be so unmindful as they often are. Many a young girl v be spared pain and humiliation, in this " nerate age," if her parents reflected a more on the nature and character of whose principal peculiarity is, a desire to come difficulties and obstacles, and who little for that which he can easily possess. the language of the poet,—

" Women are angels wooing;
Things done are won;
Joy sole lies in the doing."

CHAPTER III.

"The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.
A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorred
Recoils each holy thing."

THE GREY BROTHERS.

om a mind delighting in sorrow; from spirits wasted in
; from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and
from a man that hateth himself, and all things that
im alive, what can your majesty expect."

EARL OF ESSEX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

E evening that Howard had been to the
ldoli, to endeavour to find the abbot, who

was absent, he proceeded to the cottage, r
solved to see Agathine, and discover the cau
of the apparent change in her sentimen
towards him, and of the monk's prohibitio
Then it was that he first guessed why Agathi
had observed the monk's instructions, a
avoided him.

The cottage was abandoned; the inhabitan
were gone. He had no clue by which to tr
them, for the cottage stood entirely alone. T
nearest habitations were at Puzzoli, by far
removed to have any knowledge of the p
ceedings of the cottagers; and he returne
Naples, harassed in body and mind, and
that state of gloomy dispiritedness which
appointment and *desœuvrement* produce.

As he proceeded up the Toledo to the
miral's lodgings, through the crowded po
lation,—whose full tide flows up that st
and indeed through every part of the to

after the sun has descended from his meridian, and that the hour of the siesta is passed,—he thought he perceived the abbot of the Camaldoli, but he could not be certain; the dress was the same as that worn by all the fraternity, and the hood was lowered over his eyes; but there was something in his stature and gait which bespoke the lofty churchman; and, when he first saw him, Howard was certain he was looking at him, and that he turned his head rapidly aside.

There is an attraction, in the fixed gaze of the human eye, which will draw the attention of the person so looked at even across a crowded theatre, or the densest multitude any where assembled. After a short time, the person gazed at will unconsciously turn his eyes to the gazer, however far distant, and however previously ignorant of the looks directed at him. How to account for this appears almost to be

impossible. It cannot be supposed that th influence of magnetism, or the influence volition (should the gazer fix his eyes with th intention of obliging the object of his exam nation to turn a look towards him), can exte across numbers of persons to the one act upon by this attraction.

When Howard reached his own lodgin which were not far removed from those Admiral Harris, he again observed the mon who appeared to be watching him, and dogg him in the zigzag line, which a passage throu a moving multitude necessitates. Wh however, he reached the house in which admiral resided, he no longer perceived monk.

He found the admiral and Norris togeth the latter looking very grave, and the admir silent. Some scene must have occurred;— their silence and embarrassment were not re-

lieved by his presence, and he was going to withdraw, through motives of delicacy, when the admiral, making an effort to recover his composure, called him back.

"Howard, the king has invited us to a *partie de chasse* at Portici; I suppose you will attend this invitation."

"Certainly, sir," replied Howard; "won't you also, Captain Norris?"

The admiral replied for him,—"No, he can't go; he has another engagement which will prevent him."

The admiral and Captain Norris exchanged looks. Howard perceived there was some mystery with which he was not to be acquainted, and asked no further questions. Shortly after the two young men took their leave, and withdrew.

How little does man appear, when, merging intellect in sensation, he centres his happiness

in being "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." The savage would look with contempt on a white man, and a sovereign, a ruler of his people—one in whom the veto of life or death is vested—taking his recreation at the chase, such as was that to which the admiral and his companions had been invited.

The court, with all the attendants in carriages, or on horseback, formed indeed a gay procession. Troops, in splendid uniforms, surrounded the royal carriages; the horses prancing and snorting, while numberless servants ran on either side, before and behind the cavalcade, with torches of pine-wood, to light the escort. At short distances, bonfires of the same pine-wood, flaming high and bright, were placed on either side of the road from the palace-gates of Capo di Monte, where the court were residing, down the steep road all the way to the sea-coast. The effect of these

bonfires was animating, and added a wild grace to the scene.

The night was clear, mild, and beautiful, as the Italian nights almost always are; the moon, with her bright light, casting rays of silver on the still bay, and rivalling upon the shore the yellow lurid flames of the bonfires.

All was bustle and movement in the town; the inhabitants following the royal procession, in numerous carriages, to witness the chase, a common and favourite pastime of their kings.

Arrived at Portici, the whole party alighted, and placed themselves in a circle, described by numberless little lamps of variegated colours. Pages in brilliant dresses stood within the circle, with large gold-headed sticks in their hands.

In the centre of the circle, suspended between columns of white marble, richly decorated and illuminated, and placed at regular

distances, were long and large sacks, made of small netting, filled with small birds alive, which had been caught previously, by the help of lanterns, attracting them into the nets.

The sport was ready, the spectators breathless with impatience, and the king entered the circle. The pages advanced, and, with bended knee, presented the sticks on velvet cushions. The king took one, and then struck on the sacks, blow succeeding blow with rapidity, until all the little birds were smashed dead. The sport lasted some time; the sacks were full, the birds tenacious of life; but the greatest joys have but a term!

After the chase, a supper was spread on numerous small tables in the garden of the palace, overlooking the sea, and prepared with all the choicest refreshments. Fenuchie *(i)*, muzzarelle,angini e frutti de mare, maccheroni e casicavalla; ices, of various sorts; fruits,

the natural growth of the climate, without forcing, &c. Bands of music, in boats, were rowed close to the garden, and played all the time the party were at supper.

Howard listened with delight to the soft music from the water, which, in a great measure, compensated for the disgust he had experienced at the commencement of the fête. He sat enjoying the harmonious sounds, while his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and his thoughts were turned in romantic fondness towards the little lonely cottage and the pretty Agathine; his eager mind busied in vain conjectures as to where she could be gone. What then was his astonishment, when, turning his eyes towards the bay, and the boats near the shore, he perceived, by the bright clear light of the moon, upon the beach, at a short distance from the wall of the garden where the royal party were supping, a monk, and by his side a light deli-

cate form, which, with the keen eye of lo[illegible]e, he discovered to be his little Agathine. [illegible]t certainly was she;—but how should sh[illegible]e have come such a distance from Naples, an[illegible] why alone with the monk at such an hour o[illegible] night?

He did not wait to reflect on any thing, but, with that agility which sailors possess in a superior degree, he vaulted over the parapet of the wall, which was low on the interior, but elevated to a considerable height on the side near the sea, and clambered down, something like a cat would have done, fixing his hands and feet on slight projections; flinging himself, with an accuracy which precluded danger, across to fresh projections in the wall, and at last bounding down on the beach, and then running in the direction of those he had seen from the garden.

Whether his descent had been observed, and

had alarmed the persons he saw, or whether it was an illusion of his fancy, his mind being strongly impressed with the subject, when he was tired with running, and halted to recover breath, he perceived that he was pursuing nothing. The shore was perfectly lonely.

The music, wafted at intervals from the boats, fell softly on his ear, and he returned slowly towards the spot whence he had departed. But to clamber *up* the wall which he had descended so rapidly, and without the incentive which had aided him in descending, was not so easy; and he felt he should besides attract the attention of the party still at supper, should he be perceived entering the palace-garden in so unusual a manner.

His exit had been so rapid that it had not been remarked; a tree overshadowing the table, at which he had sat alone, listening to the music. He therefore proceeded along the

beach skirting the walls of the garden, which was very extensive, and endeavoured to discover some entrance to it, or road conducting to that which led to Naples.

Finding that his walk might be continued for some time, without quitting the beach, he hailed a fisherman in a boat, at a little distance, who was employed in spearing fish by torch light, according to the custom of the Neapolitans *(k)*.

The fisherman heard Howard's shout, and rowed to the shore; and the young man telling him his perplexity, enquired where he could join the road to return to the palace. As he continued speaking, the fisherman jumped out of his boat, and flinging a rope fixed to the boat, with an iron spike attached to it, on the beach, stuck it between the stones, and approached Howard, looking at him earnestly and distrustfully, and endeavouring, by

the light of the moon, to get a perfect view of his features. When Howard had ceased speaking, the fisherman continued staring at him; but it was not a vacant stare, nor did it appear as if he could not understand him, although addressed in good Italian, instead of the *patois* spoken by the lazzaroni.

Howard raised his voice, and repeated what he had said; and then the fellow, with a slow and drawling accent, replied that he would conduct him, if he would give him something to compensate for the loss he should sustain of the fish which he would have caught. Howard promised him that he should not be a loser by his trouble; and then the fisherman, drawing his brown hood over his head, sprang forward with alacrity, bidding the young officer follow him.

The night by this time was nearly dark. The moon, which was in its first quarter, was

setting; and as they proceeded through th
rocks which concealed the road from thei
view, the obscurity was so great they coul
hardly discern the path they were pursuin
Once or twice the lazzarone stopped short; b
when Howard came up to him, he eyed him f
a minute from head to foot, fixed his eyes
the dirk by his side, and then sprang forwar

At length, they got into the road conducti
to the palace-gates; and Howard perceiv
that the carriages were advancing to recei
the party on their return home to Naples. H
pushed forward rapidly, flinging the money
had promised to the fisherman, and hastenin
to reach the gates, now crowded with servant
torch-bearers, soldiers, carriages of all sorts,
all assembling, in tumult, noise, and confusion,
to await the call of the different persons de-
parting.

Howard was anxious to join Admiral Harris,

in order to get conveyed to Naples, instead of having to walk that long distance in the middle of the night; and made his way as well as he could through the crowd,—jostling some, jostled by others, pushed back by the soldiers, who saw the king and his party advancing to join the carriages, and pressed on all sides. He found himself so far in the thick of the throng, and so closely environed, that he could not move; but endeavoured to keep his head above the crowd, to catch Admiral Harris's eye, should he pass.

While thus awkwardly situated, he felt his dirk catch in something, but could not extricate it, his left hand being so fixed by the pressure of the crowd that he could not move it; and he remained, holding his hat up with the other, to draw the attention of the admiral, raising himself as high as he could on his feet, for fear of missing him.

At last the royal party entered their carriage which dashed forwards with guards and torch bearers; and then followed the different individuals invited to the chase.

The pressure of the crowd diminished by the different departures, and Howard, whose arm was still raised across several heads, made a sign to the admiral, who saw him, and moved instantly towards him. At the moment that he approached close to his lieutenant, an arm was raised through the crowd with a bright dagger directed towards Howard's breast. Admiral Harris saw the poniard, and with a rapidity, surprising in him, seized the outstretched arm. A struggle ensued; the poniard fell to the ground; and the individual who had made the attempt, broke violently from the grasp of the admiral. Howard had scarcely seen what had happened, the whole passed so quickly. The admiral called to him to seek the assassin.

The crowd opened and cleared; but no one could be discovered likely to have attempted the deed. The bystanders were mostly the servants belonging to the different carriages. The admiral had only seen the arm, but thought he had recognized the dress common to the Neapolitan fishermen.

Howard stumbled over something which proved to be his dirk; and he then recollected having felt it pulled at while pressed by the crowd. The villain who had purposed his death had, however, escaped.

The admiral invited Howard to enter his carriage, and they drove on to Naples. At first, both of them were silent; Howard agitated with the various feelings he had experienced, and the admiral seemingly plunged in reverie. At length the young man addressed his patron.

"What can have become of the fellow;

From what you say of his dress, I strongly suspect it must have been the fisherman I had engaged to show me my way."

"Your way! where, Harry?"

"Why," said Howard, a little confused, "I had lost my way out of the gardens, and for the life of me I could not find it back again."

"But why should a fisherman want to murder you?"

"That is more than I can guess, sir, I assure you," said Howard laughing, "I have adhered to the injunctions you gave on landing here some months ago, and have made love to no jealous husband's wife that I am aware of."

"My good friend," said the admiral, "are you as sure that you have not made love to some jealous guardian's ward?" and he looked very earnestly at Howard, who coloured deeply.

"Harry," continued the admiral, seeing the

young man's confusion, "I intended having a little conversation with you to-morrow morning, and I think I must not delay my intentions."

"Why not directly, sir?" said Howard, who did not feel himself guilty of any thing meriting censure, and was now instigated by curiosity.

"There is a reason why I cannot now, Harry, but you shall know more to-morrow."

They had by this time reached the Toledo, and the admiral, after setting down Howard at his lodgings, proceeded home, having wished his young friend a good night's rest after his providential escape; and Howard expressed with all the warmth of his nature his gratitude to the admiral for the life, which he had preserved to him that night.

"Harry," said the admiral, shaking the young man cordially by the hand, "I would far rather have fallen myself, than that one in

the morn of life should have been the victim of a miscreant. Come to me to-morrow morning, and promise me to go no where previously."

Howard promised him faithfully, and so they parted.

Admiral Harris found Captain Norris standing at the door of his house, anxiously awaiting his arrival. His countenance was very serious, and taking the admiral's arm, they entered the house together, when he recounted the success of his mission that night.

It must be mentioned, that the day on which Howard had found the two officers in serious conference, which had been interrupted by his arrival, Admiral Harris had received a letter, which he had just communicated to Captain Norris, adding the request that he would keep the appointment made in that letter. It was written in Italian, and couched as follows ;—

"To Admiral Harris.

"You consider yourself the guardian of your young lieutenant; why do you not fulfil the duties which that title requires of you? Is it only to be the guardian of his fortune, that you were selected by his father? Are you not called upon to guard him from the dangers to which his youth and inexperience expose him? Are you not called upon to prevent his forming undue connections?

"Know, that he loves, where his love must never be returned: honour, duty, religion, equally forbid it.

"Let your friend Captain Norris be under the walls of the palace gardens at Portici, three nights hence, at the third hour, and he shall know more concerning Henry Howard."

Captain Norris had, in consequence of the admiral's request that he would attend this appointment, declined the invitation to the *chasse*

given by the king; and repairing to Portici, at the hour indicated in the letter, three hours after twenty-four o'clock, or in other words three hours after sunset, he paced along the bank under the garden-walls. After a short time, he was joined by a monk, who addressed him in Italian.

Captain Norris had acquired a very good knowledge of the language, and was therefore competent to undertake the conference. The monk began;—

"You have done well, my son, to attend to the letter which I wrote to your admiral."

Norris bowed, and waited in silence for further communication. The monk seemed greatly agitated; his voice faltered, and became weak, as he continued;—

"You may spare your young friend much misery, by protecting him against himself. The admiral's authority must also be exerted.

Swear to me a solemn oath, that the communication which I shall make to you shall be sacredly kept within your own breast; swear to me that you will only repeat such portion of it as I shall indicate to the admiral; swear, or I am silent, and that which I would have told you, to save your friend from dishonour and regret, shall never be disclosed. That revelation, which causes agonies to me beyond those I should experience were my body dragged over flaming plough-shares, shall be confided to none."

The monk stood erect before Norris; his hands clenched, and raised upwards; his eyes fixed in penetrating earnestness on Norris's countenance.

"Your confidence shall be sacred," replied Norris; "I swear it solemnly to you."

"Know then," said the monk, speaking English, "that the miserable wretch who stands

before you unintentionally murdered Henry Howard's mother! Yes, murdered that angel, who sought to preserve a life I was intending to destroy, and fell by the pistol which she endeavoured to wrest from my hand, when with impious frenzy I sought to terminate an existence become loathsome to me. For that I have condemned myself to live as long as this mortal frame will bear the load of sorrow which wrings my heart; yes, to linger to the latest breath, and not to seek to end my woes; that my sufferings, my repentance, my agonies, prolonged to their utmost limit, may be accounted some portion of the punishment my heinous crime deserves.

"Now, say," continued the monk after a pause, which his mental sufferings forced him to make, "can Howard respect the murderer of his mother? Can he sue honourably or otherwise, the offspring (for her he is now wooing,)

of one, whose soul has been darkened by the bloodshed of innocence and purity? Never must he wed her; never more must he see her.

"Oh! he has heaped coals of fire on my head. He saved the life of my innocent child from the hands of a villain; he, whose mother lies in the cold grave by my madness! I have removed her far beyond his reach; but watch him; prevent his seeking for her. I have abased myself to this confession to you; yet, alas! humiliation becomes me. Respect my sorrows, and the confidence I have placed in you. Make heedful use of it, but no more."

Norris, shocked, as well as astonished, could hardly answer him; at length he said;—

"Wretched man, your sorrows shall not be increased by me; be perfectly confident that your secret shall rest safe in my bosom. But tell me, how can I apprize the admiral without betraying you?"

"I trust to you,, Captain Norris," replied Marston: "farewell."

He strode on a few paces, and then sank on the ground.

Norris was still in the same spot; his eyes following the monk, and his thoughts painfully perplexed with what he had learnt, when he saw him sink to the earth. He sprang forward, and endeavoured to raise him. He had fainted.

Norris withdrew the cowl from his head, rubbed his temples, and used every endeavour to restore him to animation; and while thus engaged, Agathine, or as we may now call her, Eleanor, hurried from behind a rock, where she had been left by Marston to await his return. Her voice, trembling with surprise and terror, at seeing him in the arms of a stranger, seemed to reach his fainting organs, and he endeavoured to raise himself. After a few mi-

nutes he was able to do so, and again bidding Norris farewell, proceeded along the beach in the direction of Torro del Greco with Agathine.

It was when they were passing an angle of one of the walls of the gardens of Portici, that Howard had seen them. They turned into a road issuing from the beach, which Howard had not perceived, and he had continued in a straight line along the border of the sea, while they were pursuing a contrary direction.

Norris, as he returned to Naples, considered how he might apprise the admiral of Howard's attachment without betraying Marston, and at last devised the following romance.

He told him that Howard was in love with a young Neapolitan, who was under the care of a jealous guardian: that she was betrothed to another; and that if he were allowed to pursue his passion, he would draw a host of powerful enemies upon him.

The admiral took alarm at the idea of a Neapolitan connexion, and especially with one of the catholic persuasion; and when Howard appeared the next morning, he had a long conversation with him, in which he informed him of his knowledge of his attachment; and told him, there were insurmountable obstacles to his seeing Agathine any more.

"It must not be, my young friend; I, as your guardian, must take upon me to prohibit your seeking her or thinking of her more."

Howard had been so many years under the authority of the admiral, and was so well acquainted with his character, that he would not venture to argue with him, or dispute his right to order him to do, or not to do, anything. But perhaps he did not in his own mind consider the command which he had just received, as a law which he intended to obey. He answered, however;—

"Your injunctions are not difficult to follow, ir, for I have not the slightest knowledge whi-her she has been removed."

"So much the better, Harry, believe me," aid the admiral; "and now don't feel un-indly towards me for this interference in your oncerns. You may remember I warned you gainst stilettos; and you see that you have ncurred the danger, probably by the friends of the young girl;" and the admiral told Norris of the attempt to assassinate Howard the preceding evening.

Norris was convinced there was no connexion between the two histories, from his knowledge of the real state of the case; and was in consequence the more uneasy for his young friend; but no further attempt of the sort was made on him, and by degrees the circumstance was forgotten. Not so, Agathine.

It was the season of the carnival, and gaiety

succeeded gaiety. The revellers crowded the streets; gay groups danced with their masks on; in the houses, out of the houses, in the public places, in the streets, on the beach, in all directions were groups of maskers to be seen; and Howard sought his pretty Agathine in every place where he hoped chance might lead him to meet her. Persons of every class and age joined in the revels, and he hoped by assiduous observance to discover her; but all in vain.

Norris, meanwhile, had by degrees resumed his unfortunate predilection for the gaming-table. In the morning, he in general strolled about with Howard; but when the night arrived, he regularly resorted to San Carlos, at the hour when the lieutenant went to pass his evenings with the admiral, which he had regularly done since he had lost Agathine.

For some time, Norris's losses did not mate-

rially affect his means; occasional success repaired the strokes of ill fortune he not unfrequently sustained: but continuity of play placed the balance gradually and considerably against him; and he began to feel embarrassed to pay the sums he ventured on the dice. He was of too high a spirit to solicit the assistance of a friend; and therefore kept Howard in total ignorance of his position, preferring borrowing at usurious interest from the bankers of the gaming-table. But when these began to perceive that they were incurring the risk of not being repaid, they at first augmented their charges, and then refused to make further advances until the sums advanced were made good; and they became urgent and clamorous for repayment.

Norris feared Admiral Harris more than did Howard; and he carried about with him a mind tortured by anxiety. Howard soon ob-

terly; and he ventured one day to rema
to him. At first, Norris denied that any t
had occurred to affect him; but, pressed
nestly by the warm-hearted Howard, he at
consented to reveal his error, and its
sequences.

"Meet me to-morrow," he said, "at
Caserta; and in the solitude of the pa
will communicate to you the cause of
anxiety."

Howard promised to meet him there in
evening, a little before twenty-four o'clock
he said smiling, and they parted.

At an early hour, the following morn
Howard went to chase the chevreuil in th
rection of the Camaldoli mountain. The cl

take his siesta in the shade, according to the fashion of the country.

On awaking, he saw sitting by him the Padre Antonio. At first, his senses were not sufficiently acute to recollect the past, and he looked up at him with half-vacant eyes; by degrees, those eyes became more animated, as he recognised Agathine's confessor, and was beginning to frame the discourse he had long meditated, but the countenance of the monk made him forego his intention. The expression of deep-seated grief, combined with gentleness and strong emotion, awed and affected him.

Tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the reverend father, as he sat contemplating in Howard the well-remembered features of his mother. It was his voice which awoke him, uttering a benediction on him.

(l) "Iddio lo benedica e lo abbia sempre

sotto la sua santa protezione.——Ma che dico? ——e posso io lusingarmi che la mia voce arriva fino al creatore?—No—no!——Antonio may not bless you, or call blessings on you."

"Padre," at length said Howard, "why have you removed and concealed Agathine from me? Have I proved myself unworthy of her? Might I not claim from you more confidence?"

"My son," interrupted Antonio, "*I* might have claimed more confidence from you than you have shown me. Have you not sought to win Agathine's affection? Did you not meet her oftentimes, unknown to me?—But we will not revert to the past. You will never see Agathine more: she is gone. It is I that have sent her away. You look angry, my son. It is for your sake I have rémoved her.——Farewell, my son.——Do not detain me.——S

our procession advances.—I must hence.—— Forget Agathine; submit to that which is inevitable.——"

The padre withdrew, notwithstanding Howard's earnest intreaties to stay and explain words so mysterious.

In a few minutes the procession passed him, with Antonio leading it. His head sank on his chest as he approached Howard, but the same expression of melancholy and suffering was evident; an expression which, like every other "language of the features," it would be impossible for speech to describe.

How delineate the meaning of the human eye, while under the influence of different passions; and yet each conveys a distinct tale! The jealous eye, the mistrustful, the passionate, the sorrowing, the benevolent, the cruel, the absent, the listening (for when in the act of listening attentively the eye takes a peculiar

expression), the false, the devout, the sensual
the grateful, the resentful, the insensible, the
penetrating, the insane, each has a differen
appearance; and the same person, undergoin
those different changes of feeling, would hav
all their varieties of expression without the
outlines of the eyes varying in the least. N
doubt, it is the influence of these expression
on other orbs, which produces on the human
countenance the various lines by which it is
marked. The feeling the passions alone would
not produce the same effect; and the proof of
this it is within the reach of every one to ve-
rify. Remark the expression of countenance
which characterizes the blind; it is uniformly
passive, calm, and without strong lines or mus-
cles; and yet the persons so afflicted have al
their sorrows and feelings, in common wit
other men. Remark the countenance of th e
deaf and dumb, who consult the expression of

the eyes of others to understand and reply: it is haggard, and seamed with lines *(m)*.

It was the fête of St. Genaro (Januarius). His blood was to be exhibited in a phial to the faithful; and all the different ecclesiastical communities, in and around Naples, were assembled in the magnificent church bearing the name of the patron saint. The villages, for a considerable distance around, poured forth their inhabitants to keep this most solemn fête, and repaired to the church in question.

From the mountain where Howard had seen the friars descend in procession, he could also view the inhabitants of Puzzoli hastening along towards the town of Naples, and, instinctively joining the crowd, he accompanied the procession to the church, which he entered with them.

The scene was imposing: the hundreds of prostrate suppliants, with upraised arms, im-

ploring their tutelar saint not to abandon them, disposed the mind to religious feelings. Even although superstition and erroneous belief assemble a multitude, the fact of their being assembled in honour of the Creator gives a holy character to their meeting; and the young Englishman felt awed and devout by their reverent bearing.

Nothing is more impressive, or inspires higher feelings of devotion, even to a Christian and a true believer, than witnessing the adoration of the Hindoos, at certain solemn moments; such as an eclipse of the sun (their divinity). The writer was present on such an occasion. It had been predicted by the Bramins that the sun would hide his face from them, on a certain evening, before his usual hour of retiring. Such a menace threw terror into the whole Hindoo country; and the population of India, within a very extensive

limit, came in pilgrimage, with their wives, their children, and their slaves, to the Mount Ardingur, to deprecate, by prayer and submission, the anger of their god.

They came, preceded by their bramins, and high-priests, and chiefs, attired in the beautiful, graceful dresses of the country: muslin tunics, fastened round their waists by silken sashes, richly embroidered with gold, silver, and precious stones; loose pantaloons, fastened at the ancles by gold circlets, bracelets of precious stones encircling their bronze arms; earrings, of enormous length, falling from their ears; and their turbans, of white muslin or shawls, ornamented with precious stones.

As they ascended the steep and high mountain, to which they had come a pilgrimage, of days to some, of weeks to many, the eclipse began; and by the time the priests, carrying altars, on which to burn incense, had gained

the summit of the mountain, surrounded
thousands, devout, silent, and awe-struck,
resplendent globe was suddenly conceal
while beyond its circle a magnificent pur
lightextended itself over the horizon, and
reflected from all the objects within
reach of its rays, gilding them with colo
richer than the hues of the Tyrian loom.

The rich colouring was diffused over th
thousands of God's creatures there assembled
and they showed, with their bronze-coloure
skins, illumined by the brilliant dye, like so
many breathing statues of burnished gold.
The effect of the concealment of that burning
orb—one of the most magnificent and incom-
prehensible works of their creator, the god of
their adoration—was to fill the breasts of all
with awe, amazement, and terror. Simulta-
neously, they prostrated themselves in si-
lence, and bowed their heads in the dust,

while the priests prayed aloud with fervour; and when the multitude dared again raise their heads, the glorious setting sun appeared in all its splendour, and a shout of joy, of astonishment, and of profound gratitude, rose from the congregated thousands.

In general, those whose lives are exposed to constant and imminent danger on the watery element, are religious. Their constant approach to eternity draws their minds towards the contemplation of death, and reminds them of the frailty and weakness of their earthly tenure. Howard, independently of these circumstances, was of a religious turn of mind; and he prayed, in the Catholic temple, with as much devotion as though the service had been performed according to the rites of his own church.

When the service was concluded (the saint

had been propitious, and his blood had flowed rapidly in the phial), the different processions of monks quitted the church, suffering a portion of the multitude to pass between each brotherhood.

Howard's eyes were fixed on Father Antonio when an exclamation from some one behind him, made him turn round.

"By Jove, there's a pretty girl!"

The exclamation came from one of the midshipmen of the Thunderer, who had come to witness the fête of St. Gennaro; and Howard, turning his head in the direction in which the youth was looking, felt the blood rush to his heart, for he saw Agathine, accompanied by Marguerita, slowly withdrawing from the church, while her eyes followed Howard. Approach was impossible. A long line of monks was descending the centre of the

church: Agathine was divided from him by them; and he struggled through the masses which impeded his progress in vain.

So intent was he on not losing sight of Agathine, that he entirely forgot both the admiral's orders, and the monk's prohibition; and, in his endeavours to make his way across the church, found himself jostling and pushing—whom?—no other than Father Antonio himself; who, instantly imagining the cause of the young man's rashness, seized his arm with a firm grasp, to endeavour to recall him to reason; but he neither looked at him, nor heeded him; he kept his eyes in the direction in which he had seen Agathine, for fear of losing her, and struggling with what detained him, shook the arm off, and rushed out of the church. There the difficulties he met with were more numerous: besides the crowds densely clustered on the steps of the church, through which he

had to force his way, numbers of sediolis ([illegible]), with their little swift trotting horses, w[illegible]ere crossing in every direction.

"Ayé guardate e non dubità, signó," [illegible]id the conductor of one of these sediolis to a l[illegible]tle smart Neapolitan, and her cicisbéo, as t[illegible]ey clambered into his carriage, while he mour[illegible]ed behind, to hold the reins over their heads a[illegible]d guide the horse, with an enormous long wh[illegible]p in his hand, and a gay-coloured broad silk sas[illegible]h fastened round his waist, over a tight nankeen [illegible] dress;—"Non dubità;" and off he went, as swift as the wind, straight across Howard's passage, who gave in his heart the whole population to the devil.

He sought in vain for the fair-haired Agathine, with her tresses bound round her brow, and fixed with bodkins, her little green velvet bodice trimmed with lace, the short party-coloured petticoat and gaily-embroidered apron, and the

stocking, with coloured clock, drawn tight over the neat-made foot and ancle.

In every direction, the crowd was equally thick and impassable; and he jumped into one of the sediolis, recollecting his rendezvous with Norris at Caserta.

Antonio returned with his community in procession to the Camaldoli; and then, hastily withdrawing, retired to his cell. There, where the eye of curiosity could not penetrate, —where he felt himself alone, and unobserved,—he could give vent to his agonising thoughts and feelings. There, for many years, had he expiated—if heart-rending grief, remorse, prayer, and self-inflicted torture, can expiate—his sins, and involuntary crime. The contemplation of Howard's countenance—the living image of his mother—while reposing, had opened afresh his mental wounds, and

brought before his eyes the innocent ca
of all his misery and suffering. He fl
himself on the stone-floor of his cell,
writhed under the tortures of his mind.

"And will this last for ever?—will not
stubborn frame which confines this hell-
burst? Am I then gifted with life eter
Shall I never forget?—never lose sight of
wretchedness of existence. Never—neve
When this condemned soul shall pass fro
earthly tenement, the soul, immortal i
agonies, will continue to suffer.———Do
body participate?—No. When I have in
on it all the torments my strength can
nister, a few hours suffice to bring it
But when does my mind find respite?
do I cease to mourn?—when do I for
it is I—I that have inflicted all the
endure; I that destroyed *her* the mos

of all heaven ever created of purest and of best!——Oh, repose.—Great God! grant but a respite to my agonized soul!"—And the wretched man groaned and wept.

CHAPTER IV.

"En vain de ma douleur affreuse,
Ces murs sont les tristes echos;
En songeant que je fus heureuse,
Je ne fais qu'accroître mes maux.
A travers ces grilles terribles,
Je vois les oiseaux, dans les airs;
Ils chantent leurs amours paisibles,
Et moi je pleure dans les fers."

COMPLAINTE DE MARIE STUART.

How refreshing is it to quit the noise and bustle of Naples, the glaring light of the sea, and the scorching heat, and to wander in the large cool garden and park of Caserta; one of the princely palaces belonging to the kings

of Naples, some distance from the town in a northerly direction. Its large shading trees give freshness to the air, and the silence of the groves disposes to meditation. In the horizon is seen a line of blue mountains; while nearer a magnificent aqueduct forms a beautiful feature in the extensive view.

Howard wandered about for some time before he met with Norris. By degrees, the fever and agitation into which he had been thrown by the sight of Agathine, and his disappointment at losing an opportunity of speaking with her (the only one that had occurred), subsided —the calm around him produced a responsive feeling in him; and when at last he found Norris, plunged in deep thought, reclining in one of the orange-tree groves, he approached him with the most lively interest, for he saw on his friend's countenance perturbation and anxiety.

After a few disjointed phrases, Howard reminded Norris that he was come, according to appointment, to learn from him the cause of his anxiety, adding, "You cannot doubt of the sincerity of my declaration, that if I can in any way relieve your mind from the distress I am confident you are suffering, I shall be too happy to be allowed to do so."

The frankness and warmth of his manner, and countenance, overcame Norris's repugnance to fulfil his promise, and he ended by acknowledging the truth.

"My dear fellow," said Howard, "why did you not address yourself to me sooner; you would have been spared much uneasiness, and I have no doubt money too, for these fellows have increased your difficulties by their exorbitant demands. I will speak to Admiral Harris directly, and concert with him in what manner we may best free you from the harpies.

I would undertake to arrange the business for you without this preliminary measure; but you know he is my guardian, and, until I am put into possession of my fortune, I am obliged to address myself to him when I have any pecuniary affairs to settle."

Norris, although some years the senior of Howard, knew as little of the world in its real colours as the lieutenant; and did not anticipate any obstacles arising to this proposal of Howard's; but thanked him warmly for this proof of friendship, adding, "If once I can get out of the claws of these fellows, I will be too wise to fall into them again."

Shortly after, the two friends set off on their return to Naples. The sun was nearly sunk beneath the horizon, as they quitted Caserta; a grey, uncertain colour succeeded, enveloping every object, and becoming darker and darker, till the fire-flies shot forth their brilliant varie-

gated coloured lights, speckling the air with apparent fire. The fishermen's boats, illuminated with torches, seemed so many fires sailing on the unruffled bosom of the bay; whilst the athletic forms of the fishermen were distinctly drawn upon the dark background, in picturesque groups, as they stooped over their boats, to attract the fish by the light; and others stood erect, their forms dilating in the uncertain light to colossal grandeur, with large spears, to plunge into the fish as they rose to the surface. Boats, already filled, were being dragged up on the shore, near the Santa Lucia, where the tents were already pitched, and the fires prepared by the women; tables laid out, and all ready for the fish-supper.

The smell of the fish frying, the noise and screams of the women, the laughter and jokes of the men, combined with the smoke of the lamps, and little paper lanterns, fixed to the

oths, formed an unpleasant contrast to the re air the two friends had been breathing at serta, and the calm tranquillity they had en enjoying; and they hurried along to ach the Toledo and their homes, for by this ne it was midnight.

The sleep of youth, undisturbed by remorse, sweet and sound, and its rising vigorous and erful; and so rose Howard the following rning: but how variously does the night ss with numbers of those, who once slept e Howard in innocence and peace.

The midnight murderer then walks abroad, d shunning the light of day, lives in that rtion alone of the twenty-four hours; and nceals himself, and rests—such a rest as con-ience and terror will spare him,—while others re fearlessly enjoying the bountiful presence of the sun.

The gamester, in feverish agitation, ventures

his fortune, his honour, his all, at the dead hour of night; and the return of day is the signal of his dishonour or his destruction. The wretched, houseless poor then wander forth to seek that refuse of rejected rags, and stray *no-things*, with which they may yet obtain a mite to carry on existence; that existence, so esteemed, so valued, although so wretched, that it is thought worth while to struggle thus hard to continue it.

It is a problem difficult to solve, that the more materially wretched man is, the more he clings to life; while the rich and splendid, who have every means of enjoying it, so often fling it away without a regret! Not so the man oppressed with grief. The sufferer in heart and mind oftentimes has not the moral courage to endure his trials; but the houseless wretch, deprived of food, of raiment, of fire, diseased, bearing the load of life as a heavy, oppressive

weight, still endeavours to support it, and continue his sufferings. How will the shipwrecked seaman, undergoing privation and misery to the uttermost, supported by the frail tenure of a mast for days together, exposed to the furious element, seeing his companions expiring one by one at his side, still cling to hope, and resort to dreadful means to support nature; in the vague hope of chance deliverance devouring his dead companions, rather than plunge into the watery grave yawning to receive him, and end his sufferings at once!

In the hour of night too, the occupant of the sick bed, more agitated than in the day season, languishes for the return of heavenly light; his fevered blood is more parched, his thoughts more restless; sleep flies from him, and nature is in proportion more active, as she is more likely to put a period to all activity.

See the wretched Antonio extended on his

straw couch! A brother is by his side breathing such words of comfort as his limited knowledge and feeling suggest; but can they reach the soul of his hearer, wrought to so much higher a tone than his? His words drop unperceived on his ear; he heeds him not; but from time to time holds out his fevered hand for the glass of water by his side to wet his parched mouth.

According to the promise Howard had made to Norris, and nothing doubting of success in his negociation with Admiral Harris, he repaired to him the following morning as soon as he thought he would be visible; but to his surprise found Norris with him. The admiral was apparently in a violent passion, for his expressions were hardly intelligible; and he received the lieutenant with a very unpropitious countenance for a request.

The adage says—that the night brings coun-

sel. Norris, after parting with Howard, had reflected on the premature confidence with which he had burthened him; and felt that it was unworthy to shield himself behind his youth and inexperience, rather than encounter his uncle's frowns. He had therefore hastened to him before Howard could arrive, and made a frank avowal of his situation.

We have already seen that Admiral Harris was of an unyielding disposition; and in this instance, which was one that particularly called forth his animadversions, he was more than usually severe. Norris felt relieved by the entrance of Howard, to draw off part of the fire directed at him; but his satisfaction was of short duration.

"And you, sir," said the admiral, addressing Howard, "*you*, who know my sentiments upon the detestable vice of gaming, *you* flatter yourself that your eloquence can persuade me to

connive at encouraging a profligate gam
that *I*, holding the sacred name of gua
will consent to my ward's despoiling him
the sake of one, who has shown so little
to the memory of his parents; and hazar
the little patrimony which was his inher
on a cast of the die? Rather would I s
sir," he said, turning to Norris, "conf
a Neapolitan jail, lingering out your
and health in atonement for your co
than relieve you, though in so doing
employed superfluous wealth."

Norris remarked to him, that by his
decision he forced him to resort to stil
ruinous means for extricating himself fr
embarrassments; and Howard pleaded
friend with courage.

"After all, sir, I only ask of your fri
to oblige *me*. I shall soon be of age to
of my fortune as may please me. It

forestalling that moment by a few months, when I ask you to grant me your assistance to obtain the money necessary for Norris. I owe him much more gratitude for his kindness to me for years, than I can unfortunately ever repay; and I cannot think you will carry your severity so far, my dear guardian, as to refuse me the first favour I have asked of you."

"You have concerted your measures well, young gentlemen," replied the admiral, "but you shall find me as firm in my duty on shore, as I flatter myself you have ever found me at sea. I have much business on my hands at this moment, and I therefore request of you both to withdraw."

The sternness of the admiral's look and manner forbade any further remonstrance on the part of the young men, and they retired together. As they proceeded along the Toledo, they were silent; but a look and a me-

lancholy smile of Norris to his friend, told how sincerely he estimated his kind exertions, although they had failed. Howard felt, for the first time in his life, angry with his guardian. He thought him unkind and unfeeling, and after a few minutes' reflection he broke out abruptly:—

"Nevertheless, I dare say I shall be able to manage something; so don't be cast down, Norris."

They crossed the Piazzo di Palazzo, and pursued their walk through Santa Lucia, Chiutamone, and the Villa Reale. Had they been less intent on their reflections, and more observant of external objects, they might have perceived that three men, wearing a kind of uniform, were dodging them, and endeavouring to get a view of their faces as they walked. When they entered the gates of the Villa Reale, the men did not enter with them, but con-

tinued on the pavement of the Chiaja on the side of the garden, evidently keeping them in view; and when the two friends sat down on one of the benches in the centre of the walk, at the foot of a group representing Laocoon and his sons, the men halted and waited opposite to them.

"I have a great mind," said Howard, "to go and make an effort with Barbaja myself. Wait for me here; I will return and relate with what success:" and the eager youth set off.

Time seemed heavy until his return, and whether he was longer absent than Norris thought requisite, or that his impatience made him count the minutes double, he could no longer remain stationary; but hurried out of the garden in the direction which would lead him to meet Howard returning. It was then that the three men who had been watching him, advanced and arrested him. They conveyed

him to the Castel del Uovo, the prison where debtors and petty malefactors were confined.

When Howard returned to the Villa Real about an hour afterwards, he found that his friend was gone, and hardly regretted that he had not waited his return, since he had nothing agreeable to communicate. Barbaja was willing to take his security for the sums due at the gaming-table, provided it was signed by the admiral as well; and told him very plainly that he was too young to make it safe to enter into any engagement with him alone.

"Well, then," said Howard, "at least advance me the sum I draw quarterly on you through the admiral. Only give me two quarters instead of one: I shall be of age before another becomes due."

This he likewise refused, unless he brought the admiral's signature; and poor Howard quitted the usurer to return to his disconsolate

friend with fresh disappointment. He went to Norris's lodgings in the evening to spend it with him, not feeling disposed to join the admiral; and there found a note which had been sent to him by Norris, acquainting him with the particulars of his arrest. He hastened instantly to the Castel del Uovo to see him; but the drawbridge was already raised, and there was no possibility of making it known to his friend that he had at all events hastened to see him. The hour at which prisoners were locked up for the night was past; and he was obliged to submit to wait till the following morning. His hopes, however, were yet unabated, and he proceeded at once to Admiral Harris.

The admiral was at one of the houses where he was accustomed to while away his evenings with a sober game of whist. Howard repaired thither, determined, if it was possible, to let the

admiral know the consequence of his refusal to assist his nephew. When he approached the table where his guardian was sitting, he perceived they were not playing, but in earnest discourse; and fearing to render him irritable and less disposed to listen to him than in the morning, he retired to a little distance, and waited till the conversation should be at an end.

Here again he was foiled. The admiral and his friend, after a while, rose together, and left the room; and Howard, vexed, and annoyed, was obliged to postpone his communication till the morrow.

As soon as he entered the admiral's room, the following day, he began to prepare him for the communication he had to make, but was confounded by his interrupting him, saying,—

"He is in prison; I know it, and am glad of it. You may tell him from me, that I

might avail myself of his being my captain, and commanding the Thunderer, here in port, to get him released, but I shall do no such thing. Young gentleman, I shall not let you receive such pernicious examples, without your also witnessing their consequences."

Howard was so much shocked by the admiral's severity, that from that hour he never went near him, except when professionally obliged. The admiral regretted the momentary coolness which existed between them; but concluded, that when once the irritation of the moment had passed away, he would render him justice for the motives of his conduct. The ardour of his ward's character, and the danger of such a fatal example as his nephew's, had principally influenced him in the stern course he had pursued. He also hoped to save Harris from future and utter ruin, by his present salutary punishment.

ger of being mistaken than when it is
verse. In the present case, the severity
admiral was most unfortunate: to it
attributed all the sorrows which this
has further to relate.

Howard hastened to his imprisoned
but was delayed some time in his way,
encountered the funeral of some great
which was conducted with all the pon
played on such occasions in Naples; and
obliges all who meet it to stop and rema
covered until the procession passes.

Howard viewed this "traject to the
with some degree of curiosity; it so li
sembled the decent, silent, sorrowing m
in which the dead in northern countri
conducted to their last home.

merous, in order to relieve each other at appointed stations, were all habited in black dominos, with deadly white masks concealing their faces. They bore on their shoulders a species of elevated litter, on which was extended the once great person, habited in a full dress uniform, with all the orders, ribbons and stars, with which he had formerly been decorated. His hair was powdered and curled, and his face fully exposed to the admiring gaze of the populace; some of the women clapping their hands with satisfaction at so beautiful a show.

The procession was led by the priests in rich dresses, walking two by two, and surrounded by innumerable persons, carrying lighted tapers of considerable length. The canopy, under which a priest of higher rank walked, was upheld by means of four golden pillars, inlaid with precious stones; and its covering dis-

followed all the friends of the decease
then all the domestics and dependan
bearing torches.

At last the procession passed on; and
ard, fearing fresh interruptions, hurri
the prison, and obtained admission to
whom he found in a wretched cell, with
or hardly light, and with a heap of s
one corner for his bed.

The poor young man was extreme
jected; and Howard could hardly find
to raise his spirits, for he was as much de
himself. He drew the remaining
stool by the side of the one on which
sat, and, tapping him on the shoulde
deavoured to assume a cheerfulness h
felt.

man; it is better than if you were in the dungeon of an enemy."

"It is little less, I think," said Norris, shaking his head.

"It is very unlucky we are not in England," said the young lieutenant; "this country is warmer in climate than in friendship. To think that we have been here several months, and not to have one friend.——It's true there are little else than monks in this place; and I don't think my experience of them is much in their favour."

"By heaven, Howard," said Norris, starting; "you have opened a new train of thought to me;—there is yet hope;—let me consider how it may be brought about."

Norris was thinking of Marston, or, to speak by his present name, Father Antonio. The execution of his idea presented no slight difficulty. He remembered his oath not to betray

Marston, much less could he put Howard in communication with him. He at last made up his mind to write to him, and to wait the departure of his friend so to do.

"Well," at last said Howard——

"I have not yet matured my thoughts," replied Norris; "I will tell you more to-morrow."

But the morrow did not come for the two friends to meet; since Howard received an order from the admiral to go on board the Thunderer, and remain there during the confinement of the captain. He wrote to his friend his sorrow at this order, but was obliged to submit.

Meanwhile, Norris dispatched a letter to Marston; but its bearer was informed, that the abbot was so seriously ill as to be at times delirious, but that the letter should be delivered to him in one of his lucid moments. So sure is it, that those in trouble have to undergo repeated

disappointments in all the efforts they make to procure relief; and perhaps those aggravations are more painful to bear than the original misfortune.

In the ordinary course of life, one would suppose that the simple fact of requiring an answer to a letter, of communicating with, or of meeting whomever one wishes to see, were circumstances perfectly easy to accomplish. But no; as if taunting spirits waylaid the new formed wish, or thought, innumerable obstacles arise to impede our progress in whatever we undertake. Still no situation is so utterly miserable as not to have its counterbalance of good.

Confined in the same ward with Norris was a young artist, whose conversation formed a glad relief to the dull monotony of imprisoned life. According to his own account, it was not extravagance, but misfortune, which had con-

signed him to a jail; and this, spoken in the spirit of truth, was the fact, although but in part. He was sincere in believing himself the child of adversity, and had certainly but few follies to reproach himself with; yet the real cause of his want of success, unsuspected by himself, and known only by those who knew him best, was indecision. His unfriends, to use a pithy Scotch term, named it idleness; and the remark to a superficial observer might have appeared justified. He would talk of his art with enthusiasm, and occasionally devote whole days to his easel; but when the picture, growing rapidly under his hands, wanted the finishing touches alone, it would either be thrown aside incomplete, or, in a fit of desperation, rubbed out. The excuse to himself, was disgust at his inability, and despair of reaching perfection. His detractors would attribute this ever-promising, and never-

performing, conduct to a rooted disinclination to labour. They would point to the most eminent in his profession, and ask whether sudden fits of toil, alternated with weeks and months of vague and unsatisfactory dreaming, or the unremitted vigils of years, had endowed them with the elaborate finish, or the imaginative designs of the consummate artist. The word dreaming was not without its sting. He was a dreamer, but not in the spirit of a Salvator or a Claude; his dreams were never embodied. He would lounge for hours, basking in the sun, amid groups of lazzaroni, enjoying the wild poetry of their character; and would dilate to others, in glowing terms, on their picturesque forms, and the unstudied graces of their attitudes. Ask him for a view of the treasures he had thus gleaned for his portfolio, and the cloud came over his brow. His mind was full, but his hand had been idle—

sketch was there none to show. The few p
tures he had ever completed evinced his powe
and proved the rank he might attain by co
tinuous exertion. Having effected thus muc
he seemed content to have it said of him th
he could arrive at eminence if he would. Wi
this negative fame he lived on from year
year, talking well and eloquently, plannin
largely, effecting nothing. Even the stimul
of "elegant desires,"—the curse of the whinin
Jaffier—for with such he was unhappily o
ganised—had no power to influence him
act. The end of this modesty, waywardnes
or irresolution, was the natural term of su
spirits—the four walls of a prison. Howeve
he could discourse and dream here as well
elsewhere; he never thought of blaming hi
self, it was his ill fate; and to Norris, at suc
a period, and in such society, his conversati
was a blessing. One evening, he was induc

to speak of himself, and of his natal country, France. "My childhood," he said, "was fed with the romantic traditions of a once-persecuted remnant; and among them is a tale on which I have a melancholy pleasure in dwelling, and the chief scenes in which I hope some day to embody on the canvas. If you deem it worth while to listen this gloomy evening to what you will, I suppose, fancy an idle romance, I will tell you an "ow'r true tale." Norris signified his assent, and the artist thus proceeded:—

THE ARTIST'S TALE.

"Mas-d'Azil, a beautiful country-town, in the province of Foix, is situated in a narrow valley, which is so begirt by eminences on every side, that the river Rise, on which the town is built, actually forces a passage through one of the hills before it seaches this recluded

spot. The magnificent gallery, thus for
by the hand of nature, is known over
neighbouring country by the name of the
vern of Mas. It is nearly a mile in leng
and its height and width are of gigantic
mensions. Of its two outlets, that oppo
the town above-mentioned presents a less
posing appearance, though it is by no me
deficient in sublimity. The frowning ro
which here overhang the dark and rapid
rent, never fail to impress the visiter with
and wonder. On entering the cavern, in
direction, a sombre darkness is found to
vail within a short distance from the ou
and it increases in obscurity for more th
third of its length. The Rise flows on
side of the gallery; and thus the greater
of the soil is dry, for the waters constantl
cline towards the rock, and gradually d
their ancient channel. A stupendous na

pillar supports the vault, whose measureless span appears continually increasing. At length, the cavern makes a sudden bend to the right; and the other outlet is close at hand. From this spot, the view of the cavern is sublime. On the one side, a magnificent opening presents itself to the dazzled eyes of the spectator, while the beams of the sun play brightly on the rapid river; on the other, a long and gloomy gallery, through the obscurity of which a faint glimmering of light from the opposite extremity is barely discernible. The stranger distinctly perceives the Rise as it approaches him, boiling and foaming along from rock to rock; but, on looking behind, he must imagine it, for he cannot discern it, bounding forwards to regain the light of day. Lateral galleries diverge, at various distances, from the main passage; but an impenetrable gloom conceals their extent. There is a cavity even

in the vault itself, extending far beneath th
level of the principal passage; and every r
cess resounds with the hollow murmuring
the river.

"This cavern, however, has other claims
the notice of the stranger besides those f
nished by the hand of nature. Every freem
should be proud of crossing its threshold.
the course of the sanguinary religious warf
which marked the commencement of the re
of Louis XIII., Marshal de Thémines was
structed by Richelieu to subdue the Protesta
of the province of Foix. The Catholic ch
tain overran the country, burning the tow
levelling the castles to the ground, and putt
the inhabitants to the sword. The occup
of the adjacent vallies, flying from every
before the fury of their destroyers, to the n
ber of three thousand persons of every
and sex, took refuge in the cavern of

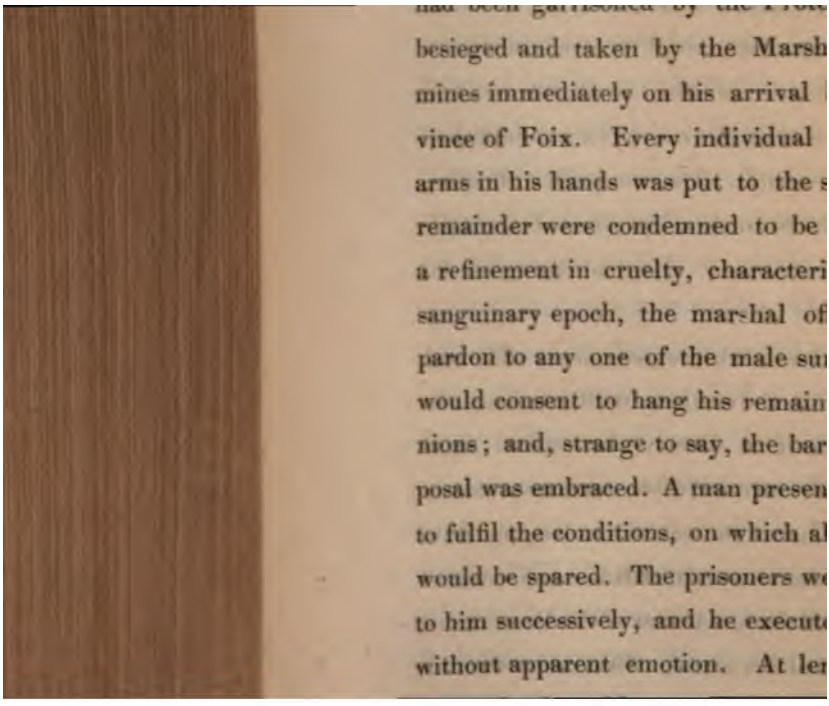
d'Azil, and there sustained a siege from the marshal. The approaches to this stronghold had been fortified in a former reign; and the walls, which had been raised before the two outlets, considerably augmented the natural obscurity of this retreat. But in that struggle against oppression, any place of refuge was deemed a paradise, provided that it was secure,—and it was not the first time that a weaker party had found protection in a similar asylum.

"The 12th of September, 1625, was an anxious day to the besieged. They had learned by their scouts that the marshal was making preparations for an assault; and at an early hour the frowning crags, which commanded the approaches to the cavern, were covered with armed men. Resolute warriors were stationed behind every projection of the rock, and a communication was established between

all these outposts and the main body of the besieged. The cave itself was a scene of constant confusion and disorder. Old men were praying aloud; spirit-stirring preachers harangued the crowd; children were polishing rusty halberds; weeping females were preparing a frugal meal to sustain their husbands in the hour of battle. The young men were making every preparation for the conflict; some were busy barricading the various avenues with large masses of rock; others were casting bullets, or sharpening knives, axes, and reaping-hooks. Numerous torches blazed in all directions throughout the cavern, and threw a fitful glare upon the agitated multitude; while the bats, startled by this intrusion upon their secluded domain, continually hovered over the persecuted Protestants.

"Every thing was now ready, when the words, "The chief, the chief!" echoed through

the cavern. The chief indeed approached. He was apparently forty years of age; his coarse and even repulsive features indicated a strong but little elevated mind; he was evidently a man subject to the wildest impulses of passion. The fixed frown on his brow betrayed the recurrence of some fearful recollection to his mind; a slight expression of remorse might perhaps have been traced, or at least a settled determination of revenge for some fearful injury. His unmoved countenance, however, betrayed none of the workings of his mind. He resembled a man, arrested by the hand of death, when on the point of making some desperate effort. His eye was dull; his lips compressed and livid; his brow knotted; and his bodily make gigantic and muscular. His name was Andrew, the Parricide; and his history was as fearful as his name.


had been garrisoned by the Prot
besieged and taken by the Marsh
mines immediately on his arrival
vince of Foix. Every individual
arms in his hands was put to the
remainder were condemned to be
a refinement in cruelty, characteri
sanguinary epoch, the marshal of
pardon to any one of the male su
would consent to hang his remain
nions; and, strange to say, the bar
posal was embraced. A man presen
to fulfil the conditions, on which a
would be spared. The prisoners w
to him successively, and he execut
without apparent emotion. At le

son,' said the old man, 'complete your task; and let me bless you before I die.' The hapless man knelt down; and received in silence the benedictions of the condemned: and rising, with convulsive energy he accomplished the fearful tragedy. Then only did a thrilling shriek burst from his lips, and betray the writhings of his soul. He had hung his father! *(o.)*

"Andrew was this executioner. He was dismissed from the castle by the Catholics. On finding himself at liberty, he walked night and day with inconceivable rapidity; and in twenty-four hours he was thirty leagues from Bonnac, in the mountain of Rouergue, whither the Duc de Rohan, a leader of the Protestants, had conducted his army. Breathless with his supernatural exertions, he suddenly entered the tent of the duke; and detailing his appalling story to him, demanded to be entrusted

with a command. Rohan knew mankind, a
instantly granted his request. Already
the countenance of the parricide stamped w
that fearful expression which never afterwa
quitted it. As soon as he procured a d
ment, signed by the duke, containing di
tions to St. Blancard, who commanded
insurgents in the province of Foix, he depa
with the same celerity, without pausing for
freshment or repose; and, three days after
capture of Bonnac, he was the leader
powerful body of men who occupied the
nesses of the Pyrenees.

"From this period, the parricide was
most implacable enemy to the Catholic pa
His name was pronounced with fear even
the boldest of his enemies. The Protest
themselves regarded him with a kind of ve
ration, mingled with abhorrence. The mea
est soldier under him would have considere

himself defiled by mere contact with his garments; yet all, from the highest to the lowest, obeyed his mandates with implicit confidence. Since his appointment to the command, no one ever remembered to have heard him speak; and this protracted silence increased the impression he had made upon the imagination of his followers. He usually occupied a small apartment, formed at the extremity of the second cavern, which extends below the principal gallery; and his retreat was almost incapable of access. The remains of the walls still exist; but the darkness of the cave is so profound, and the path so rugged and difficult to be distinguished, that the feeble glare of a torch seems rather to magnify than to smooth the asperities of the way. In this place of concealment were deposited all the warlike stores of the Protestants; and their dreaded chieftain watched amidst them in the gloom,

like the dragon of fable, guarding treasu
deposited in frightful caverns.

"The instant the parricide appeared in t
principal cavern, the whole multitude w
hushed into silence. A minister of the Gos
attended his steps, holding an open bible in
hand.

"The parricide and the priest slowly
vanced to the centre of the crowd. All bow
their heads as they passed. Andrew said
a word, but he made a sign: the torches w
immediately extinguished, and the gleam
arms of the Protestants were shrouded by
gloom of night. Men, women, and child
all bowed their faces to the earth, not exc
ing the chief; and the minister pronounced
following harangue in impressive tones, wh
was only interrupted by the rushing of
stream.

"'Children of Israel, gird your loins

the sword, and let the impure Amalekite fall before your might.' Then suddenly abandoning these scriptural expressions, he continued: 'We have heard that their cuirasses sparkle in the sun, that their horses prance proudly over the plain, that their heavy artillery shakes the soil on which they tread, that their generals have proved their skill in a hundred victories. Here, we boast no cuirasses, save the breasts of our warriors; no cannon, but bullets, and steady hands to direct them against the enemy; no sun, but night, dreary and eternal night; no illustrious chieftains, but the omniscient care of the Almighty! Come on,' he continued, 'come on, my gallant gentlemen! The mountain wolf awaits your approach in his dark retreat: he has talons wherewith to tear you when living; he has fangs wherewith to mangle you when dead.'

"He ceased; and a cannon-shot from with-

out replied like a thunder-clap to the fanatical harangue of the preacher. The bullet passed over the rampart, and striking the top of the cavern, fell without committing injury into the Rise.

"'My children, arise!' exclaimed the minister; 'and the God of battles be your protector!'

"The huguenots rose in silence. There was for a moment a slight clank of arms; but each having occupied the station previously assigned to him, all was hushed.

"The artillery continued to roar. A large portion of the wall was beaten down, and the fragments scattered around. The breach was enlarged in a short space of time, and the approach to the cavern greatly facilitated.

"Cornusson, who had waited for this moment, ordered his regiment to descend the hill. Merville spurred his horse into the Rise, and

sword in hand, led on the Catholic battalions to the assault. During all these evolutions, not a sound escaped from the cavern. The Protestants appeared plunged in an unaccountable apathy. But at the instant that the leading files of the Catholic army advanced to the front of the breach, a solemn chorus, chanted by three thousand tongues, burst forth from the inmost recesses of this mountain stronghold. It was one of the simple hymns of Marot; and the time and place endowed it with uncommon sublimity. The number of voices, all blending together in religious harmony, gave the melody almost an unearthly expression; and the effect was heightened by the rushing of the river, and the subdued echoes of the mountain. The assailants paused at this unexpected reception; even the impetuous Merville for a moment checked his eager war-horse. Not a living soul could be discerned in the recess of the

mountain; in place of the tumult of battle nothing was heard for a brief space but the impressive chorus of the Protestants.

"The moment of hesitation was short. The regiment of Ventadour rushed forward towards the cavern at the order of its leader. The bright flashes of innumerable muskets now streamed forth from the very bowels of the mountain; and a shower of bullets stretched many of the assailants on the ground, and threw the remainder into disorder. Thrice did the Catholics return to the charge; and thrice were they repulsed by their invisible foes. The chorus still continued: the voices only ceased for a moment while the musketry roared, and again resumed the hymn with redoubled energy.

"The Protestants had a great advantage over their enemies in their position. Moreover, all their arms were of good quality, and each wielded those to which he was most accus-

omed. Sturdy peasants, resting their backs gainst the rock, made fearful havoc with their ythes and reaping-hooks: the woodsmen om the neighbouring country, with their es in their hands, hewed down the Catholic ldiers like the trees of the forest: while the rdsmen, with sharp pikes, bore down all position. Others, better armed, maintained e conflict with the battle-axe or the musket; d the young hunters, hardened by contests th the bears of the Pyrenees, closed upon eir assailants, and plunged their gleaming nting-knives in their breasts.

"The royal troops maintained the combat th the animosity which characterises civil d religious warfare. Mortal wounds were ven and received in silence. The blood col- ected in large pools upon the rugged soil; and he dying were without pity trampled under oot, or thrown into the Rise. The bright and

sudden flash of a pistol occasionally glared o
various parts of this scene of murder; but fi
arms were for the most part useless, since
struggle was now hand to hand. Every r
was a fortress to be carried by assault; th
who defended it only resigning their trust w
their lives. To increase the horror, the sk
covered with dense clouds, shed but a fee
and obscure light around; and the entranc
the cavern was already involved in the sha
of darkness. The Greeks would have said
their poetic language, that the sun had reco
in terror from the scene of slaughter. A
lent tempest soon after arose: a furious w
moaned through the cavities of the mount
the rain fell in torrents; and the gloom of
cavern still continued to deepen, yet the
mosity of the combatants abated not.

"During the conflict, the Rise, swollen
the sudden rush of rain, began to overflow

banks. Torrents of water poured into the cave; and the roar of the river was plainly distinguished above the tumult of the battle. Streams, the birth of an hour, were formed in the mountain, and flowed from all parts towards the theatre of the contest. In a short time, the inundation became appalling. The rain increased in violence; and the distant caverns of the Pyrenees echoed with the fury of the tempest. The Catholic soldiers observed with terror that their retreat was cut off by the waves, which had accumulated like mountains in their rear; and the torrents of the hill-side were continually adding to this enormous mass of water.

"This fearful interposition of nature completely checked the ardour of the assailants. Of the two entrances to this subterraneous retreat, that towards Mas presented fewer obstacles to escape. The royal soldiers threw down

their arms and fled; some attempted to rejoin the main body by swimming; others bounded from rock to rock; while such of the Protestants as pursued them slaughtered them without resistance.

"The ruins of the Catholic army rallied under the protection of the division of M. de Carmaing. The fugitives were without arms, banners, or leaders. D'Hauterive, severely wounded, was supported by his soldiers; D'Honons was slain; the marshal himself had lost his sword in crossing the river. One incident alone tended to relieve the general consternation. A small detachment of soldiers was observed conducting a prisoner securely pinioned. A shout of triumph arose, when the army recognised Andrew, the Parricide. Notwithstanding a wound which he had received, and impelled by his inveterate hatred to the Catholics, he ventured too far in pursuit of the fugi-

tives. The water had already reached as high as his waist, yet he still continued to deal devastation around him. He at length stumbled over a stone, and ere he could recover his footing, thirty of his opponents threw themselves on him, and secured him in spite of all his efforts. From that moment his countenance resumed its wonted rigidity.

"'A halter for the parricide!' said the marshal, contemptuously.

"The stern partisan answered not a word. The soldiers slowly prepared to fulfil the sentence. He heeded them not. A rope was suspended from the branch of a fir-tree which grew on a precipice, and the chief of the huguenots was at length no more.

"In a short time the royal army commenced its retreat. The artillery led the van, and the cavalry protected the rear; and both these departments of the service were in good order,

but the infantry was completely disorganised. All retired in silence: and nothing was heard before the entrance to the cavern, save the droppings of the rain, the foaming of the agitated Rise, the distant murmur of the pious chorus of the Protestants, and the dull sound of the parricide's corse as it quivered in the gale."

Three weeks had thus passed, when one evening, a monk entered the prisoner's cell and delivered to him a packet and a letter. It was from Marston, written with a trembling and weak hand.

"I am obliged to you for this proof of confidence which you have given me. Do not seek to thank me, but ascertain the well-being of one who interests me. I confide the address to your honour and secrecy. I trust in the same honour, not to return a second time, or

seek any opportunity direct or indirect to have any further communication with that person. Your silence will be proof to me that all is well. Do not communicate that I have been, and am, very ill.

"In case of my death I shall solicit your guardianship of one who knows no parent; and when that happens, you shall be informed.

"*Let no one know I have assisted you.* Farewell."

The sum enclosed by Marston was much more than sufficient for the payment of Norris's debts, and his first care was to make his unfortunate companion in captivity the sharer of his good fortune. As a stimulus to future exertion, he gave him a commission to execute a series of drawings, illustrative of the persecutions of the Huguenots; and, having first seen him released, "a gladsome man," from the gloomy precincts of the Castel del Uovo,

he proceeded to take the necessary steps for his own deliverance.

Beautiful is the glorious light of day to all; but what must it be to the eye of the captive relieved from his gloomy dungeon. We often learn by privations the value of blessings we enjoyed, without the consciousness of their worth.

Norris, as he quitted the prison-gate, and hastily crossing the drawbridge, which was lowered to let him pass, leapt upon the strand, felt the happiest person upon the earth. All his senses were in a state of ecstacy; and, as he breathed the pure air wafted from the bay, he seemed to inhale a new existence. The odours of the flowers on the shore greeted him with unusual fragrance. The brilliancy of all the objects on which his eye fell, gilt with the rays of the bright sun, dazzled him. The very sounds which reached his ear were musical

and animating. He felt so light, and joyous, that "he seemed a dauncing as he walked."

He turned his steps in the direction of the Mole, to go on board the Thunderer, and acquaint Howard with his deliverance, an event which he knew would fill his warm heart with joy; and then intended proceeding to execute Marston's request.

The first of his projects was, however, impossible at the moment, since the admiral had that morning gone on board, with some of his friends, to make a short excursion in the bay. Norris concluded that they would probably return before sun-set, and proceeded on his embassy. He easily discovered Agathine's dwelling from the description given him by Marston, and approached the little cottage.

An old woman, Marguerita, was standing at the door, with her distaff in her hand, spinning with great rapidity. Her appearance, although

aged, was picturesque. She had on the s
sort of party-coloured striped petticoat w
by the young women, plaited full and sh
a red brown bodice, made tight to the sha
white loose sleeves, falling to her wrists; a
on her head a kind of white veil, fastened
a square flat pasteboard, covered with wh
muslin, which was placed rather forward up
her forehead, and consequently was rais
towards the back of the head, whence fell t
veil; and, completing her dress, a large go
cross was suspended to a black ribbon upo
her breast. Within the inner room, was th
pretty Agathine, playing on the guitar.

Marguerita, when she saw Norris approac
the door, looked alarmed, and cast a rapi
glance into the room to see if Agathine ha
observed him; but she was sitting, with he
eyes turned to the lattice, at the other end
the room. She then turned on Norris a ve-

scrutinizing look, while she gave a sharp twitch to her spindle, and threaded out a long line of flax, with a nimbleness that a younger and less-experienced spinner would have in vain imitated. The attitude of the old woman did not announce an intention of leaving the passage free to Norris; and he was obliged to acquaint her that he came by order of the Padre Antonio.

Marguerita's orders had been so strict from the padre, not to let any officer approach Agathine, that she did not believe him; and his errand might have proved in vain, had not Agathine heard the discussion, and advanced to the door. Her young heart throbbed at the sight of the English uniform. She hoped it was Enrico; although the padre had threatened to confine her in a convent, and compel her to take the veil, if she held communication with him more. The clear blue eyes of the young

girl, the rosy hue of her complexion, the placidity of her countenance, all told that health and peace waited on innocence.

"What shall I say to the padre, bella signorina?" said Norris, looking over Marguerita's head; acknowledging to himself, at the same time, that Howard had very good taste. He might perhaps have been tempted to prove that he also had some right to such commendation, but for the knowledge he had of all the facts connected with the fair girl's history.

"Tell him," said Agathine, with a sweetly-modulated voice, and showing a row of pearly teeth as she smiled in speaking; "tell him that I have no sins to confess, although he has been a long while without coming to enquire." Then her smile suddenly faded away, and she looked earnestly in Norris's face, as she blushingly and falteringly pronounced the name of Enrico, in a questioning tone. Norris was

sadly perplexed, between duty and inclination, in the answer he made her; but duty prevailed, as he replied,—

"He is gone, fair maiden."

Agathine dropped her guitar on the floor, and covered her face with her two little hands; and Marguerita, with a more menacing twirl of her spindle than the first, shook her head at Norris, and told him *andare via;* and then, entering the cottage, closed the door.

Norris returned slowly to the Mole. His eyes sought the Thunderer, but his thoughts lingered with Agathine. After a short time, however, he gave a sort of shrug of his shoulders,—as much as to say "Nonsense,"—and then set earnestly about examining the bay for his vessel.

She had meanwhile entered the port; and as, with his hand raised over his eyes, to screen them from the glaring light of the sun, he was

looking in the direction of Castelamare, the admiral and his party landed on the pier; and the former, to his great surprise, perceived his nephew standing quietly among the idlers on the shore, while he thought him safely lodged in the Castel del Uovo. Norris turned unconsciously in the direction of the admiral, and the blood flew to his face on perceiving him.

Howard had remained on board; so that there was no one to break the awkwardness of the rencontre. Norris, however, approached the admiral, who, recovering from his astonishment, said,—

"Since you are a free man, sir, you will be pleased to relieve Mr. Howard in his duty on board, and consider the Thunderer as your home until we leave Naples. I forbid your coming on shore;"—and he moved on with his friends.

Norris was just then what the French call "dans ses petits souliers;" so he submissively entered the barge which had brought the admiral on shore, and was soon on deck. Howard's joy at seeing him may be imagined. Norris told him that he had been assisted by a friend, who had made him promise secrecy, and Howard enquired no more; that his companion was liberated was sufficient for him. He determined on remaining on board with him to share his second captivity, for so it might be termed, except when obliged to go on shore and attend the admiral.

CHAPTER V.

"Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light,
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

"The cloud pass'd soon,
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven shines again with her vestal flame;
But none shall see the day,
When the cloud shall pass away
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

It was a beautiful day, towards the close of March, when a fête took place, which, it had

been announced for some time, would be given by the king to all the inhabitants of Naples, at Carditella, one of the royal residences; calculated, by its vicinity to the town, and beautiful grounds, to give additional zest to the fête, by attracting all the peasantry of the numberless villages around; since the inhabitants of each village present something characteristic in their costume and manners.

On this happy day, the sun shone on thousands of these villagers, attired in their smartest and most costly holiday dresses. The women, with their hair plaited and powdered, turned up and fixed by means of numerous long bodkins, ornamented with stones or gold; their large, loose, white sleeves drawn up, and fastened at the shoulders, with long streaming ribbons of various colours; bodices of velvet, mostly green, made tight to the shape; full-coloured striped petticoats, and aprons of a va-

riety of designs and colours; long ear-rings, hanging down to their necks, and chains of gold or silver round their throats; the matrons with veils and head-dresses resembling those of Marguerita, already described; and thus gaily attired, they moved on in groups to reach Carditella, some on foot, some in carts, some in sediolis, and all intent upon pleasure.

The king and the royal family mingled condescendingly with these light-hearted people; and the nobility were also invited, as well as those strangers who happened to be at Naples.

Admiral Harris summoned Howard to attend him, who did not regret this opportunity of varying a little the monotony of his present existence, although he was obliged to embrace it in the society of his severe guardian. The admiral rather encouraged, without seeming so to do, Howard's remaining on board, since he felt anxious to secure him out of harm's way

till he should be relieved of the responsibility of his guardianship, which began to weigh heavily upon him. Upon this occasion, however, he drew him from his seclusion, the officers of the Thunderer having been invited; and not having any precise quarrel with Howard, he did not choose to pass him by, and allow the junior officers to attend the fête without him.

As they entered the grounds, the people were all rushing to take their places, and witness the horse-races, which were to form the commencement of the fête. A large tract of ground had been selected for this purpose, unencumbered by trees, and enclosed. Booths and tents were placed around the enclosure to guard the spectators from the sun, with the royal tent pitched a little apart. Soon all the tents were filled by crowds, looking with eager countenances towards the entrance of the bar-

Calabrian mountains were brought i
and bridled, with spurs fastened to
rups, but no riders on them. At the
of the enclosure was a raised plat
which stood the umpires and judges.

When all was prepared, the men
led in their horses (not without som
for they were unbroken, and of an u
able spirit, the Calabrian horses ha
being brought to submit to man as t
ter), only giving them a sharp lash w
whips, and letting go their bridles, a
them to their fate. Away rushed th
at their full speed, instinctively vye
each other to be the foremost in the r
stirrups to which the spurs were

and rolling over on their backs, to endeavour to deliver themselves from the torment; others rearing and plunging, their mouths foaming with rage, and the blood starting out through heat; and the rest continuing headlong in their course, till the elevated barrier at the end forced them to stop. Meanwhile, the spectators urged them on, with deafening acclamations. The owners of the winners in the race then advanced, and received from the umpires the prizes adjudged to them.

Bands of music were stationed in various parts of the grounds for the dancers, who formed themselves in groups of twelve to dance the tarantella; snapping their fingers, and extending a pocket-handkerchief, twisted into a rope, opposite their partners, who held the same species of barrier in their hands, while their bodies waved gracefully, following the motion of their arms, and the feet executed

numbers of steps, less remarkable for their agility than elevation; the tamburine *obligé* guiding the measure, its monotonous sound animating the dancers even more than the guitar or any other music.

From the grounds, which, with the palace of Carditella, were situated half way up the side of that chain of blue mountains forming the boundary of the horizon, when viewed from Naples, and considerably elevated above the surface of the sea, could be seen all the surrounding country for many miles; and an object, of no small curiosity and interest, attracted the eyes of the admiral, and his companion, as they strolled about amongst the groups of dancers.

Vesuvius was vomiting forth immense stones from the mouth of the crater, accompanied by flames of fire, rising erect in the air; lava, flowing in burning liquid fire, and descending,

at a slow and measured pace, formed the appearance of a broad river of flame descending majestically to the sea. The remainder of the vast surface of that large mountain was perfectly white; a fall of snow having taken place in the night, which remained undissolved, notwithstanding the large fissures which crossed it in every direction, through which flames can always be perceived, by those ascending the mountain, to rise nearly to the surface. Many of the Neapolitans were examining the same phenomenon, and conversing on it.

"I remember," said a very old man to the admiral, "when the last great eruption took place, in the year 1737, similar appearances were remarked. The season of the year was the same, and so, if I recollect right, was the very day of the year: although I am now old, and the event happened when I was quite a boy, it made such an impression on me, that

all the circumstances connected with it are fresh in my memory as if they had occurr but yesterday. Heaven grant that we m not witness scenes like those which then too place. Many thousands lost their lives!"

"True," said another, "but it might well then be expected; it was the day succeeding the fête of St. Jean; and you may remember, Andrea, that no disgrazia had taken place to prevent such a catastrophe." *(p.)*

"How so, my friend," said Admiral Harris; "how should a misfortune have prevented the one which your friend has been just recounting."

"Signor, it is, alas! a certainty," replied the old man, "which time immemorial has proved to us; that if some one does not perish by accident, and unexpectedly, on the fête of St. Jean, great calamities menace the town *(q)*. Three days have now elapsed since the fête,

and non è ancora arrivato neciuno guajo! *(r.)* It is the same with St. Januarius; our safety and welfare depend on the blood of that saint, which is preserved in a phial, flowing on his fête day: it has been known on some occasions to remain perfectly inactive, notwithstanding the supplications of the faithful, and his wrath has never failed to be felt soon after."

"Then, friend," said Howard, "you are quite safe for the present, for his blood was not idle a few weeks ago."

"We have no right to count on his protection, nevertheless," replied the old man, "if the inhabitants of Torro del Greco should omit to plant crosses and images of the Virgin before the lava, as it descends from the crater, to stop its progress; for il Vesuvio is under her special patronage."

The fête continued gay and animated till

sun-set. Groups assembled on the grass to partake of the refreshments distributed among them. Song and mirth presided at these circles; and it was late ere the last straggler quitted the grounds.

Admiral Harris and Howard reached Naples about midnight: it was too late to think of returning to the Thunderer, and Howard remained on shore.

The air was perfectly calm and still; not a leaf stirred on the trees; the heavens were spangled with innumerable, bright, shining stars. The moon was in her last quarter, and had not yet risen. There was a stillness in the air which was oppressive to the sense. Howard, instead of retiring to rest, threw open the window of his room, and from the balcony contemplated that same Vesuvius, which had already attracted so much of his attention in the morning.

The line of fire descending the mountain was large and of a crimson colour; and stones and flames were projected into the air in quick succession, whilst loud reports in the bowels of the mountain, resembling discharges of artillery, preceded each shower of stones. The mountain laboured in its efforts, and vomited forth huge fragments of rock *(s)*. Through the stillness that prevailed between each fitful struggle of the mountain, arose at times the screaming of birds, alarmed, and hurrying from their retreats. Their shrieks had something unusual and portentous; and with these was combined the moaning of the cattle and horses scattered in different parts of the town. The last, especially, burst from their stables, foaming and kicking with terror, and were heard bounding along in different directions. The dogs howled fearfully and loudly; so that these various

noises in different parts of the town added horror to the awful scene.

Howard thought of that beautiful ode of Dr. Drake's, "The Storm," which he had often read and admired, from its true description of the infuriated elements, such as he had already often seen them(t).

The sea now began to feel the throes with which the mighty mountain was convulsed; the waves were dashed violently against the shore. The silence which had reigned at the beginning of the night had gradually given place to a clamour, which augmented in force till every sense was confounded. The roaring noise of the flames issuing from the mountain could be distinctly heard. The boiling lava bubbled as it rushed out of the crater, and descended like a broad river at the rate of a foot in three minutes. At the same moment,

Howard felt as though he had been swung by some invisible force from one side of the balcony to the other. He staggered, astonished, but ere he could recover his equilibrium, a second shock threw him down. The ceiling and plaster of the room began falling about him, and he rushed to the door of his apartment and reached the stairs, which he found already filled with the inhabitants of the house, covered with the first things they could put their hands upon, having risen from their beds in terror at feeling the shock of the earthquake, and descending with as much rapidity as their alarm enabled them to do. In a few minutes, the whole population of Naples was in the streets, flying in every direction. The confusion was beyond all description, and no class of persons was exempt from their share in the terror of the moment. Mothers were seen carrying their children in their arms, them-

selves and their burden ungarmented, covered with the blanket torn from the bed in haste; and the shrieks of the terrified, the calls of the parents after their offspring, the prayers loudly ejaculated by the pious, and the groans and screams of the feeble, who, unable to fly, and struck by the falling stones and rubbish, dropped down helplessly in the streets, contributed to form a scene of unmitigated horror. They fled, without reflecting whither; although every where the danger was equally appalling.

Howard moved on with the crowd, resembling, at that dark hour of night, by their movement and dark masses, the sea so near them; except that the movement of the latter was more violent, more overwhelmning, more stunning. To force a passage through the compact mass which surrrounded him was impossible, and he was born along beyond the

gates of the town in the direction of Portici. By degrees, the numbers became less, the noise gradually diminished, and he was enabled to collect his thoughts, and ascertain where he was. Vesuvius was right before him, vomiting flames and lava, and the spectacle was awful and imposing in the extreme. The mountain seemed to have gained the mastery over the impediments which had presented themselves to disgorging the fiery matter within. Its contents now flowed silently, majestically, and in enormous quantities. The nearer Howard approached, the more magnificent was its appearance. He had passed Portici, and could now witness the awful scene of destruction, almost as illimitable in extent, as in grandeur. At the same time, the wailing sounds of fear and agony from the poor victims of this dreadful explosion of nature reached his ear, growing stronger and stronger; whilst min-

gling with them he could distinguish the chan
of the priests, who were going in procession
beseech the interference of the various saints

All the inhabitants of Portici and Torre d
Greco were on the shore; some kneeling, a
supplicating the divine mercy; others load i
in haste the carts and mules, which th
could assemble in the hurry, to carry aw
their humble property. The more devout a
zealous, with images of the Virgin fastened
sticks, were ascending towards the advanci
lava; planting their images before it, to arr
its progress, and save their vines. And wh
the burning flames arrived majestically, s
the vines hissed and crackled, the growth
years consuming in an instant, they descend
a few feet, and again attempted the same me
of arresting its progress. It came, sweepi
everything before it, a river of liquid fire,
quarter of a mile wide; crimson, as it boi

out of the crater, becoming purple as it extended itself, black, farther on, and in those places in which a slight portion of it was stayed, it settled by degrees into a grey, solid matter. The heat preceded it in its course, parching and preparing all it approached for instant destruction. It had extended within a quarter of a mile of Torre del Greco, and the houses on the outskirts of the town were beginning to fall before it. The aged and infirm, unable to follow the flying multitude, perished as the destructive element advanced.

Howard's mind was struck with horror at a scene so unusually terrific; and he rushed forward to assist the unhappy inhabitants in saving their property, and placing the women and children in the carts. While thus employed, a piercing cry of distress was uttered from one of the little cottages, so fraught with anguish, so appalling, that he quitted the cart in which

he was assisting to place a whole family, and with the activity of a sailor climbed up to a window where a young female was standing, imploring assistance to extricate her from the cottage, which had already caught fire. The entrance was on the opposite side of the house. The door was no longer passable; and there were no other means of rescue than by getting her out of the window. Howard rushed into the room with the rapidity of lightning, tore down the moschitto curtains of gauze suspended over a bed, fastened them to the window-bar at one end, and passing the other round the waist of the youthful being, lifted her out of the window, and let her gently down on the ground. He looked rapidly round the room, to see if there were other persons to save. A woman was lying motionless on the floor. He spoke to her; she did not answer. He attempted to move her in vain. Terror had outstripped the

hand of time; she was dead. He leaped out of the window, helping himself by the suspended curtain, and jumping upon the ground, raised the fainting form of her he had saved.

No time was to be lost, for the flames were advancing rapidly. He carried her as fast as her inanimate weight would allow, nor halted, till he felt a diminution of the scorching heat; then laying her gently down, he threw himself by her side, panting and breathless, at the foot of a wide-spreading olive-tree.

A faint dawn of light was spreading itself over the horizon; by degrees, it acquired sufficient power to render all objects perceptible, and Howard, turning towards his companion, gazed with joy and wonder on the beautiful features of Agathine, which were now recovering their colour and animation!

But where was Marston on this eventful night? When the shock of the earthquake took

place, the Thunderer had been violently forced from her moorings, and Captain Norris was obliged to ride out the gale in the bay, The[illegible]ce, the view of Torre del Greco and the eruption, was magnificent and terrible in the highest degree. Suddenly, the recollection of A[illegible]ga-thine, who resided there, came over him, and with it the anxiety which Marston must e[illegible]pe-rience on her account; and notwithstanding the strict orders of Admiral Harris, he got into a boat, and rowed as near as he could to the town, without endangering the boat from the lava, which had by this time reached the sea.

He landed, and endeavoured to find his way to the spot where the cottage stood; but amid the burning remains of Torre del Greco, nothing was discernible, except ruins and desolation. No vestige of a house remained; all was one mass of fire. The poor, forlorn inhabitants were crowded on the beach, at a little

stance, viewing in despair and stupor, the struction of all their worldly possessions.

Norris advanced towards this unhappy crowd, the hopes of discovering those he was seek- g. The orange light of the flames rendered is examination possible; but the counte- nces he viewed were distraught with horror d grief; and no where could he discover the r, calm, youthful countenance which he had much admired a short time ago; and he t the painful conviction that she had pe- hed in the flames. He addressed several of poor sufferers to obtain information, but y stared at him, and made no reply: at t, an old man, who had seated himself on a gment of rock, and appeared more indif- ent than the rest, either because he had lost thing, or that age had rendered him callous calamity by constant trial and suffering, swered him with the same want of feeling

with which he might have announced the death of a sparrow,—that Marguerita was dead!

"But the young girl who was with her?"—

"Probably dead too, since the cottage was burned!"

Norris, shocked and grieved as much for Marston as for his fair daughter, regained his boat and his ship with an aching heart. He wrote to Marston the details of that terrible night, with his fruitless researches; and sent a sailor on shore to carry it to the Camaldoli. The man could not speak Italian, and, when he returned, told Norris that the monks had refused by signs for some time to let him see the abbot; but finding that he would not deliver to them the letter or withdraw, but stood with a dogged and determined countenance within the gates, they at last, shrugging their shoulders, conducted him to the abbot's cell. There he understood the objections of

the monks. The Padre Antonio was to all appearance dying: pale, wan, emaciated, he hardly raised his eyes to the monk who entered his cell; but when he had communicated something to him in a low voice, he languidly raised his hand towards the sailor, and received the letter, but laid it down without reading it; and, motioning faintly with his hand to the messenger, the monk made him a sign to retire. He waited, however, for some time outside the gates, to which they had instantly conducted him, to ascertain whether they would recall him, or give him any letter in return; and finding that they took no further notice of him, he of course returned.

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh! tell me not of comfort, I
Am broken-hearted, and would die;
No hope is mine remaining, save
Death and the stillness of the grave:
Earth holds no joy in store for me;
Like blasted flower, or leafless tree,
Soul-struck, and desolate, I roam,
Not finding rest, yet shunning home."

"I will arise, and will go to my father, and will say unto him, Father! I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!"

THE long-expected Sunderland at length arrived; her cannon roaring over the bay roused Howard from his siesta, as he lay in the cool

orange groves, near Portici, which surrounded the pretty villa he had inhabited for the last two months.

"There she is indeed! The admiral's calculations have been correct. Don't be so cast down, Agathine; depend upon it, I shall be away but a few weeks; the moment our ship is paid off, I shall ask for leave, and return again." And he meant what he said; but how many things we mean when said, which are never carried beyond the saying.

Dr. Johnson, in his caustic, energetic style, said that "Hell was paved with good intentions."

"Come, cheer up, sweet Agathine; we will find some good kind soul, like your lamented Marguerita, and you shall stay with her till my return."

"Alas!" he replied, as she urged her prayer of going with him, "you little know how im-

possible it is for a lieutenant of a man-of-w
to take any body with him: there are rules
which we are all obliged to submit; and, we
it otherwise, you forget that we have nev
dared own to Father Antonio that we ha
met; how is it likely then that he would c
sent to your departure with me? I have lik
wise not been as candid as I ought to h
been with my admiral; you entreated me
earnestly to conceal you from him, and ev
one! How could I abruptly reveal
truth, and ask him to give you a passa
with me? Take courage, my little Agathin
a month is soon passed, and I will then retu
and fetch you."

The poor child would not be comforted; a
secret warning seemed to foretell that she
should never see him more!

Be merciful in your judgments on Howard,
ye virtuous, ye unimpassioned, ye who have

passed the youthful age at which he was, when he acted so as to merit your censure. He is not presented to you as perfect. He is frail, as human nature has made us all. He is young; ——he loved; and chance, tempting, trying, cruel chance must be accused more than he. His fault was unpremeditated; his intentions for the future pure: have mercy! * *

* * * * * *

It was three months since Marston had relieved Norris from prison; a long, consuming fever had nearly brought him to the close of his earthly trials and woes. The letter which he had received from Norris, with the fatal account of the eruption and supposed death of Agathine, had produced mental alienation, to which he had occasionally been subject from the period of the commencement of his troubles.

When that dreadful accident occurred which

had deprived Mrs. Howard of her life, in her endeavour to preserve his, he had fallen senseless by her side. His old servant, Joseph, who usually followed him in his rambles, but whose age prevented his walking with the same rapidity as his master, came up to the stone-pit on the moor, already described, not many minutes after the fatal accident had taken place, and there the dreadful spectacle met his eyes. At first he thought that it was Marston who had destroyed himself by the pistol, whose explosion he had heard; but when he raised him, and perceived that he was covered with blood, and that it was his victim's blood, not his own, he naturally conjectured that Marston, in a moment of phrenzy, had murdered her; and his horror knew no bounds.

Suddenly, Marston recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen; and springing up, while his eyes rolled, and his terrific con-te-

nance told that the mind was no longer sane, he darted forward across the moor, and ran with such rapidity that he was soon out of sight of the old man, who continued however pursuing him, in the direction which he had seen him take.

The wretched maniac continued his course, till impeded in his progress by the river, a branch of which ran through the park of Netherwood. He rushed into it, and sank. A barge was proceeding slowly along the river at that very crisis; and the bargeman saw the unhappy Marston fall headlong into the river. He instantly plunged in after him, and with some trouble brought him on shore, before animation was totally suspended.

By this time Joseph had arrived at the same spot, and he found his wretched master in the hands of the bargeman. The faithful servant

implored the latter not to abandon him, stating that his master was insane, and that he was perplexed how, or where, to conduct him.

"I will take him in my barge, if you like," said the good-natured bargeman; "I am going on to Liverpool; and, provided he does no mischief, perhaps a little time spent on the water may be of service to him."

Joseph, for want of better means, willingly accepted this proposal, calculating that he should thus at least keep him out of the hands of justice, and save him from the dreadful punishment which, he was convinced, he had entailed upon himself. He helped the bargeman to get him on board. Marston was in a state bordering on insensibility, and made no resistance; and the faithful Joseph, leaving him in the charge of the boatman, and promising to return within two

hours, hurried back to Marston Abbey to fetch Eleanor, and bring away whatever valuables he could in so short a time collect.

As he was about to close the last door of the abbey, and quit it never to return, the old man's strength and courage almost forsook him; the thickly thronging recollections of the past, together with the events of the day, were too much for his aged frame; but little Eleanor cried, as she asked him where was her nurse; why she had been left entirely alone, and without food all day; and Joseph, summoning all his fortitude to his aid, returned to add refreshments to the things he had collected, and placing them, and little Eleanor along with them, in one of the carts employed by the labourers on the grounds, proceeded to the spot where he had left the barge. He found the man had been true to his word: he

received the poor little wanderer and her protector on board, and proceeded on his course.

During the time spent in the barge, Joseph learnt that it was charged with merchandize, which was to be conveyed by canal to Liverpool, to be there consigned to a Neapolitan trader; and he resolved to endeavour to get Marsum and his daughter received as passengers, and to take his chance wherever they might go. His efforts were successful; and in a few days the vessel was under weigh, bound for Naples.

The owner of the Bella Marguerita was a good sort of man; he was in the habit of trading twice a year with England, and had acquired a tolerable notion of the English language. Joseph was, therefore, able to communicate with him; and, in the course of the voyage, a degree of intimacy and confidence was established between them.

He consulted the trader what he should do with his master, whose mind he stated to be deranged in consequence of misfortunes; and what would be the most advisable plan to pursue with his helpless little girl. The former suggested placing them both with his wife Marguerita, who lived not far from Puzzoli, who would be a tender mother to Eleanor, and would watch over Marston. The plan pleased Joseph, and a bargain was made; the faithful servant having secured the means of satisfying every pecuniary demand.

As they entered the bay of Naples, he began to breathe more freely; and he felt that he had at least secured a home free from danger.

Marguerita was the same with whom we have been acquainted. She was an active and intelligent woman, and readily consented to the arrangement which her husband had made.

Three years Marston remained in his state

of mental derangement. The abbot of [illegible]he Camaldoli,—the only one of the commu[illegible]nity allowed to speak, for they were of the or[illegible]der of La Trappe,—visited him constantly, at [illegible]he request of Marguerita, and by degrees lu[illegible]cid intervals returned to the poor sufferer; th[illegible]se intervals became more frequent, and at last [illegible]he seemed to have regained his intellects.

The abbot became the confidant of his [illegible]his story: his conversation, language, and educat[illegible]ion were superior to those of the monks who [illegible]had been admitted to the monastery, and wh[illegible]o his histories and characters had been studied him, previously to receiving them into [illegible]the fraternity; and by degrees the abbot attach[illegible]ed himself much to him.

But a short time elapsed before he was [illegible]ceived as a brother. In order to become he was obliged to renounce his only remain[illegible]ing worldly tie—his daughter: the statutes

the order of La Trappe requiring a total renunciation of all relations, even of one's offspring. To maintain any communication with the world when once become a Trappist, is an unpardonable offence, for which the transgressor is expelled the community, and rejected by the church with ignominy.

Previously to entering the Camaldoli, Marston made arrangements for Eleanor's remaining with Marguerita and her husband, under the special protection of the faithful Joseph: and three years then passed without his seeing, or even enquiring about, his child, whom he had thus abandoned.

In that space of time both the trader and Joseph died; and shortly after the abbot also paid the debt of nature. When dying, he recommended Marston (who had assumed the name of Antonio) as his successor. His recommendation was attended to, and the Padre Antonio

became abbot of the Camaldoli. He had then the power of leaving the convent when he chose; and he would go of an evening, and pass and repass the cottage where Marguerita lived, only to get a sight of Eleanor.

Soon after his promotion, Marguerita's son fell ill, and the abbot attending him, saw his daughter constantly. He was true to his engagement not to claim her as his daughter; but he constituted himself her confessor, and thus watched over her.

The three years which had passed without her seeing her father, at the tender age at which she was, and more than this, the change which mental suffering had wrought in him prevented all recognition on her part. During that time also, never hearing anything but Italian spoken, she had forgotten her native language, a circumstance which he did not regret. The name Marguerita had given

her was become habitual to her, and she believed herself to be Agathine, a Neapolitan. Marguerita told her that her parents were dead, and her enquiries about her infantile recollections having been uniformly checked, the past was to her as a dream.

It was from a severe attack of mental derangement, produced by the supposed death of Agathine, that Marston arose after three months of unconscious suffering. Slowly his reason returned, and with it the remembrance of his miseries. He felt an earnest desire to visit the spot where once his daughter had existed, to trace something of her, if it were only her tomb, and to weep over it.

Slowly he descended the Camaldoli mountain, and entering one of the sediolis, desired to be conducted to Torre del Greco.

Three months had passed since its destruction. This was time sufficient to obliterate the

event from the memory of the indifferent — at least, to render it in their minds familiar as an oft-told tale; so that the conductor of the sedioli made no remark on the order which he received, but simply touched his little pony with his long whip, and drove off at a round trot. As he approached the terrible scene of destruction, Marston cast an eager look on all the peasants he met; but none bore the semblance of Agathine. Still he sought her.

There are moments, when, although we have acquired the certainty of the death of a beloved one, we still "hope against hope," and feel as if they were yet of this world; as if it were impossible that they could be separated from us for ever. The nearer Marston came to the scene of havoc, the less he felt that it was possible his child had escaped from it; and he quitted the sedioli, desiring the conductor to wait for him, and feeble as he was, attempted to clamber

over the heaps of cold, grey lava, which was lying in large, misshapen masses. No trace of a habitation could be discovered; Torre del Greco was a confused extent of ruins. In vain did he attempt to climb over them; the task was beyond his power. As the masses of stone from the walls of the ruined houses had slightly impeded the progress of the boiling lava, it had risen above these obstructions, and slowly congealed upon them, so that sometimes the hard lava thus formed was elevated to a great height; in other places, where it had flowed on soft ground, it had sunk with it, forming pits; and thus to pass over the spot on which the town once stood was impossible. Proof, however, there was, sadly sufficient, convincing proof, that no dwelling had escaped the conflagration. He paused in silent grief and horror, on one of these mounds of lava, to which he had succeeded in climbing; and

as his eyes wandered over the desolate scene, he resembled a statue placed there to commemorate the sorrows of those afflicted by this visitation of the destroying angel. His grey dress was in harmony with the colour of the stone on which he stood; his coat was thrown back, his head bending towards the ruin he contemplated, his hands half raised, as though the feeling rather than the thought was, that prayer and supplication were too late; the awful fiat had gone forth!

He descended from the rock, and casting a hopeless look around him, slowly and languidly reached the sedioli, and drove towards Portici; but the agony of feeling which he experienced at witnessing the dreadful devastation, which had swept over such an extensive surface as was visible, changed to one of quite another nature, as he pursued his road to Portici, and passed Pompeii, that still town,

so populous, so flourishing, so civilized, become at an earlier period, in as few seconds as Torre del Greco, a monument of destruction. His thoughts turned from his own grief, which habitually seemed to him overwhelmning; and he shrank to nothingness in his imagination. He suddenly appeared to himself as if he were a cypher in the great scale of the creation, and his feelings, his griefs, his affections, his sufferings, were lost in recollections of the mighty past. Then again, as he passed out of sight of these terrible proofs of the power of the Omnipotent, his former sensations by degrees returned, by degrees man resumed his individuality.

The road from Pompeii to Portici is of easy descent; and is cut between two rocks, which in proportion as the traveller advances, rise higher above the road. The gate of the entrance to Portici by the road of the tombs is of

very ancient construction; and it is supposed to be the same which existed at the time of the destruction of Herculaneum. The square parapet which crowned the archway has mouldered away with time; but the circle is perfect, and of great height; still it is below the rocks on either side of the road. As Marston entered this gate, he unconsciously raised his eyes to the rock on the left of the gate; and then it was that he experienced a sensation of such exquisite joy, that, short as it was in duration, compensated for all the months of sorrow, which he had latterly endured. He hastily quitted the sedioli, flinging a piece of money to the conductor, and telling him that he needed him no more; and ascended by steps cut in the rock to the spot where was seated his lost Agathine—his child—gazing earnestly towards the sea. A parent alone can judge of the ecstacy of that moment; a parent alone

can tell what the feelings were which he experienced—they are indescribable!

He paused a few moments ere he approached her, to calm his agitation, to assume an air of indifference. But though he looked around him to divert by outward objects the intensity of his emotions, he saw nothing but her, his Agathine; he saw not his conductor, who, with curious, inquisitive look, had remained motionless in the place where he had left him, watching him and his interview with her.

At last Marston conquered his emotion; and drawing gently near the fair girl, seated himself on the rock beside her, and addressed her. She started at the sound of his voice, and turned towards him a flushed and startled countenance, on which the trace of tears was visible.

"Wherefore this tear in thine eye, my daughter? Wherefore this sunken cheek and

downcast look? Is it regret at again seeing thy spiritual confessor, who has been withheld from thee so long by sickness, long, lingering sickness, which nearly brought him to that tomb, after which he sighs so ardently?"

Agathine dared not raise her eyes to the monk. She felt as if one glance from him would penetrate into her whole secret; she dared not throw herself at his feet, as she had been accustomed to do, and ask his blessing. She feared that the alteration in her shape would reveal to her confessor, that she was no longer the innocent, spotless child of his protection. Grief for the absence of him she ardently loved, who had been to her the whole world since she had known him, who had twice saved her from imminent peril, had indeed faded the roses on her fair cheeks. The clear, blue eye was no longer beaming with health and joy; a pale, melancholy expression had

replaced the once happy, contented, frank one; and as the monk examined her, he marked the changes that had taken place in her, while harrowing fear and grief assailed him.

"Agathine, unhappy child, has the world's scathing touch lighted on thy innocent head? Has sickness destroyed so fair a flower? Is it the dreadful destruction of Torre del Greco, which has produced so fatal an effect in thee? Speak to thy father; speak, my child, open thy heart to thy best friend."

The poor child had for some weeks borne her sorrows silently. The woman, under whose protection Howard had placed her, was a good creature, but incapable of feeling or understanding Agathine's sentiments; and her daily occupation had been to wander down to the sea-coast; and there, fixing her eyes on the point of the bay, where she had seen the ship pass which bore away her soul's idol, she

would remain for hours, straining her eyes, till she fancied she saw something white in the horizon. Sometimes the illusion became even stronger; it was something; yes, indeed, it was; it advanced—oh, it must be a ship—it was her Enrico returning; and she would clasp her hands in eagerness, and raise herself on her feet, to see better and further; and to a certain point, the advancing object continued gaining size—it was evidently a ship! Then, that ship seemed to grow smaller and smaller as it approached; and soon, sad reality would prove it to be a felucca, and the disappointed Agathine would return to her cottage and her tears.

"With what a leaden and retarding weight,
Does expectation load the wing of time!
Suspense! thou frozen guest, begone!
The wretch, whose bed is made on thorns,
More softly rests his head, than he
Who sinks amidst the cygnet's down,
If thou, tormenting fiend, be nigh,
To prompt his ardent wish, his fruitless sigh,
His hope, his prayer, for lingering certainty."

The padre's appeal was so kind, it seemed to open a harbour wherein she could anchor her sad thoughts, and receive consolation; and she rose suddenly from the rock, and flinging herself on her knees before the monk, seized his hands, and placed them on her head; while her fair hair fell in disorder over her neck.

"Cover my head, father, whilst I confess myself; I dare not look at you.——Have pity on me."——And in a tremulous voice she told all her love,—her weakness,—his departure.

* * * "But he has left me a pledge, father; a pledge which he did not know of when we parted, and that is comfort to me. He will return, he has promised me; and then he shall know that I bear in my bosom his dear image. He will be with me; he will give me courage to bear the throes that I shall endure for his sake. With joy he will receive

into his arms the innocent being, who w
bind and knit our loves and lives together."

The fair girl's face was crimsoned as she spoke; but when she had ended the monk replied not. She remained at his feet, her head bowed down; but he did not attempt to raise her, only she felt his hands suddenly withdrawn from her head. At length, looking up, she perceived that his countenance was buried in his hands, and his whole frame shaking convulsively. The spasm was long; the knife had entered to his heart's core.

"It is just," at length he groaned; "it is just: and by *that* hand!"

Agathine was terrified; she looked at him, but could not comprehend him. After some time, he motioned her to rise and sit down, and said,—

"I will not reproach you, wretched girl: I

will [illegible] no mortification; but I will tell you who *you* are, who *I* am; and, in so doing, I shall inflict severer punishment on you than any I could have devised. It is just you should now bear the load of your *own* fault, and along with it the burthen entailed on you."

Marston then related his sad history. He did not look at his daughter the while; he dared not, he could not; with averted eyes he recounted all his misery. Agathine sobbed, as she listened to her father's terrible narration; once or twice she would have interrupted him, but he imposed silence on her.

"Thus thou hast yielded to shame with the on of her murdered by thy father! He has evenged his parent's death, by thy dishonour d mine; and thou must hide thy face for r from the sight of the innocent."

The wretched Agathine threw herself upon his bosom, and exclaimed,—

"Oh! father, do not again abandon your wretched child. Yes, I have brought shame and disgrace upon you, upon myself; but, oh! I have found a parent. Father, father, be the world to me. I am so lonely since the death of my poor Marguerita; since the departure of——of——my destroyer, I have been so lone, so wretched. Father, take me to your bosom; let us mourn together."

Marston wept, as he folded his daughter in his arms.

"Poor child! I am condemned to penance and prayer for the remainder of my wretched life; but I will not forsake you,—I will watch over you."

And the unhappy father and child rose, and returned to the cottage where the latter dwelt,

to consult for the future. It was decided that she should quit Portici; and as the poor woman with whom she lived was willing to remove also, that they should fix their habitation upon the Camaldoli, as near to the monastery as any cottage could be found, so that he might have a constant opportunity of seeing her.

walks, with awe and trembling fear, across the numerous apartments which intervene, ere he can reach the archbishop's cabinet. His eye wanders in every direction, and is unsettled and haggard in its expression.

The train of liveried servants who fill the apartments inspire him with terror; his knees shake under him; and when he reaches the awful chamber, nothing but the fear of again meeting all those men prevents him from rushing headlong out of the palace. In the cabinet, richly decorated with paintings by the first masters, enshrined in costly frames, and glittering with splendid furniture, at a large table, covered with papers, some filed, some scattered confusedly, as being the last perused, sits the archbishop. He holds a large paper in his hand, which he is intently reading; a few paces behind him stand, in submissive reverence, two ecclesiastics, and at the

foot of the table sits his secretary, with a portfolio of papers, ready to be presented to him when the last shall have been perused. The peasant stands near the door, gazing stupidly at the dignitary of the church; his mouth open, his eyes staring, but turning, from time to time, a suspicious look towards the secretary.

The archbishop closed the paper, and scrutinizing the countenance of the peasant, ordered his secretary to note the answers he should make to the questions he was about to put to him.

"Your excellence will remember," said the fellow, "that it is on condition of free pardon I reveal the fact."

"It is," replied his examiner; "thy pardon is granted thee; it is signed; now speak."

The peasant remained long in the cabinet when he withdrew, he no longer feared to encounter the eyes of the menials who crowded the anti-chambers; a leer of exultation hac

replaced the cringing fear with which he had previously passed them. Shortly after, messengers were dispatched, in different directions, in and round Naples.

Marston had regained his monastery, and was withdrawing to his cell, after one of his daily visits to his unhappy daughter, some weeks subsequently to his interview with her at Portici, when a monk delivered him an order from the Archbishop of Naples, to repair to the Episcopal Palace, attended by all his brotherhood, the following morning.

The summons was unusual; there was no solemn fête to be held that day, nor any apparent reason for such a convocation. The brothers made various conjectures as to what could be the possible cause of this order: Marston was too occupied by his sorrows to give it much attention or thought.

On the following day, in various quarters of

Palace. Naples and its vicinity abou
vents of different orders—Chartreux,
cans, Capuchins, and Franciscans.
vents of San Joseph, of San Marti
Januario, of San Fernando, and mar
poured forth their crowds; and hund
thus assembled in the great marble h
Episcopal Palace at the hour of noo
hall was of immense size and beau
portion, and was styled the Judgm
Here all subjects of debate, concer
laws and regulations of the church,
cussed. Between columns, curiousl
and gilt, at regular distances around t
were statues, in marble, of the apo
martyred saints. The dome was al

sented subjects from holy writ. At the further end of the hall was a semi-circular chapel, elevated above the rest of the hall by a large flight of steps. A magnificent altar filled the platform of this chapel, inlaid with precious stones; and the high candlesticks of massive gold, which stood in triple rows on the table of the altar, were also profusely studded with the richest gems. The ornaments on the table were of the most costly nature. In the centre, behind the table, was a large crucifix, with the image of our Saviour, of almost colossal size. On either side of the walls were paintings from the first masters, representing the various scenes of our Saviour's life; and in front of the chapel, on either side, were columns of black marble, rising from the foot of the steps which ascended to the altar.

The different brotherhoods, convoked at the me hour, formed a numerous assemblage

before the palace, which was some time in a
cending the flight of steps that fronted the gra
entrance. Each passed in, according to the
order of precedence, until it became the tu
of the last fraternity, the San Josephs, of t
Camaldoli. As they mounted the steps,
noise like the clanking of chains was hear
and the monks, turning round, saw the galle
slaves of St. Elmo descending, two by tw
chained hand and foot, attended by numero
soldiers, proceeding to their daily hard labo
at the rocks. Marston shuddered, as the r
collection of the banditti in the Castel d
Uovo passed across his mind.

The hall was filled. The venerable arch
bishop, attired in magnificent robes, was seate
in an elevated chair of state at the end of the
hall opposite to the chapel: below him, se-
veral steps, on either side, sat the bishops, also
gorgeously attired; and beyond them other

dignitaries of the church. All round the hall, on benches, rising gradually, in rows one above another, for the different brotherhoods of the different monasteries, sat the various orders of monks; some in grey habiliments, some in brown; others in white, with red crosses on their breasts; others in black, and others again in purple; each fraternity forming solid masses of each colour.

All the high estates of the church were assembled, to sit as judges on one accused of having sinned against holy mother church. The assemblage of so many grave elderly men was solemn; and silence was in the hall, while deep attention was lent to the discourse of the archbishop.

He stated, that a letter he had received the day previous to this on which they met, informed him, that the superior of one of the

convents of the Camaldoli had sinned grievously against the church, by disregarding one of her severest statutes. That if such an example were suffered to remain unnoticed, scandal would soon gain admittance where nought but holiness should be observed. That the information he had received, it was true, was given by an informer worthy of little credit, being a ruffian escaped from prison, who had formerly been a bandit, on whose head a price had been put, and who had purchased his pardon and freedom by his revelations. That he, therefore, trusted to the wisdom and prudence of his brothers to ascertain with justice, combined with mercy, how far the accusation was founded; and to act according to the laws established, should the informer have spoken truth. He added, that he had assembled all the brothers of the different convents, as by

doing it would be impossible, the investigation once ended, that suspicion should attach silently to any community absent.

He then read the deposition. The substance was, that the father of the community of Camaldoli of the order of San Joseph, named Antonio, residing near the Lago d'Aniano, had dwelt at that convent thirteen years; that his saint-like appearance had gained his admission to the benefits of the order, without any previous investigation as to his former habits or place of residence. That, on the death of the abbot, he had been chosen superior of the monastery. That he had, during this period, led a life of scandalous debauchery; and was the parent of a female child, whom he had caused to be brought up at a cottage situated near the convent. That the mother of the child was dead. That the person making

this accusation could prove what he asserte
as it was his own mother who was the pare
of the child.

Here the archbishop again called the atte
tion of his brothers to the little credit whic
ought to be attached to the testimony of
wretch, who did not scruple, however true
might be, to accuse his own mother, in ord
to further his own purposes.

A long silence followed the reading of th
accusation; after which the bishops consult
in an under-tone of voice, and one of them,
the name of the rest, required that the accu
should be brought into the hall, and c
fronted with the accused.

Augustin was therefore introduced. T
wretch cringed low, as he passed the thresh
of the door, and cast a timid glance on t
crowds sitting round in silence; but when H

eye rested upon Marston, he seemed to acquire confidence, and looked boldly and exultingly at him.

Marston was then addressed by the same bishop who had already spoken, and asked if he knew the witness. He looked slightly at him, and then bowed an affirmative.

The archbishop then addressed Marston by the name of Father Antonio; and desired him to declare, if the accusation made by the witness was false, and if so to justify himself by proof. He also required of him to declare in what convent he had resided before joining the Camaldoli; when he had been received a brother, for the first time; where he was born, and in what seminary he had taken his first vows.

The accusation was so sudden, so unexpected, that Marston was thunderstruck; the possibility of any investigation taking place as to

former years, had never once occurred to hi
and though wearied of existence, and panti
for the term of life, still when the mom
arrived to reveal the secret under whose
tolerable weight he had long groaned, a
declare himself a man of blood, a feeling
pride and shame was called forth, which h
him dormant and unknown in the inmost
cesses of his heart, and which forbade
answering.

It was not a cowardly desire to preser
life; no—could any honourable cause ha
summoned him to die, willingly and cheerfu
would he have grasped at it. But, in the p
sence of hundreds of men,—in the prese
of his own community, who revered and
spected him,—to confess himself the most
ject of sinners, his soul recoiled from
humiliation!

The measure of his cup was full to ov

flowing. The honour of his child had been tainted, in addition to all his former griefs; and now he was accused of being dishonoured in her birth; of bearing about a reputation of sanctity, whilst leading a life of debauchery. Still he could not, to avoid such an accusation, declare himself an assassin, or relate the circumstances which had brought about that fatal event; in so doing, indeed, he would have doubly accused, whilst defending, himself. A hectic flush suffused his cheeks, as he bowed his head and remained silent. To have answered the questions the archbishop had put to him, would have ended in producing that declaration which he could not bring himself to make; and Marston could not stoop to utter a falsehood.

"The accusation is then true?" said the archbishop; "Padre Antonio, you have a

daughter. Is it thus I am to construe you
silence?"

The eyes of the many hundreds present wer
directed towards him. Wretched Marsto
in that one moment was undergone by thee a
eternity of punishment. He bowed his hea

"Where is that daughter?"

Marston was silent. The bishop turned
Augustin to know where she could be foun
and the villain answered with alacrity that
would show her residence. Her presence w
deemed essential, and orders were instan
given that she should be sent for. Two hou
were required to produce her in court; and d
ring that time, the judges conferred as to t
sentence to be pronounced, and the manner
its execution.

The poor victim remained immovable; h
suffering paralized all feeling, and produced

mentary apathy. From this he was roused by the reflection, that his poor child would be dragged in infamy before him, and the recollection of her present state flashing on his mind, he clasped his arms on his bosom, and clutched his breast in agony till the blood followed.

The two hours were passed: the folding-doors of the hall were thrown open, and the frightened girl was conducted into the center between soldiers. The presence of hundreds of monks, with their grey beards and dresses, bewildered her; she looked, till fear palsied her sight, and when the archbishop asked her solemnly, but gently, to declare her name, she could not answer. He repeated his question, and some of the attendants approached her, pressing her to answer. Marston could bear no more; he exclaimed in a tremulous voice,

"My child, acknowledge your father!"

She turned her head in the direction of the

voice, and gazing wildly over the masses
persons ranged in rows, and looking from
similarity of their dresses almost the same
last perceived him; and screaming "
padre!" rushed to him, and fell senseless
his feet.

The wretched father leant over, extend
his arms to raise her; and burning drops
from his eyes on her fair forehead. But l
sympathy was excited in the breasts of th
who witnessed their mutual distress. M
persons devoted to a monastic life, begin t
seclusion from the world, its vanities, its
lies, and its passions, at an early period of t
lives, ere their feelings are developed;
they sink into a state of indifference, an
monotony of thoughts and habits, which
der them incapable of receiving strong imp
sions, or even conceiving them in others.
few are driven, as Marston was, by great

mities, to embrace this calm existence, as a haven wherein they may repose, after the buffeting of the storm of their lives; but these have gone through too many trials of their own to feel for others. Their faculty both of feeling, and of sorrowing, has been strained to the utmost; and the misfortunes of others appear trivial in comparison with their own. It was, therefore, with cold indifference, that the numerous devout men assembled, regarded Marston and his prostrate daughter. Their apathy had, however, one advantage; it enabled him to devote himself to his child, to raise her up, and rest her head upon his breast, till consciousness returned.

The archbishop, having conferred with the judges, spoke:—

"My brethren, the orders of our supreme master are, to act according to the rules prescribed in the event (most uncommon, blessed

be the saints,) of the delinquency of a super
of a holy community. The present case is
of a very aggravated nature, and therefore
quires to be treated with more than usual se
rity. Look at the child of his infamy! T
shame ends not with her birth!

"He is indeed a most abandoned m
Abandoned he is of God, abandoned must
be of men. My brethren, despoil him of
holy garb he has profaned; let it not rem
a relic of the sinner; let it be torn in pie
and destroyed by the flames. Let the ha
of those who shall have executed this order,
purified from the contamination of his tou
Let the sinner be expelled with ignominy fr
the presence of his brethren; let him and
child of sin be conducted in shame to the s
coast, and there embarked; lest his presen
in the land may taint the air.

"Go, sinful man! go, and seek in anoth

clime a shelter, under which to hide thy face from the sight of the godly.

"Let the service of the dead be performed over him ere he depart; he is dead to us; let s endeavour to propitiate his God, that he may ɔt be condemned hereafter."

The monks rose, and in solemn chants per- ned the service of the dead; while some roached Marston and his daughter. They his cowl from his head, and disrobed him, ng him merely his under-garment of hair.

They placed his habit on one of the ; at the foot of the altar, and set fire to it; hen flung themselves on their knees the archbishop, who gave them absolu-

rothers of San Joseph then advanced , and with outspread hands, motioned o quit the hall. He took his daugh- hand, and both retired, humbled

and oppressed. His tonsured head, on which a circle of grey hairs marked where once dark curls grew in profusion, fell on his chest. A red spot on either cheek showed the agitation of his soul; and he moved forward slowly, his strength failing him at every step; the monks urging them on with expressive gestures.

Once out of the palace, the sounds of the chant, which still continued, died away, and were replaced by the shouts, and groans, and exclamations of the multitude, rapidly assembled before the palace: who, without any distinct knowledge of his imputed crime saw in a man who had been condemned, and expelled with shame from the judgment-hall, a fit subject for their maledictions, which they imprecated on him, and the young girl accompanying him, rushing after them with vulgar stare and exultation; and with indecent eagerness, almost impeding their progress.

Marston raised not his head until he reached the sea-shore; then he looked up to heaven, a tear trembled in his eye, and the expression of the look he cast, seemed to say—have I not expiated my crime?

He entered a felucca moored to the shore, carrying, rather than supporting, his daughter; and when, after repeated questions from the sailors, he could collect his thoughts sufficiently to make an answer, told them to set sail for Trieste.

CHAPTER VIII.

"To live unpitied and forgot,
My life a blank, my name a blot,
Was all I asked of heaven.
Despair had stilled my stormy breast,
A dreary frost had chained to rest,
The waves by passion driven." WALLACE.

THE winds were unfavourable; and the broken-hearted father and daughter were a fortnight on board the felucca, ere they reached the port to which they were bound.

Agathine, whose delicate frame was not calculated to endure such trials as she had undergone, sank beneath their weight. She lay as

a thing without life, pale, and listless, on the deck of the felucca, while tears rolled in silence down her fair cheeks. Marston watched with a parent's anxiety her sinking health; and strove with abortive efforts to dispel the melancholy, which had taken possession of her mind. Alas!

"Thoughts of gloom
Shadowed the portals of the tomb."

The captain of the felucca, through the delicate tact of an honest nature, left them tranquilly to each other, without noticing, or seeming to notice their sufferings. After two days thus spent, Marston felt the strong necessity of exerting himself for his daughter's sake, and endeavoured to attract her attention, by recounting the legends connected with the romantic coast along which they were sailing. He found the kind-hearted sailor an able assistant in this traditionary lore; and the lat-

ner finding it well received, would at times diverge into the recollections of his own life, and give them a tale of the sea. One of these, in particular, from the air of sincerity with which he narrated it, and the superstitious awe which affected even his voice, attracted the attention of Agathine. The outline was as follows:—

THE FATAL CAP.

"It was, I think, in the year **, that I had procured my complement of hands with the exception of one man; and at that time sailors were rarely to be met with at Brest, for there was a great demand for men in the royal navy. A friend of mine, a captain of a merchantman, directed me to an inn kept by one Jean Gaspard; assuring me, that this man was the most likely person to afford me efficient assistance. In truth, individuals of his description

re a useful class. They collect around them nariners out of employ, board and lodge them, nd when a captain is in want of hands, he waits on an innkeeper of this sort, chooses his men, and pays the debts which they have incurred; and the sum thus advanced is deducted from their pay. It is in some degree a trade in white men.

"Well, I set out to find Jean Gaspard, who lived in the Rue Royale, at the sign of The Anchor. The Rue Royale, despite its name, s narrow and filthy. A flight of eight or ten steps, descending from the street, conducts the visiter to the entrance of the inn; and this nder-ground haunt is so obscure, that were it ot for the glimmer of a few lamps, the place ould be in darkness even at noon day. At e foot of the steps, a little, squat, ruddy-ed personage came limping up to me, and illy enquired my business. On receiving

my reply, he took me by the hand, and m[illegible] turning to me to preserve silence, led m[illegible] through a passage as dark as pitch; and in [illegible] a few minutes I found myself in a small apa[illegible]rt-ment. Gaspard then addressed me in a l[illegible]w tone of voice.

"'You have merely to make your obs[illegible]er-vations through the crevice, which you m[illegible] may perceive in that partition. I have only fi[illegible]ve fine fellows out of employ; you may see the[illegible] ren there, making themselves merry. They [illegible] are all as drunk as fiddlers; and you know, s[illegible] sir, that when a man is the worse for liquor, y[illegible] you can judge of his experience as a sailor. Y[illegible] You will make your selection, and then we w[illegible] will complete the bargain.'

"Jean retired. I applied my eye to the crevice, and perceived five sailors seated ro[illegible]und a dingy and greasy table. Two women, [illegible]with sparkling eyes, dishevelled hair, and wrang[illegible]ling

tongues, were frequently taking large draughts of intoxicating liquor; they were mad, or nearly so. In about five minutes two of the sailors fell under the table. Three remained: a youth, apparently twenty years of age; the second was of a swarthy complexion, and uncommonly muscular, and might have been about forty; as to the third, I could not discern his figure, for his face was buried in his hands.

"'For old seasoned hulks, they carry d—d ittle canvass,' said the youth, carelessly kicking the sailors who had fallen under the table 'I say, you,—you, with the wooden leg, pour t—pour quickly, my throat's dry.'

"He spoke to one of the females, who, in th, had a wooden leg. He quaffed the liquor with avidity, and then turned towards swarthy companion.

'Why, messmate, do you hang back?'

"'No,' said the other, kissing the coa
cheeks of the female next him; 'but I'm thi
ing that we are veering our cables in a qu
way; and when we do get a-board, th
won't remain as much of our advance-mon
as would make a porpoise blink.'

"'Bah! We will sail from here, and at t
first strange port get leave to go ashore—en
another ship, and play the same pranks we
at St. Thomas, eh, messmate!'

"'Oh, aye, I remember; and the capt
was obliged to get two niggers instead; a
they worked the ship so badly in a squall, t
the L'Oiseau was wrecked, and her capt
drowned.'

"'All true, by the Lord,' replied the oth
with a shout of laughter, 'drowned like a d
as true as that we are here to-day, the 13th
October, and that I gave my last louis to
mother.'

"I thought to myself that neither of these worthies should ever set foot in my ship; and I was about to retire, much dissatisfied with my visit to M. Gaspard's abode, when the sailor, to whom I before alluded, briskly raised his head from his hands, and exclaimed, in an earnest tone,—

"'Who speaks of the 13th of October, and of a mother?'

"This was the signal for a general shout; and peals of laughter echoed through the room.

"'Well,' said the young sailor, 'he has now cut the cable which held his tongue so tight before.'

"'He's left off playing the gentleman, I hope,' said the wooden-legged Venus, adjusting her neckerchief.

"'Have some grog,' said the elder sailor, shoving a glass towards him.

" ' Let's drink his health, he's mad,' sa
the other female.

" Upon this, they all began to yell, and ha
mer upon the table, crying out, ' His heal
his health ;' whilst the cause of this upr
looked down upon them with the most
preme contempt. He might have been abo
thirty years of age ; his features were fine, b
pale ; his dark hair, and bushy whiskers, we
strikingly contrasted with the general hue
his countenance. His dress was that of a co
mon sailor ; and, unlike that of the others, w
neat, and in good trim.

" ' His health, his health,' exclaimed all
others, with redoubled clamour.

" ' Don't you hear, you bear ?' shouted
youth, his eyes sparkling with the liquo
had swallowed, his lips purple, and his wh
frame quivering with excitement.

" ' Your health is drunk, Mr. Proud-fa

d the lady with the wooden leg, pulling him
the sleeve.

'Come, drink, and join us,' said the other
lor, pressing the glass violently against his
s.

'I could now distinguish nothing more, for
first blow struck by the pale man knocked
light out; but there was a fearful uproar
screams and oaths intermingled, above
ich the voice of the pale man was heard
laiming, 'Dogs! you speak of a mother
the 13th of October! by heavens, it shall
the last time.' As the shrieks were reite-
ed, I was on the point of seeking for Gas-
d, when he made his appearance.

'Be quick,' said I to him, 'the rascals
killing one another.'

'Oh! captain, they are merely at their
es!'

'But knives are of the party,' said I.

" 'Is Perrot engaged in the fray?' he ask

" 'Perrot? Who?'

" 'The tall pale man is called Perrot; h
as fierce as the devil, and as strong as a c
stan.'

" 'Yes, yes, he is in the thick of it; so, l
about you, or they will be doing mischief.
you hear those cries?'

" 'Ah, captain, there's no harm doi
there's little rain in a heavy squall. Have y
made your choice?'

" 'In the first place, M. Gaspard, two
them were dead drunk.'

" 'Ah, I suppose so; they were Hoch
and Hugon.'

" 'Very likely. The two others appear
me to be pirates.'

" 'The youth and the dark, middle-ag
man? Most probably; they are two scou
drels; I don't wish to deceive you. There

only Perrot who will suit you; he is active and intelligent, but is very reserved.'

" ' Bring him with you on board to-morrow as soon as the morning gun is fired.'

" At day-break, Gaspard came on board with Perrot; I conducted them both to my cabin.

" ' Captain,' said Gaspard, ' this is Perrot, of whom I spoke to you.'

" ' Come nearer,' said I. He advanced.

" ' What was your last voyage?'

" ' I came from Lima, captain, a passenger on board the brig Alexander.'

" ' Passenger!—Why not as sailor?'

" ' Because I was a passenger.'

" ' What were you doing at Lima?'

' I had been sailing in the South seas, in Spanish service.'

' The devil! Where are your vouchers?'

"'Here is a certificate from the captain of the Alexander.'

"'Good. Will you take a birth in this vessel?'

"'As you please; but I will not tie myself to time.'

"'How so?'

"'I have my reasons, captain.'

"'Don't listen to him,' said Gaspard; 'he's talking nonsense. He owes me two months' keep; and if he plays these pranks, I'll kick him out, and he may go and get lodging where he can.'

"Well, captain, I'm your man; but so much the worse for you.'

"'Agreed; I engage you. Gaspard, send his chest on board, and his account shall be settled. Now, my lad, go on deck; the crew are busy setting the shrouds, and bending the

sails; you can show your skill. Go——
e's earnest for you.' I confess that the sin-
arity of this man had excited my curiosity,
in a great measure determined me to re-
him in my ship.

In eight days from this time, I had ap-
nted Perrot master, for no sailor could dis-
more promptness and energy. When
duties were performed, he would go and
in the mizen-chain-wales, and remain
re for hours moody and silent. The sailors,
feared him as the devil, nick-named
Death's-head.

Having completed my lading, I sailed on
21st of November, and cleared the port
a fair south-easterly wind. I was bound
Buenos-Ayres. Perrot had been more
ny than ordinary on the day when we
hed anchor; he had approached me se-

veral times, as if to speak to me, and then h[illegible] would retire without saying a word.

"Towards evening the breeze freshened. I caused the royals to be handed, and we th[illegible]n beat about under courses to keep clear of t[illegible]e land.

"'Well, master,' said I to Perrot, 'this is a brisk gale. What do you think of it?'

"'Captain, I forewarned you,' replied he, in a solemn tone.

"'What do you mean?'

"Without replying to my question, he t[illegible]ok me by the arm, and said, in a low voice, 'P[illegible]ss the word to take in the royals, and close r[illegible]ef the topsails; the squall is upon us. It wil[illegible] be appalling——I feel it here,' said he, stri[illegible]king his breast vehemently with his hands. I com- plied with his injunctions; and it was well that I took these precautions; for hardly were

my orders executed, when the wind veered round to the north-east, and blew a heavy gale. The day soon closed in; and the storm raged with uncommon violence. We passed the night in the open sea; and the weather continuing very rough, we put back to Havre. As soon as we had anchored, Perrot entered my cabin, whither I had retired to snatch a little rest.

"'Captain,' said he, 'I am going to leave you.'

"'Leave me! Why?'

"'I cannot explain; but I must—for your own sake.'

"'Diable, no! you are too useful to me. Where shall I find a master like you? Come what may, you must remain.—I will increase your wages.'

"'Then I will desert.'

" 'Then I will have you put in irons, [illegible]
confined to your cabin, if I find it necessary [illegible].'

" 'So you will have me stay?—well—y[illegible]ou
will see.' As he spoke these words, an un[illegible]c-
countable expression of pity was visible [illegible]u
his features.

"The day after my interview with Perrot, I
discovered that some odd rumours had spre[illegible]d
among my crew.

" 'It's this d—d Death's-head who brin[illegible]s
this foul weather,' said some; 'with a fien[illegible]d
like him on board, we shall all go to the bo[illegible]t-
tom.'

" 'I had been long aware of this singul[illegible]
species of superstition among sailors, who l[illegible]
the blame of all the misfortunes of a voya[illegible]
upon one individual, who, something like th[illegible]
scape-goat of the Jews, is considered respo[illegible]
sible for any accident that may happen: an[illegible]

I consequently ordered two men, who had been most active in circulating such ideas, three dozen a-piece, and at the same time confined Perrot to his cabin. I set sail again on the same day, for the weather had moderated, and the wind was again fair. Once more on the open sea, I released Perrot from his confinement.

"'You have been tanning somebody's hide, captain,' said he.

"'Yes; I gave a couple of rascals three dozen a-piece, who had accused you of being the cause of the foul weather; as if your breath could ruffle the sea, shiver our sails, and lay our masts by the board.'

"'May be so,' said he, smiling grimly.

"I shrugged my shoulders, and walked away from him, thinking him mad. By an extraordinary fatality, just as we were expect-

ing to make the Canaries, the weather
squally, the wind rose quickly, and
perfect hurricane; and the storm was
lent, that in a sudden gust the top-m
gib-boom were clean blown away. A
thought now occurred to the crew, w
petrified at this loss; and the sailo
towards me in a body, shouting, in to
mulous with rage, their frantic exclan
—'Drown, drown the Death's-head!—
the cause of all.'

"I shuddered, and looked at Perro
the first time, I saw him smile; but
smile!

"'Villains,' I exclaimed, snatchin
handspike, 'if any man among you d
vance a step further, I will cleave hi
brain.'

"'Drown him, drown him; we will

rish with him; drown him.' They drew nearer. I threw myself before Perrot, who said to me, 'Let them do it; it is written.'

"'What, let them commit murder! No, no! Go to my cabin; you will there find my pistols. I will remain here till you return.' And, as I said these words, I turned towards the crew.

"'We beg pardon, captain—but Death's-head must be thrown overboard,' said one of them.

"'Yes, yes, he must be thrown overboard,' exclaimed the whole crew, in one breath; and their voices soared even above the fury of the tempest. At this juncture, a slip-noose was thrown over me; I fell, and was pinioned in a moment. I was foaming with passion, when I observed Perrot awaiting their approach with the most perfect indifference.

"'It is now your turn,' said the ringleader

of the crew, a man of enormous stature, a[illegible]vancing towards him.

"The ship here gave a sudden lurch; a[illegible] nearly all the sailors were thrown prostrate [illegible] the deck.

"'Now's your time,' I cried to Perr[illegible]t; 'run to my cabin.' But he, leaping from t[illegible]e mizen-shrouds, was on the rails with a sin[illegible]le bound.

"'It would be but just,' said he to [illegible]he sailors, 'if I were to let you commit a use[illegible]ss crime; for my death can only serve you, p[illegible]o-vided it is voluntary. It is not on your [illegible]c-count, but for the sake of the captain,—for [illegible]he has a mother—a mother,' he repeated, gna[illegible]h-ing his teeth. He swung himself violen[illegible]tly with the ropes.

"Were I to live a hundred years, I sho[illegible]ld never forget this awful scene. I still fa[illegible]cy that I see Perrot hanging by the shrouds; [illegible]his

long hair streaming in the wind, his ghastly figure, which stood out in hideous relief from the impenetrable gloom of the night, his glaring eyes, and the fearful contortions of his features, as he continued to shout, at the top of his voice, the word 'Mother!' The crew were appalled, and appeared thunderstruck at the unexpected resolution of Perrot: and they remained motionless, gazing at him with haggard and unquiet looks.

"'Farewell, captain!' These were his last words. He disappeared.

"'Hurrah! hurrah! there goes Death's-head!' cried the sailors, evidently relieved from their previous fears: and they now submissively unbound me, and humbly asked my pardon for the manner in which they had treated me. I thought it was all a dream.

"A heavy sea broke over the vessel, and washed the helmsman from the rudder; the ship

broaching gunwale-to. This imminent peril roused me to a sense of my situation. I seized the helm; and from this station gave out the necessary orders.

"'You see, you rascals,' I exclaimed, 'that heaven will punish you for your atrocious crime. Does the death of this unhappy man lull the tempest? No;—the storm increases, and in less than an hour we shall perhaps rejoin him.'

"The crew were staggered; some of the men hung down their heads, and I could perceive that I had touched them to the quick, when the accursed leader of the mutiny reappeared on deck, bearing a large chest.

"'Down with you into the same tomb as your owner, Death's-head; and may heaven now leave us at peace, for we have now nothing further belonging to the hell-fiend?'

"Overboard went the chest, amidst the

cheers of the crew; persuaded that now the ship was cleared of poor Perrot's property, the storm would cease.

"'On the contrary, it raged with redoubled fury. I heard a frightful explosion; it was our mainsail which had burst, and so quickly was it swept away, that on turning round I saw but a white object, like a speck against the dark sky, and the next moment it had disappeared.

"'Mercy on us,' I exclaimed; 'heaven is just.'

"'It is only because there is still something remaining of the devil's chick,' said this imperturbable foe. 'Cabin-boy, under hatches with you, and woe to you if you do not ferret the vermin out.'

* * * * *

"Five minutes after, the urchin returned,

bearing an old woollen cap, which had been left unnoticed in Perrot's birth.

" 'There,' said the mutineer, throwing it into the sea, 'we are quit of *him* and *his*. Silence wind, and be still.'

" A chance—was it chance?—seemed to conspire with him. The two or three last furious blasts seemed to have exhausted the power of the elements. The wind fell, the sky cleared up, a light breeze played over the surface of the deep, and the sea was calmed. A prosperous gale bore us swiftly on, and we anchored off Buenos-Ayres on the first of January(*u*).

For upwards of a week they sailed leisurely along the coast, until at length Marston decided on quitting the Italian shores, and proceeding to Vienna, where he was disposed to fix his residence. There he was entirely unknown,

"a stranger in the land;" and there he and his unhappy daughter could live in entire seclusion.

Marston's spirits were bowed down to the dust; his feelings were deadened, and the only sentiment which yet retained its power, was affection for his daughter.

On the eighth evening, the sailors descried the port of Trieste, which they expected to enter the following morning.

There is something exhilarating in the first sight of one's destined haven; and the mariners experienced its animating effects, and by their happy countenances, and active movements, communicated in a degree a little emotion to the poor wanderers. Agathine raised herself by Marston's aid to view the port.

"Take courage, dear child, there is the term of our sea-voyage; we shall now journey on land, and seek a home in a new country."

Agathine endeavoured to smile through her tears, as she returned the pressure of her father's hand.

From Trieste they travelled slowly, as well on account of Agathine's health, as from the feeling that they had no motive of affection to hasten their movements, : no impatient lover, husband, parent, or child, awaited their arrival. The cold world lay before them; all places were alike indifferent; all alike to them a dreary desert; and when they reached Vienna, and were established in the residence they selected in one of the faubourgs of that city, as being more retired and removed from the noise, bustle, and observation of a populous town, they perhaps regretted that the obligation they had been under for some time, to pursue a progressive though dilatory movement, had ceased; since now their minds returned with concentration to their sorrows. Several

months passed, and the hour of Agathine's delivery approached. She had never heard from Howard, since the day he had quitted her; the buoyant hopes of youth had long borne her up, but disappointment followed those hopes, and the sad truth at last forced itself on her mind. He had forgotten her!

Although Howard had been culpable in taking advantage of the inexperience, innocence, and unprotected state of Agathine, (her love for him ought to have been her protection in his eyes, and had he reflected, it would have been,) many circumstances had conspired to hurry them on to ruin. When he left Naples, he had fully purposed an immediate return, and his love for Agathine made him desire it. But when he arrived in England, he was obliged to take possession of his estates, being just of age; and shortly after, he had been ordered to join the admiral, who had been ap-

pointed to the American station. He wrote several letters to Agathine before he sailed, but the state of the continent at that time, rendered all communication by letter very precarious; and Agathine never received any of those addressed to her. At that period, all Europe was convulsed by the effects of the revolution in France, which had terminated in the overthrow of its government, the murder of its sovereign, and the destruction of two-thirds of the population of that extensive country. On the wrecks of havoc, confusion, and disorder, had arisen a new form of government; new chiefs followed up the impulses thus given, and armies overran the continent, to conquer that acknowledgment of their existence as a state, which could not with prudence be accorded by other governments; who, by sanctioning these proceedings, would in their turn have fallen a sacrifice to the Moloch of revolution.

Howard remained three years on the American station. On his return to England, he was made post-captain; and he again wrote to Agathine, ere he sailed with his frigate to the Portuguese coast. Her silence during the time he had remained at Naples after his departure, and the subsequent months which she spent at Vienna, owing to her ignorance how or where to write to him, (and she did not dare apply to Harston for counsel on that subject,) ended by diminishing his interest in, and recollection of her; and if ever, after several years, she recurred to his mind, it was as a dream of his youth.

There is a solemn interest in that moment, when another of God's creatures is ushered into the world; which all who have attended a wife, a daughter, or beloved companion, at the moment of her confinement, have experienced. Next to the departure from life, which bears

another character of solemnity, still more awful, there is no human event more fraught with solicitude. In the latter case, the soul departing to meet its God, and Judge, after having sojourned its "few and evil days" on earth, adds fear and regret to the awe of the moment—fear for the judgment to be passed, regret for the loss of one who has dwelt with us. In the former case, it is joy at the expected presence of a cherub visitant, which mixes with the solemnity of the moment, and relieves the painful impression of the danger to which the mother is exposed; yet is her life on the brink of the grave; a few moments decide whether she shall pass away in giving existence to another, or be spared to those attached to her by the tenderest ties. It is then that the kindness and attention of a loved husband are most sensibly felt. His presence and tenderness give courage to the sufferer, enduring the sha-

dow of the valley of death for his sake; and the unhappy victim of seduction abandoned by her destroyer, and bereft of her natural supporter, is then doubly to be pitied.

It was the middle of the night when Marston was summoned to the bedside of his daughter, for no one else was near to comfort or uphold her, except a nurse, who was to officiate as midwife. Not that poverty deprived her of further assistance; Marston had still a noble income from his native land; but that he and his daughter shunned the presence of every one, except those strictly necessary about them.

The hour is past! All is still in the chamber of Agathine—all is silent!

On the bed lies the inanimate body of the unhappy girl, cold, motionless. Unconsciousness of any further worldly suffering has succeeded to throes, winged from death's deadliest quiver. Her sorrows are at an end! * *

Near her bedside, on his knees, his face covered by his hands, is her wretched father. He does not weep—the source of his tears is dry! He attempts to pray, while watching the corpse of the last being who can interest him on earth. She is gone! and has left him a miserable, heart-broken wanderer. And yet all is not dead with her. She has given life to another being, ere she departed. Its lamentable cry on entering this world, was the dirge for its departing mother; and an apt greeting for all the sorrows the gift of life entailed on it.

We enter the world sorrowing; the first sound uttered is that of pain, and the last moment of existence echoes the birth-pang cry. "Man was indeed made to mourn;" and who is there, that during life does not mourn and suffer?

END OF VOL. II.

NOTES.

(a.) "Ah, dear Don Aniello, how goes it?"

"Your servant, Signor Macario."

"*I* am always *your* servant: you know it. How come you to be in this quarter?"

"Oh, its the first time that you have met me here; but I'm always on the pier, to listen to the Signor Addegio, who sings the actions of the renowned great man. To-day there will be a beautiful piece of that history."

"Really! tell me which he will sing."

"Nothing less than Renaud, who discovers that the King of Scots' daughter is innocent, and that the villain Polenesso is he who had laid the plot."

"Really!"

"Oh, that is nothing! He defies him to combat, beats him, and when he is to give up his spirit to the devil, he confesses the whole conspiracy."

"Well, since it is so, I'll stay and listen, with my mouth open."

"If such is your intention, let us go and take our places before the crowd arrive."

"Yes, come along; but let me first of all purchase two sous' worth of Passa tiempo."

"Go, go, I'll wait for you."

(*b.*) "Oh (with an oath), what a beautiful vessel; look, look, Januarius; look, how she comes in with the wind."

"What the devil do you say? it is a frigate."

"A frigate! one sees that you understand what you say!"

"How much will you bet that it is not one."

"Whatever you like."

"Well, a paté of six-sous and a bottle of Marena."

"Agreed; let us go and enquire."

"Enquire! go yourself, I should be ashamed. What! I, who have been on the salt-water twenty years, and don't know if it is a frigate or a trader."

"You may have been twenty years at sea; but to-day the wine has blinded you, and you don't see further than your nose."

"Hold your tongue, and don't seek to be off; the bargain is struck, so don't talk any more about it."

"You rather astonish me. When I have given my word! Remember, we are to eat a paté to-night, and to drink a bottle of Mazzarella, and that he who is mistaken pays."

"We should go and eat directly, and then return here, get into a boat, and ascertain."

"As you will, neighbour; but where shall we go?"

To the Signor Aniello's, at the chiazza Franzesa."
At that robber's; no, I won't go."
Where then?"
Let us go to the Signor Sapatella's, at the mmiezo Puerto, has some excellent Gragnano wine.
Very well; come where you will."

) "Oh, Grariella, for heaven's sake, look what beautiful ; they must be English."
Oh yes, they are the captains of the vessel which came in elve o'clock."
See, they look at us; what do they want?"
What can they want? Malediction on them. They are gers; naturally they look about them. We must feign o see them."
Oh, here they come to us."
Let them come; I'll settle them properly. Call, call out asted corn; perhaps they will buy some."
Roasted corn, roasted corn."
Silence, they come."
'll make them pay two sous for each blade of corn. Sig- will you have some roasted corn, hot, hot."
Devil take them, they understand nothing."
Will you have some or not?"
Let them go, with a vengeance; they are thinking of other s."
Go, go, gentlemen, we are not what you are seeking; we onourable, and we live on black bread."

(*d.*) The high street, called Toledo.

(*e.*) Let me not be mistaken; I speak of theatres as they are, not as what they might be.

(*f.*) Madame de Sevigné pithily describes it, "*respirer son voisin.*"

(*g.*) The vice of gaming is so general at Naples, that it extends to every class. The poor fishermen and divers who have been all day from sunrise to sunset in the sea toiling for bare subsistence, will assemble on the sands as they return from sea with their scanty provision of "frutti del mare," and begin instantly staking it on their favourite game 'giouco di mano;" which consists in presenting as rapidly as it is spoken the number of fingers called for by a third, who is umpire.

(*h.*) The writer saw this young man, as he was with the other galley-slaves, sweeping the streets of Pisa. He was deadly pale, and did not appear more than eight-and-twenty years of age. He was remarkably handsome, and a look of shame and recollection of his former condition seemed to pass over his countenance, as he extended his hand to beg for alms, which the soldiers guarding the galley-slaves allow them to do.

(*i.*) "Fennel, small cheeses, various sorts of fish, macaroni, common cheese."

(*k.*) For a description of this mode of taking fish, I refer the reader to some animated scenes in Sir. W. Scott's novel of "Redgauntlet," and Cooper's "Pioneers."

(*l.*) "God bless him, and grant him his divine protection. What do I say? Can *I* dare hope that my voice can reach to God? No!—No!"

(*m.*) It was after visiting the Asylum for the Blind, and that for the Deaf and Dumb, in France, that this observation was made; and it was approved and confirmed by the directors of the two establishments.

(*n.*) A sedioli is a light kind of tilbury, much gilt and ornamented.

(*o.*) This is an historical fact. It happened in the same year with the events which we are narrating. We have only changed the scene.

(*p.*) Don Sarrao, in his account of that eruption, states that, "Il mésura les matières, vomies par le volcan, durant les 22 jours que dura l'éruption, et les évalua à 319,658,000, 161 pieds cubes; ce qui faisait prés d'une lieue et demie en un surface carrée; ou bien un cube de 683 pieds, c'est-à-dire, une montagne, dont les dimensions étaient a peu prés égales à la hauteur du Dome de Milan."

(*q.*) At the fête of St. Jean, in the year 17—, no *disgrazia* had taken place. The town was in consternation. A youth was persuaded to take a horse to water in the sea, who had never mounted one, and who was ignorant of the coast. They led him to a spot which appeared propitious for watering the horse; and the youth descended fearlessly into the water upon his back. The crowd waited anxiously the result of the experiment. The spot selected was a quicksand, and in an instant the horse and rider disappeared, to rise no more. The people shouted in joy at their deliverance; and the police took no cognizance of the subject.

(*r.*) "And no unfortunate accident has yet arrived."

(*s.*) Rocks ejected from the crater have been measured when cold, and found to be eighteen feet square.

(*t.*) The following is the ode alluded to:—

"Heard ye the whirlwind's flight sublime?
Swift as the rushing wing of time
The demon raged aloud!
Vaunting he reared his giant form,
And towered amid the gathering storm,
Borne on a murky cloud.
Vast horrors shook the dome of heaven,
As 'neath him far with fury driven,

The viewless depths of air,
Stern o'er the struggling globe he past,
While pausing nature shrunk aghast,
And through the troubled gloom wild yelled the fiend despair.

"Servant of God! destructive power!
Whilst due to wrath the direful hour,
Thou warn'st a guilty world,
When bursts to vengeance heaven's blest sire,
When lightens fierce the Almighty's ire,
On sin-struck nations hurled.
Thy terrors load my trembling shell,
Dread as the maddening tones that swell
O'er yonder bleak domain;
Where heaves thy deep, incessant roar,
That shakes the snow-topt mountains o'er,
And with resistless ruin strews the affrighted plain.

"Oh! what of hope's delicious ray,
As slow the pilgrim takes his way,
Shall soothe his sinking soul,
As round him forms infernal rise,
Of ghastly hue, whose hideous cries
Through the vast ether roll?
And mingling in each surf-worn cave,
Fell spirits from the murderer's grave

The deed of horror hail.
Saw ye the reddening meteor gleam?
Heard ye the harsh and hollow scream?
Far o'er the dim, cold sea, the birds of ocean wail.

"Fierce o'er the darkly heaving waves,
The storm with boundless fury raves;
The sailor starts aghast.
His helm to ruthless vengeance given,
Through the vast surge speeds idly driven,
As shrieks the hurrying blast.
Cease, Emma, cease! to hope is vain;
Thou ne'er wilt view thy lord again.
He never shall return.
Pale on the desert shore he lies.
No wife beloved to close his eyes,
No friend in pitying tones his wave-drenched limbs to mourn."

(*u.*) The allusion to his "mother," and the number "thirteen," was never explained. They remained as much a mystery, as the extraordinary being who uttered them.

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MARSTON.

MARSTON:

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By a Lady.

"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me."

VOL. III.

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MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever green pine,
Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish—the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow;
While ev'ry Highland glen
Sends our shout back again—
Roderick vich Alpine Dhu Ho Iero."

LADY OF THE LAKE.

TWENTY years have elapsed since the events recorded in our last chapters. In this space

of time, though but a moment in comparison with eternity, many changes have taken place in the organisation of the world. In the same manner that time changes the surface of the material earth, it likewise produces a gradual and imperceptible change in all earthly things —in the circumstances and the opinions of men, and in events as guided by those opinions. In that short space of time History has filled her pages with rich stores of events, of more than common interest and importance, whose effects will be felt and acknowledged by countless generations to come. In the records of the world, and its different states, handed down to us, each succeeding century suppresses a portion of the past history; and the events recorded passing through the crucible of time, nothing but its most prominent features are noticed. The history of the era in which we live is diffuse—numberless circum-

stances are related, numberless names of persons and statesmen find a page consecrated to them; whilst of the century which precedes the present, already much is abridged by the historians of the day. Each preceding century is more and more contracted, until, through these various condensations, none but transcendant geniuses and most important and remarkable events live in history. In the times of Alexander and Darius, no doubt there existed many great generals and statesmen of infinite merit; but their shadows have grown so pale with time, that only the stronger lights have survived. The century in which we have lived has furnished one of those brilliant lights, which will still shine in future ages, and continue a monument of what the strength and energy of man is capable of accomplishing, when he is also gifted with the power to *will* the execution of all he imagines.

That power, though given, perhaps, to all, is only felt by some; and it is only when it is felt that it becomes one, acting on others without their having a resisting will. Napoleon was endowed with that power, and with consciousness that he possessed it; and perhaps his rapid rise to greatness may be attributed to it. When he wished to carry any point which met with opposition, and could not be attained by force of arms, he always endeavoured to speak with his opponents; not that he was gifted with eloquence, for it was remarkable in how slight a degree he possessed that pleasing power,—it was a consciousness of supremacy of will, which he felt would impose the obligation of submission on the part of those with whom he should communicate. That man had risen from nothing, to the highest point of military grandeur!—from nothing, to be the greatest ruler and legislator!—from

nothing, to the supremacy over almost all Europe!—from nothing, to an alliance with one of its most powerful sovereigns!—from nothing, to the pinnacle of greatness! He had restored tranquillity and order, where anarchy had previously existed in all its horrors;—he had raised a fallen kingdom, fallen by crime, to an empire of glory and splendour;—he had diffused that glory and splendour over all the branches of his family, and made them sovereigns of conquered dominions;—he had reached the zenith of his fame, and revelled in glory till he knew no limits to his ambition! Then it was that the frailty of man asserted its rights, and drew him down to the earth.

Europe, for awhile dazzled and enthralled, indignantly renounced the subjection in which it had been held—masses of warriors united to overthrow the giant who had so severely humbled their pride.

The constant opposition of England, which was never either subdued or disposed to submission, held out example and encouragement to other states. Even the elements, which no will of earthly man can subjugate, seemed to make common cause with the oppressed nations, and combined against him, when he sought to make those he commanded disregard them; and this great meteor sank under the overwhelming force arrayed against it. Then Europe breathed again. War, with its destructive flames, no longer ravaged its countries. No longer mothers and wives mourned their sons and husbands, ruthlessly torn from them, to fight for a ruler whom they feared but did not respect. Peace and quiet smiled on the face of the earth, and their benignant influence spread gladness and prosperity around. Joy filled the hearts of all; and the rulers of the enfranchised nations assembled at a central

point, to celebrate peace with rejoicings, and to settle on as firm a basis as human wisdom would enable them to do a lasting order of things—restoring to despoiled nations their rights, confirming the interests of others by united sanction, and adapting their treaties so as to ensure universal happiness.

Vienna was selected for this reunion; and thither almost all the sovereigns of Europe, all their great generals, and great statesmen and ministers repaired. Thither also flocked numbers of foreigners of every country. So many years had been passed in war, that the continent had been shut to travellers, until the knowledge of its different countries had become as it were an unknown tongue to the rising generation; and the opportunity which the Congress of Vienna offered of viewing all Europe assembled at one point, was eagerly

seized by the idle, the inquisitive, and the simple traveller.

"I shall be half way on my road to Vienna by that time," said Howard, in reply to a proposal from Norris to go grouse-shooting on the moors in Scotland.

"Vienna! Why, what business can you have there?" said Norris.

"It is exactly because I have no business that I am going to join the crowd of idlers hurrying there," replied his friend. "It will be an opportunity never likely to be again presented, of seeing assembled in one spot all the potentates and other remarkable men of Europe."

Howard had letters addressed to the Count de W——, an Austrian-Polish nobleman, residing at Vienna, remarkable for his politeness and attention to foreigners; and, with

this recommendation, he started for the continent.

Somebody has said, that man is at his highest degree of perfection at the age of forty, and a very celebrated coquette averred, that she never had regarded the attention of any admirer who had not attained that age. It is true, that man is then in possession of all his mental faculties, attuned to their highest pitch: it is then that the vigour of his character is entirely developed and confirmed; he has seen and lived until he has acquired experience and worldly knowledge, and the outward man is developed in all its beauty.

We have already stated that Howard was very handsome; and if not more so now, his manners were certainly more pleasing than ever. The years which he had passed had a little modified the gay buoyancy of youth, but without diminishing its fire; and his presence

served to confirm and increase the recommendation of which he was the bearer.

Owing to the lapse of time during which the continent had been shut to the English, the nation was scarcely known, but by the false representations of foreign inimical gazettes; and a degree of hatred was generally felt by the lower classes on the continent towards the English, which perhaps even extended to higher circles; who both by education and position, ought to have been possessed of more liberal sentiments. It was particularly in France, and the countries under French dominion, that this unkind disposition and feeling were manifested; and it is a question which time alone can solve, whether it will not one day be a subject of regret, that a change in such apparently unamiable opinions should have taken place. The more a nation is intact and insulated, and the less it fraternizes (to use a

republican expression) with other countries, the less it is under the danger or influence of corruption from example. The more the pride of its own integral worth is felt, the more truly and virtuously national it feels. Those states, and there are some we could indicate, which have been underdifferent dominions, and which were blended with their masters for the time being, now present little nationality of character, little independence of feeling, little of those qualities which command confidence, or on which firm reliance can be placed.

But to resume. As Howard descended from the packet-boat at Ostend, a crowd of anxious idlers were on the strand; and as he was giving directions concerning his trunks, he heard some voices in the crowd apostrophising him with the term "cochon d'Anglais." And yet but a few hours had divided him from his native land, where the name of Englishman was

a proud title, felt by all who bore it. Tha[illegible] a few feet of water should cause such a differen[illegible]ce in the estimation of it! Yet a few feet of w[illegible]a-ter or land make a total difference in the a[illegible]p-pearance, language, habits, and *tout ensem*[illegible]*ble* of the inhabitants of a country. It is alm[illegible]ost inexplicable how nations preserve their orig[illegible]n-ality of language, when the limits that div[illegible]de them are so rapidly passed; and that const[illegible]ant communication exists between the borders of either limit. All, however, is different; [illegible]nd the only thing which changes by constant in-tercourse, is the moral and political chara[illegible]ter of a country. The rest remains "one and [illegible]en-tire."

It is owing perhaps to the geographical p[illegible]osi-tion of England, that there exists a more [illegible]tri-king difference between that country and oth[illegible]ers. It is not merely the habits of comfort which [illegible]are so differently understood, but the human i[illegible]tel-

lect appears to comprehend every thing in another point of view. The dissimilarity existing between England and Germany is particularly striking; and an Englishman entering the latter country for the first time, is amused or annoyed by the novelties he witnesses. He has some difficulty in persuading himself to repose in a bed, where his only covering is a large feather-bed, too short to cover his feet. He is hardly disposed, at every post-town, to declare his name and profession, and give an account of himself to those, who, according to his ideas of liberty, have no right to enquire into his affairs, or busy themselves with the motives which induce him to travel. He is constrained to call some portion of philosophy to his aid, not to enter into useless quarrels with the phlegmatic postillions who conduct him, dragging him on at a slow and measured pace, of four miles an hour; out of which un-

inspired movement, neither gold, nor snuff, fair words, nor a horsewhip, will persuade them to advance. But then, there are other things which compensate for these annoyances. His eye is refreshed and gratified by the beautiful and variegated scenery which presents itself to his view, as he proceeds. The vine-covered Rhenish hills, bordering that large and rapid river, have an aspect of richness and magnificence, dazzling to the eye, accustomed to the less obtrusive beauties of pastoral England. Stupendous rocks, which occasionally rise almost perpendicularly to a great height, having sufficient soil upon them to admit of their being also cultivated with the vine, vary the effects of these masses of light green vegetation; while the dark pine forests bordering the horizon, contrast beautifully with the more smiling scenery.

Then again, if the measured pace of the

s and their guides be irksome to one ac-
med to roll with the rapidity of lightning
s own country's smooth and level roads,
r is gratified with the melody of the post-
s, played with great correctness and taste
ose same postillions; while echo "repeats
ale" in softer notes through the distant
ts.

was especially at Hohenlinden that How-
vas struck with the romantic and novel
ry we have attempted to describe; and
he paused at a little log-built cottage in
centre of the Black Forest, the only inn
part of the country affords for travellers,
e beautiful lines of Campbell's on the bat-
f Hohenlinden recurred to his memory,
acquired fresh beauty in his mind, from
truth of their descriptions, and the ro-
tic grandeur of the scenery before his
(a).

Quitting again the dark, mysterious shades of the Black Forest, and regaining the smiling banks of the Rhine, Howard stopped awhile, to view some ruins seated opposite to each other, on two elevated rocks, which towered over the rapidly-flowing river in one of its broadest parts. They were the remains of two ancient baronial castles, which once frowned in feudal pride from the summits of these rocks; while on an island of no very small dimensions, a hundred feet below them, covered with the richest verdure, stood the mouldering walls of a convent. The history of these three ruins is handed down by the peasantry from father to son; and the postillion conducting Howard threw his post-horn over his shoulder, laid the reins of his horses on their necks, and turning half round on his seat, so as to have a full view of the countenance of his auditor, related the tale, which

divested of his patois, and some traditionary absurdities, was to the following purport:—

"In former times, when petty barons were little sovereigns, acknowledging no greater chiefs than themselves, and distributing justice according to their pleasure, living on the produce of rapine and war, and considering their neighbours' estates as lawful prizes if obtained by force of arms, there lived in those castles two powerful barons.

"One of these barons had a daughter, famed far and wide for her beauty, grace, and accomplishments; the other was of younger age, and unmarried. They were friends, and lived in habits of the closest intimacy. The Baron Friederick used to cross the rapid stream of the Rhine at all seasons, and in all perils, to visit his neighbour and his lovely daughter, to whom he had become ardently attached. He was valiant and enterprising, rich and power-

daughter as an honourable and fit
for the heiress of an ancient house.

" It was the period when all th
enthusiasts of Europe had coalesced,
themselves, to reconquer the Holy L
Baron Friederick could not resist t
tions held out both by religion an
joining the crusading hosts. He bad
for a time to his destined bride, a
head of his vassals, proceeded t
crusaders. Three years had elapse
departure: the lovely heiress of th
Hapsburgh had spent that time in
his safety, and in embroidering a c
wherewith to decorate her gallan
lover, on his return.

bouring chief. The sentry gave the alarm ere they had ascended the high rock on which the edifice was built, and in a moment all was hurry and confusion in the castle. All the menials and retainers straightway repaired to the different posts of defence, and the women withdrew to the inner courts, where they trusted to be out of the reach of javelins and arrows, and other missile weapons. The attack was continued with fury; every means were attempted to scale the walls and force the gates. The Baron Hapsburgh, armed cap-a-pie, headed his men, and encouraged them by his presence in their bold defence. The besiegers had commenced at sun-set, and, favoured by the gloom, they continued their efforts for many hours with vigour, to get possession of the castle.

"At length a narrow pass, used by the menials to descend to the village at the foot of the

rock on which the castle stood, was forced, and a portion of the marauders effected an entrance into the castle.

"Thither the besieged immediately rushed to arrest their progress; and instantly the long vaulted stone passages which formed the lower part of the building became the scene of fierce and deadly struggle. Such close contact with the enemy produced immense carnage and hundreds lay bleeding in the passages, in every direction. The Baron's arm was terrible! Wherever he closed in combat, he laid his adversary lifeless.

"The men were obliged to carry torches with them, to light them to their defence; and the flames they emitted of a swarthy, murky light, combined with black smoke, served to make 'darkness visible,' adding lugubrious terror to the scene.

"Advancing rapidly along one of the vaulted

passages, the Baron perceived a warrior clad in armour bearing fiercely on, the sweep of whose terrific sword thinned the rank of his vassals at every blow. His aspect, superior to those he had already encountered, led him instantly to suppose, that he was the leader of the besiegers, and he turned furiously to meet him. A long and animated combat ensued; each was powerful of arm, each desperate, and the fate of either was long uncertain. At length the stranger warrior's sword forced a passage through the Baron's corslet, and he fell. Quickly the triumphant adversary turned to the combatants, and again scattered deadly blows around.

"By degrees the number of the besiegers iminished. The besieged gained ground, and pulsed the enemy with such fury, that they d, and abandoned the castle. The stranger rrior then returned to his vanquished oppo-

nent, who lay bleeding and fainting on th ground, and whom by his dress he deemed t be of higher degree than the rest. Unfaste ing his vizor, at the same time that he rais his own, their eyes met, and he recognised t Baron Hapsburgh, as he declared himself t Baron Friederick!

"The gallant crusader had just return from Palestine, and had hastened to cross t Rhine to lay his laurels at the feet of betrothed, when he found that the castle besieged. He rushed instantly to the res of the lord of the castle, and entering by same narrow pass which had been discove by the besiegers, was naturally supposed the Baron Hapsburgh to belong to them. uncertain flames of the torches and the c fusion of the scene had prevented these valiant chiefs from recognising each other their armour, and their vizors were lowere

"The fatal consequences have been recounted. In vain the beautiful daughter of the dying Baron tore her hair, and sought to bind up his gory wounds—in vain she wrung her hands, and wept, and kneeled by her father, and raised his head, and employed all the leech-craft known in those days. The Baron Friederick's blows had been too true—and the chief of the house of Hapsburgh quickly breathed his last.

"It was impossible for his daughter to become the bride of him by whose hand her father had fallen, however ignorantly the fatal deed had been done, and she resolved to take the veil. She caused a convent to be built on the island over which the castles of her father and lover towered, and there she took her vows. The Baron Friederick, in despair, returned again to Palestine, and fell there, a victim to his own rash exposure of a life become

too heavy for him. The two castles and the convent in the progress of time sunk into ruins, in which state they still attract the curiosity of the traveller."

"Departed grandeur! could these stones assume
Historic power to tell thy pristine fame,
The torch of truth should thy dark reign illume,
And bright description kindle from the flame.

"Then each mute witness, hasting to decay,
Might tell what scenes were whilom here display'd,
What ancient dames here sung the heroic lay,
Moved in the dance or nightly masquerade;—

"What titled warriors graced the splendid hall
In all the pride of chivalry and show;
What trophies hung within the sounding hall,
The blood-stained spoil of some illustrious foe;—

"What rich possessors fed the neighbouring poor;
What tournaments they fought, and how they fell;—
These, with numerous tales of deeds of yore,
The moss-grown relics of the pile might tell.

"But, sadly silent, they keep mouldering on,
Shaken full oft by ruin's iron hand;
And when some fleeting seasons more are gone,
No wreck of pride or grandeur here shall stand.

"Thus, worn with age, must thou, O man! become
A walking ruin on life's shelving shore,
At last to perish in the oblivious tomb;
But, summoned thence, thou shalt decay no more."

CHAPTER II.

"Pause here, and think—a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
Consult life's silent clock—thy bounding vein;—
Seems it to say, 'Health here has long to reign?'
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight—a heart untaught to sigh?
Yet fear—Youth oft'times, healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees;
And many a tomb, like Hamilton's, aloud
Exclaims, 'Prepare thee for an early shroud.'"

versally felt and acknowledged by observers of every sort and disposition; but these scenes are invested with a double solemnity when the remains are of a religious kind, such as churches and monasteries. On viewing a decayed palace, or ruined castle, we are led to recollect that it was the seat of some haughty magnate, or warlike baron, and recur to the history of the gallant actions which have been achieved on that spot; or are led to reflect on the uncertainty of all human grandeur, both perhaps from the fate of its lordly owner, and its own tottering state: but these are subjects which are calculated to affect the generality of beholders but very slightly.

"Those in the middling walk of life being, happily for them, for the most part exempt from the violent convulsions and sudden reverses to which men of more elevated rank are subject, and which is a sufficient retri-

bution for all their envied superiority, are lit
inclined to such impressions.

" Religious ruins, however, not only stri
pious persons with that reverential awe, whi
the thoughts of their original destination must
force; but as places of sepulture, excite id
equally applicable to all ranks, from the n
narch to the beggar; and to all sects, whet
believers or sceptics; it being impossible
walk over a spot of ground, every yard
which covers the remains of a human bei
once like ourselves, without the intrusion of
awful memento, that we must soon, very so
occupy a like narrow tenement of clay: a co
deration which will for a moment sadden
most cheerful disposition; and abstract from
fling pursuits, at least for a while, those of
most dissipated turn. All are for the mo
forced to bestow some thoughts on that inevit
hour when they are to depart hence.

"In addition to these considerations, there is nothing in the style of the building more particularly disposing to gloom, than that aer of castles or mansions, occasioned by the uliarity of the Gothic windows, the number he arches and recesses, and the long perctive of aisles."

We have borrowed the above description, ch details so perfectly, and so much better n we could have succeeded in doing, all that ward experienced on viewing the monastery Moltke, after ten days' travelling in varied beautiful scenery, visiting different sites points of interest on the road which he sued to arrive at Vienna.

He had paused with curiosity and pleasure Heidelburg, and visited its ancient and romtic castle, of celebrity in times of yore; , but a grand and magnificent ruin. He seen the vintners of that luxuriant country

keeping their yearly festival of rejoicing, for the ample harvest gathered from the abundantly fruitful vine; and had witnessed the dances, animated by the circumstances, waltzing on the enormous "ton," in which the rich liquor, the produce of the year, is poured.

At Heilbrun, another style of scene gratified him, as he entered the town at nightfall, and saw the enormous watch-tower which protects it, overhanging the broad river, and producing a singular and almost magical effect from the beacon of the watchman on its top. The man seems to walk in air; and is perched at such an enormous height above the earth, that it puzzles those who perceive him and are strangers to the place, to imagine on what he can be situated, and how he could have got there, surrounded as he is with haze, while all is darkness and apparently empty space beneath him.

On quitting this rich and varied scenery, as

oward advanced in his journey, the country
ssumed another aspect. The nearer he drew
the Austrian dominions, the further he
emed to remove from cultivation and beauty.
he roads, cut in sandy soil, looked dreary
nd uninviting: an air of austerity was spread
n the whole appearance of the country; and
s he drew near to the town of Moltke, situated
n a high rock, this austerity assumed a mo-
astic repulsiveness.

The monastery stands on the highest point
f the rock. A narrow and steep road between
alls leads to it; and as Howard ascended it
lowly, and viewed the grandeur and solemnity
f the building, which commanded the whole
rrounding country, and passed the extensive
metière within view of the road, he experi-
nced the different feelings pourtrayed in the
ommencement of this Chapter.

Moltke is a strong place of defence in time

of need, forming one of the barriers to [illegible] frontiers of Vienna, and removed from it [illegible] two days' journey; and before Howard co[illegible]ld be allowed to pass the gates, he was obliged [illegible] to undergo a strict examination.

"Ihr nahme und kawakter? Wo kom[illegible]me sie her? Wo reiser sie hin? Veilleicht ein general, oder veilleicht ein kaûfman?"

"Neither, neither," said Howard imp[illegible]ati-ently.

"Was sall ich ihnen sagen?" said the im-passable, phlegmatic, and respectful sentine[illegible]l.

"Schiffs capitan," *(b)* at last said How[illegible]ard, to put an end to the colloquy; and the g[illegible]ates were unbarred, and he entered the town.

He took up his quarters for the night at the inn, a short distance from the monastery = re-solved the following morning to visit the inte-rior of that ancient and venerable pile.

Austria exercises in her government a jea-

sy and suspicion of all strangers, which re-
re numberless forms to be gone through by
ry traveller arriving within the limits of her
ver; and Howard was informed by the au-
giste, in reply to a wish he expressed of
ng conducted to the monastery, that he
ıld be required to exhibit his passports and
ers, and have a permission signed by several
horities, ere he would be allowed such a
our.

Unwilling to quit Moltke without having
tified his curiosity, he submitted to all the
ckles which they imposed upon him; and
t, accompanied by the landlord, to the mi-
y commandant, who after many formalities
e him the permission which he required,
vn out in writing, at considerable length,
with his name and quality described with
h minutenes.

raught with this important document, How-

ard presented himself at the monastery. His papers were examined by the porter at the gate, an aged friar; and he was desired to wait until they could be submitted to the inspection of the holy abbot.

Two hours elapsed ere he obtained admission, and Howard could not but remark, that there was something extraordinary in the curious and close observation and scrutiny, that he underwent by several friars; who relieved each other in attending on him, as he visited the different parts of the building.

The cold, cheerless, indifferent appearance of the monks, as they glided through the long corridors, with their heads bent, and their eyes fixed on the stone floors they were crossing, caused Howard to feel astonishment, that so many reasonable beings should willingly immure themselves, and strip life of all its beauties, of all its compensations for those suffer-

s inherent to all; and bearable only by the
ıtrasts and accidents, which an active life,
l intercourse with the world at large, give
th to.

One of the monks, an aged man, with long
ite beard, sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks,
ended him in company with the different
nks who relieved each other, and never
tted him. But he spoke not; and the se-
ity of his aspect withheld Howard from ac-
ting him. He entered the abbot's apart-
nt with him, and remained with his arms
ssed and his eyes bent on the ground, near
door, the whole time of Howard's stay with
at venerable man; who was of milder aspect
an the other recluses, and received Howard
th courtesy, inviting him to sit by him, and
nversing with more knowledge of the public
ents of the day, than his visiter expected.
questioned him as to the motives of his

journey, enquired how long he should stay, and whither he would go after quitting Vienna. On Howard's answering, that he had little more than idle curiosity to plead as a motive for his journey, adding,—"The peace of the continent puts us naval men out of employment;" the old man near the door gave some signs of impatience, and raised his eyes to Howard's face, but dropped them almost immediately; and when the abbot invited Howard to pay him another visit on his return from Vienna, the old man suddenly withdrew from the apartment, and remained without the door with downcast looks, expressive of much suffering. He, however, conducted Howard to the stupendous gates of the monastery, when he took leave of the abbot; and as the former crossed the threshold, he observed, to his extreme astonishment, that the monk, with his extended arms raised on high, was uttering a malediction

n him, with the greatest expression of cold atred depicted on his countenance. He was confused and surprised, that for some mi- utes he remained in the position in which he ad turned to salute the monk, when he caught ie expression of his eye and attitude; and ien was nearly re-entering the gates, to ask im how an entire stranger could have inspired im with such uncharitable feelings; but a econd thought withheld him.—The monk was ged, infirm, and appeared to be in his second hildhood: and with little care or anxiety as the effects of the malediction, which he had innocently drawn on himself, Howard en- ered his carriage, and proceeded to Vienna.

It was night when he arrived there; and the irst object that attracted his attention, was a arge house, a short distance without the gates, vhich was brilliantly illuminated. Room after room was filled with persons, whom How-

ard could perceive moving to and fro. Hundreds of carriages were drawn up before the gates of the mansion; and the appearance of the whole was so gay, that it animated Howard, and dispelled the serious train of thought, which his visit to Moltke had produced.

At the gates of the town he was informed that the château he had passed belonged to "Der Furst von Metternich," who that evening gave a fête to the sovereigns assembled at Vienna. There was something so exhilarating in the whole scene, that it was not till Howard's carriage had wound through the narrow, dark streets of the city, that the dazzling effects of what he had seen passed away; and were succeeded by a gloomy feeling of melancholy, as he drove up to an hotel in the Graben.

Notwithstanding the pleasure experienced in travelling, and observing new countries,

w people, new scenes, and costumes, habits,
l manners; there are still moments, which
st lonely travellers must have experienced
be so dismal and comfortless, that they
rcely can be compensated by all these novel-
s. Shenstone's often quoted observation is
tainly contradicted by experience; since the
st frequent source of this sense of loneliness,
vithout doubt the heartless welcome of the
keeper, and the positive absence of all in-
st which an entire stranger inspires, who is
t to pass on directly *(c)*. There can be
real expression of gladness or kindness
is arrival; and he is at once struck with
edlessness about him, which is very cheer-

The hours that pass ere he retires to
may not be inaptly termed the true secret
litary confinement; and when he departs
llowing morning, the only regret felt at
eparture is that inspired by sordid inte-

rest; anxiety for his future welfare is of course out of the question.

Man is such a creature of habit, that wherever he has sojourned a few fleeting months only, he then leaves behind silent objects of attachment. The very walls of a room thus inhabited, its furniture, its ornaments, have all acquired a something of acquaintance and intimacy with our thoughts, and form, as it were, part and parcel of ourselves; whereas, a new room, which one enters for five or six hours, and quits never to re-enter, is so indifferent, that the mere circumstance of being in it, gives rise to feelings of discomfort.

If Howard had reasoned on what he felt on entering the hotel, he might have been disposed to say, "I am a fool for having taken the trouble of coming so far, without any precise object for so doing."

CHAPTER III.

"When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.
Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancers' bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall."

CADYOW CASTLE.

"Les hommes ont tous une même origine, et cette origine est petite. Leurs années se poussent successivement comme les flots. Ils ne cessent de s'écouler, tant qu'en fin après avoir fait un peu plus de bruit, et traversé un peu plus de pays, les uns que les autres, ils vont tous ensemble se confondre dans un abîme, où l'on ne réconnait plus, ni princes, ni rois, ni

toutes les autres qualités superbes, qui les distinguent; de même que les fleuves tant vantés demeurent sans nom, et sans gloire, mêlés dans l'ocean, avec les rivières les plus inconnues."

BOSSUET SUR MADAME HENRIETTE D'ANGLETERRE.

"You must be presented at court," said the Count W—— to Howard, to whom he had delivered his letter of introduction, and who, with his accustomed urbanity and politeness to foreigners, had already made Howard acquainted with most of the Austrian society. "I will undertake the necessary preliminaries, and to procure you an invitation to the ball which the Empress gives to-morrow evening. You will there find assembled all the persons you are desirous of seeing."

The following evening Count W—— called for Howard, and they proceeded to the Hoff (palace) together. Howard was much struck with its splendour, as he entered the apart-

ments, which were brilliantly illuminated with thousands of wax-lights, placed in silver lustres, candelabras, and branches. The suite of rooms, which on this occasion were thrown open throughout the whole of their vast extent, was equally resplendent and magnificent.

Orange-trees and other odoriferous green-house plants shed their perfume around; and various bands were stationed in the different apartments, playing the most beautiful waltzes. Every room was filled with the most elegant society of Vienna, selected to meet the different sovereigns there assembled. "Le sang est beau," at Vienna; the women are delicately formed, and almost all pretty—the men handsome—and a dressed ball in that city is consequently a very pleasing spectacle. The women dress with much taste, improving on the French fashions, which they for the most part adopt;

and the uniforms of the men are handsome, and highly advantageous to the person.

To judge of the national dance of the country—the waltz—it should be seen at one of these balls. There is displayed in it a grace, an ease, a movement, which cannot be attained but by those who have been almost born waltzing. The circle they describe as they advance is never exceeded by the succeeding or preceding waltzers. Although the number of dancers in the circle may be two hundred, only twenty waltz at once, following each other in order; and when they stop to take breath, twenty more begin, thus giving each couple time and space to move without confusion; and the manner in which the cavaliers draw up and stop with their partners is peculiarly graceful and pleasing. The music is played with such delicacy and fineness—the motion

of the dancers is so noiseless—that while Wield executes a passage of the waltz on the highest notes of his violin, the only sound that reaches the ear besides is the sliding of the silk shoe on the boards, and the click of the golden spurs of the cavaliers.

The sovereigns—some of them young and handsome—joined in the waltz; and they were respectively pointed out to him by Count W——. "But wait a little," said the Count, "and you will have a better opportunity of seeing them; for there will soon be a Polonaise, and then they will all pass as it were in review before you." The Polonaise soon struck up, and every one was instantly on the alert—the aged and the young, the great and the unimportant, the pretty and the ugly—sovereigns, statesmen, warriors, courtiers, natives, foreigners—all joined in the promenade, to the sound of soft and beautiful music.

Alas! in less than twenty years many of the brilliant lights which shone at that ball have been extinguished. Twenty years are but a short span in the life of man, and yet they suffice to remove from the world the young, the gay, the flourishing! Eighteen years ago, the Emperor Alexander was in all his youth, his beauty, and his greatness. At that ball and the succeeding fêtes he was one of their chiefest ornaments, and by his courtesy and amiability one of the most agreeable persons of the society. The Empress Elizabeth shared with justice the eulogiums bestowed on the Emperor: she was gentle, amiable, and interesting. In the short space of three years after the Congress, they both had passed away! The Empress of Austria, a princess of the house of Tuscany,—young, pleasing, delighting in seeing others happy, and by her grace giving charms to the fêtes which she devised

for her royal guests—she too has been levelled by the remorseless scythe of fate. The Kings of Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Saxony have laid their heads in the dust! The pride of chivalry, George the Fourth, is no more! The tyrant of Europe has paid the debt of nature; and the gallant Prince Eugene Beauharnois is likewise gone!

Nor is this all the dirge of that fatal period. Relentless fate, whilst sweeping from the surface of the globe millions of little fame, whose memories can only be retained by the limited circle of their families, has claimed for her own men whose genius and power drew into their hands the destinies of whole nations. Castlereagh, that British statesman whose comprehensive mind embraced the position of all Europe, and studied to turn it to the advantage of his country, to which he was devoted, and in which he gloried! Schwartzenberg, the

pride of the Austrian army, and justly esteemed her hero! Wrede, whose Bavarian blood flowed for his country, whilst his courage and gallantry gave that impulse to the Bavarian army which made its bands resist and conquer, where difficulties and dangers almost rendered conquest impossible.

Nor be the fairer sex without their requiem! The beautiful Countess Julie Zichi, the Countess Jacerau—young and lovely women—have been effaced from the circles where they shone and fascinated! The graceful Lady——but let us enumerate no further; let us return to the past, and fancy that they still exist.

"The leader of the Polonaise," said the Count W—— to Howard, "that good-looking young man, with Tartar eyes, which he rolls about incessantly and with great vivacity, is the Count Tchernichoff. He is aid-de-camp

to the Emperor of Russia, and leads the pro-
menade, as a true courtier should, to please his
royal master. His partner is the Countess
Jacerau, a *nouvelle mariée*. She is very pretty,
and very *sage*, although having no objection to
hearing how pretty she is. Nevertheless, the
Count Tchernichoff will abandon her fair hand
presently, and clapping his own, give the sig-
nal for every gentleman that follows him to
change partners, and take possession of the
hand of the lady immediately behind. Thus,
if you cast your eyes a little further on, you
will perceive that the King of Prussia will be
obliged to relinquish the hand of the Coun-
ess Julie Zichi, with whom he is walking,
favour of the Emperor Alexander, who has
aced himself directly before him. The Arch-
ke Charles of Austria leads the Empress
zabeth. Observe how gracefully she walks;
t dignity and feminine gentleness are por-

trayed in her countenance, combined with much melancholy. The Archduke was unfortunate in his command at Wagram, where he was obliged to yield to the overpowering force of Napoleon's army; he is nevertheless a brave and much esteemed officer. The Archduke Jean follows, conducting the Grand Duchess of Weimar. He is a great protector of the arts and has a magnificent collection of pictures. The Grand Duchess Marie is very lovely.

"That animated countenance which appears over the shoulder of the Hereditary Prince, who is conducting his grandmother, the Archduchess Beatrice, is the Prince Eugene Beauharnois: it is impossible not to discover in it the frank honesty of his character, added to chivalrous bravery; he is generally esteemed and loved. Yonder comes the Emperor: he leads the Grand Duchesse ———. If reports are true, her Imperial Highness has proved a

great diplomate, and out-heroded Herod, chez vous ;—it should appear that it is not merely your nation who esteem the Dutch dykes."

Howard smiled, but was more intent on observing the promenaders, than disposed to converse on politics, and he listened to the Count W——, who continued,—"That bushy-haired square-set Russian is the Count ——. His history is too curious and bloody to be told at this season. He is a most extraordinary savage: he speaks foreign languages with great difficulty; and it is related of him, that upon one occasion, when Napoleon passed the Russian army in review, the Emperor Alexander, being very desirous that every thing should be conducted with the greatest correctness, and knowing the Count ——'s ignorance of French, and fearing that he might give some handle to ridicule, expressly forbade him to utter one

pened, that the regiment the Cou
manded particularly attracted Na
miration, and he turned to inqu
—— the name of its colonel. Hi
not proof against this complime
vancing with a satisfied countenan
tured to transgress the orders w
received with one poor little n
and replied, 'Sire, Je'*(d)*.

"That is the Marechal Schwart
leads the beautiful Countess de F
talents in diplomacy rival those of
statesmen; not that she is exer
at this moment, for the Marecha
hero, could better undertake a wa
than of wit;—he has a fine ma

ties ;—remark her smile, her features, and her figure, for she is exquisitely beautiful.

" I do not attempt to compliment your countrywomen,—it would be superfluous: if all the ladies of your nation are as handsome as the few to be seen here, your country must bear the palm for beauty.

" That venerable old soldier, who conducts the Empress of Austria, is the Prince de Ligne, whose reputation as a literary character must have reached England. Although so aged, his mind is as brilliant as when younger; and his sayings are quoted by everybody, as witty, pithy, true, and, what is more, unpremeditated(e). That corpulent, stern-looking old man is the King of Wurtemburg; he conducts the Princess of Hesse, and is followed by the King of Bavaria and the Countess Molz Zichi, a lady 'of that purple school.' The Marechal Wrede succeeds them;—remark what a firm,

fixed countenance he has, as
which would rather break t
leads the beautiful Princess
Your Castlereagh conducts the
Princess B——. Do you no
some resemblance between t
ters?"

Howard was struck with
remark, and replied, adding
the several compliments whic
had addressed to him.

"The two persons conver
dow, and the only two not joi
naise, are great Machiavelists
place them on an equal rank.
Talleyrand surpasses the Car
the same proportion that in c
to grey: no one can pene
thoughts, or fathom his co
framed to command the ris

pires. Yonder white-headed old man is the King of Denmark,—his partner the Princess Touret Taxis. She is mother to that pretty black-eyed woman who follows, with the Prince Rosamouski, by name the Princess Paul Esterhazy.

"I need not point out the British hero to you, nor tell you how much his great military talents and glory are appreciated in this country. I believe the fair sex are desirous of proving to him, that (like the Roman ladies of old) they admire a hero beyond all praise. Observe, he is leading one of the prettiest of our young women, one very generally courted and very generally capricious; but she smiles on him, while her slaves who follow are forgotten. I will not fatigue you further with the recital of the names of all the other persons gliding on, yet you may observe three handsome men, of elevated stature, following one

Hardenberg, the great Prussian
followed by the Prince Leopold
but, see, you are invited to joi
naders;"—and Howard, to his
perceived the fair hand of one of
dancers invitingly extended to hi
not hesitate, and in a moment
walking by the side of a beaut
dressed with all the taste and el
country, and displaying all the
which they know so well how to

Many were the couples hap
thus united, while the tender
(inaudible to those following in t
and rendered more captivating
citation of beautiful music and

CHAPTER IV.

"That strain again! it passed over mine ear like the sweet south over a bank of violets, taking and giving odours."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE fever which heated rooms and numbers of lights, and numbers of persons assembled, creates; which causes us to see, feel, and think otherwise than in moments of calm and repose; and which Howard had experienced the evening of the court ball, subsided with the morning light. The whole of the scene which he had witnessed appeared like a dream, and left no other impression on his mind.

The day was mild, one of those days in which winter seems to emulate summer. No wind perturbed the air,—there was stillness in every thing,—and Howard drove to the Prater, to take a solitary walk in that beautiful park, so sweet, so tranquil, so removed from the noise, the movement, and the odours of a populous and dirty city. The pheasantry, too, of considerable extent, kept up at a great expense by the Emperor, and filled with a profusion of ever-green trees, made him forget the season; and the quiet which surrounded him contrasted agreeably with the tumult of the scene of the preceding evening.

The pretty coquette who had occupied his attention a few hours previously, would scarcely have been flattered with the little effect all her efforts to fascinate had produced. Not that Howard was in a disposition to be insensible to the fascination of the fair sex; on the contrary,

he was just in that state of mind when a man falls souse in love (as my Uncle Toby expresses himself), but that Nature in her simplicity and beauty is a terrible rival to vanity, frippery, milliners, gauzes, false flowers, false smiles, and forced amusements; and yet your coquette and candle-light beauty, though aware of the fact, still spreads her nets, and toils diligently to captivate slaves; while her own heart, callous and empty, feels nothing for those she torments, hardly even the pleasure of conquest, or the odour of the incense momentarily offered her of admiration and compliment. It is true, she knows her reign of despotism returns with night, and if she struggles against sense and day-light a portion of the twenty-four hours, she knows a few hours are hers of partial conquest, and the certainty which she has acquired, by experience, of the victory must much diminish its pleasure.

"Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs!
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes;
Disguise e'en tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk confidence still best with woman copes,
Pique her, and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns th
hopes." CHILDE HAROLD.

It has been of old canvassed whether da
of sorrow are not compensated by nights
happy dreams, and whether the semblance
any thing is not worth the reality—wheth
the appearance of attachment doos not amou
to the same thing as real attachment. So f
must be allowed, that as long as the semblan
is perfect, and imposes the conviction of realit
the fac-simile is worth the fact; but the d
will come for truth to assert her rights, a
then the disenchantment forms a dreadf
weight in the scale.

It was late when Howard returned from his excursion in the Prater. The sun was setting through a gloomy, red, foggy atmosphere, announcing a change of weather, and betokening snow. As he proceeded up the Graben to his hotel, he had to pass the church of St. Etienne, a building of great antiquity, and remarkable architecture. He paused to examine the façade, whose projecting walls and columns stood out in the red light of the setting sun, throwing the rest into deeper shade. The effect produced was very remarkable, and added much o the beauty of the ancient edifice, casting a ort of mystery around it.

Howard was already disposed by his solitary mble to indulge in serious reflections, and s mind wandered rapidly through a maze of oughts, which he would have found it difficult trace, had he sought so to do. He had in

the course of a few seconds overrun centuries, and was arrived at the early age when the sacred building had been constructed. Linked with this thought came the state of Europe at that period, and more immediately the state of the very town in which it had been built, and which must therefore have existed as a town, at that period. Then its present political and public condition occurred to him, and he wa amusing himself by drawing a parallel betwee the two periods so widely asunder, when a strain of sacred music, swelling in the ai reached his ear. It was the hour of vesper the sweet melody of female voices stole gently and progressively on the ear, that it neither startled nor disturbed the train of thoughts in which he was indulging, but rath lured him to continue them, attracting him at the same time to enter the church, and list

nearer, while his eye wandered over the vast interior, which was enveloped in darkness, save where the lights burned on the altar.

Soon the voices which had charmed him ceased, and the service continued, the muttering chant of the priests contrasting strangely with the clear, melodious female voices which had preceded it; and again, when they ceased, the choral strain was resumed. Howard sought to discover whence the voices came. There were no women singing in chorus within sight, and the sounds appeared to issue from behind a high curtain, drawn along the end of the church, before an elevated gallery facing the altar. The swell of the voices ceased, and one only then commenced a hymn. It was the most beautiful voice that ever charmed an ear,—so soft, so melodious, so rich, each tone had so indescribable and fascinating an expression, that Howard remained listening even

after the voice had ceased, and was recalled from his trance by the return of the chorus which had before delighted him, and which now sounded harsh and discordant. The service was ended, and still he lingered, in hope again to hear that voice; but all was over. The assistants withdrew from the church by degrees, the shuffling sound of the beadles' feet pacing over the pavement was hushed, the gates were closing, and Howard withdrew, but no longer in that unagitated frame of mind in which he had pursued his walk in the Prater. The sound of that voice was with him—he could not forget it.

Imagination began to beguile his thoughts: so beautiful a voice must belong to as beautiful a form; and a feeling of curiosity made him desire to see the person whom he had heard. He was not engaged any where that evening; he was to dine alone; nothing occurred to

divert him from a train of ideas, so absorbing in their nature; and restless, without any defined cause, he again started to perambulate the Graben.

His footsteps unconsciously wandered to the church of St. Etienne, and again he paused before the façade. The moon had risen in all her splendour, shining clear and bright, from a disposition in the air to frost, and its beams streamed full upon the Gothic tracery of the edifice. Not a soul was passing in the street—all was calm; and Howard remained contemplating the church, while an indefinable yet pleasing sensation circulated in his frame; nor was he conscious how long he had so remained, till the cry of the watchman roused him, and he returned to his lodgings.

Still *that* voice dwelt on his ear; it remained with him, but was not an unwelcome guest,—on the contrary, he courted it, and when other

that delightful one which had wra
senses in Elysium. His first waki
lection was *that* voice; and he hasten
church, in the hopes of hearing it ag
discovering the singer, who, he alr
suaded himself, must be as lovely as h
It would have been easy for Howard t
the information he sought from Count
but he did not apply to him. There
ments when a jealous fear prevents
communicating our thoughts to even
A sort of presentiment that others n
our path withholds us. He feared a
Count W—— to the voice which had fa
him, and he preferred addressing hi
one of the guardians of the church.

the nuns of St. Etienne. The convent adjoins this church, and they have an entrance to it by the gallery which is screened by the curtain. The sister who sings alone, and has such a sweet voice, is a novice, who is shortly to take the veil; but I must quit you, Mein Herr, to toll the bell,—it is the hour of mass;" and the old man shuffled off, while Howard remained to assist at the mass, in hopes of again hearing *that* voice.

He did again hear it. His senses were wound up to madness; hardly could he wait the end of the service; he would see that novice, he would inquire—what he knew not; but he knocked at the convent gate, and asked to be admitted to the abbess. The proceeding was unusual; the portress stared at him, and inquired if he had any relation in the establishment. The cold, calm eye of the nun who officiated as portress recalled Howard a little

conduct. Unable to frame any
tence for his intrusion, he withd
volved in his mind how he mig
wishes; and at last resolved to
self to his friend, the Count de W-
fortunate in having so done, fo
that the Count had a sister, who
the convent for her education;
fore in his power to assist Howa
him with him when he went to v
as he was on such occasions ad
parlour, where the abbess sometir
self to attend on the young Cou
when any accidental circumstan
the sister, whose duty it was, fr
tomary form.

consider, or reflect, but is hurried on, as though suddenly plunged into a rapid stream, which bearing him forward with uncontrollable violence, dashes him at length on some hidden rock. Ruin and desolation then surround him irretrievably—the rapid has passed on, and left him to his fate. So it was with Howard. Lured by a sound, his whole future destiny, and the fates of others, found themselves involved by the rapid stream, which carried him headlong with it. For a while the treacherous current bore them clear of rock or obstacle.

The Count W—— took an opportunity of presenting Howard to the abbess, who was a mild and amiable person, one who formerly had lived in the world, and had withdrawn from it under the pressure of sorrow. She was untainted by either bigotry or hypocrisy, and received Howard with urbanity. After much prosing respecting the convent, its insti-

tutions, its miracles, its saints, the church, and other topics of high interest to the abbess and little to Howard, and having wound round by degrees to the object of his visit, he ventured to inquire concerning the novice.

"She will shortly take the veil," replied the abbess; "but she will be little of an acquisition to our convent; she brings no dower with her, and will be a charge to our already poor establishment. She has been educated by the sisters since a very tender age, and has no parent to claim her, or we should not admit her to the sisterhood."

"And has she a decided vocation for the veil?" said Howard.

"Truly," replied the abbess; "she is a holy and devout young woman; but she has never seen the world, is entirely ignorant of it, and therefore knows no choice. Her whole circle of ideas and friends are within these walls.

She does not imagine that any interest can exist to rival the blessed one which we have adopted; and her life is so smooth, so free from all sorrow or anxiety, that it is, perhaps, a peculiar grace granted to her, to pass it to its term in such tranquillity."

Howard returned several times to the convent parlour. His assiduity at all the services of the church of St. Etienne had attracted the notice, and gained him the good will of the guardians, who gave him a chair in the spot which he most desired, near the green curtain. At last he became so great a friend of the abbess, that he was admitted to her withdrawing-room; and though it must be owned his thoughts in presenting himself to her were always on the unknown novice, still, he also enjoyed the society of the venerable abbess. Her apartments formed the centre of the building. On either side were wings at right an-

gles with it, the whole forming three sides of a square; and the windows opened on the garden and grounds, which were inclosed within high walls. The two wings contained the cells inhabited by the nuns. The abbess's apartments consisted of several handsome rooms, which were divided into those she inhabited herself, and those occupied by the *pensionnaires* educated in the convent. A door in the wall of the garden opened to a flight of stairs, which conducted to the gallery in the church already mentioned.

It happened, that on one of the days on which Howard was repeating his visit to the abbess, a garden door in her apartment was open. It was the hour at which the nuns and pensionnaires walked in the garden; and as he sat near the open door, conversing with the abbess, some of the sisters passed near it. Most of them were veiled, having already pro-

unced their vows; but the pensionnaires
d the novices were not; and Howard's eye
sted on the most beautiful face and figure it
s possible to conceive. He eagerly enquired
the abbess if that was the novice; and when
swered in the affirmative, his ecstacy was
treme. Now then, his presentiment had
t deceived him! It was that lovely crea-
e he had heard with such delight.

Thought is so rapid in an eager mind, that
the course of a minute, countless ideas suc-
d one another. During the space of time
ployed by the abbess in a long and racking
gh, Howard had built a whole castle of
ance and happiness. Reflection, prudence,
l wisdom, were entirely excluded from his
fice; but fancy constructed it with the rapi-
y of lightning, and ere the abbess's cough
s ended, that beautiful novice was, in his
agination, the syren charming his dwelling,

the sharer of his fortune,
bosom: and he did not
abbess before he had mad
of his intentions, and had
promise, that she would pr
possibility of a change ir
sound her as to whether
make her happy.

CHAPTER V.

"At once the coursers from the barriers bound,
The lifted scourges all at once resound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before,
And up the champions thunder from the shore.
Thick where they drive the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies.
Soon on their shoulders the long manes reclined,
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind;
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
Each on his flying coursers hung in air,
Erect, with ardour poised upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain."

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

"I HARDLY ever see you now," said How-

ard to Count W——; "where have you hid yourself?"

"My dear fellow," replied the count, "I have been much occupied of late. The carnival is a busy time with us votaries of pleasure; and to own a truth to you, I am madly in love, without my having seen the person who has captivated me."

"Strange!" thought Howard, "can the same thing have happened to him which has bewitched myself?"

"You must know," continued Count W——, that there is a little woman whom I have met at all the *Ridouten salle* balls, who is so fascinating, so charming, that she has quite captivated me; and yet I have never seen her face. I pass my days before the house she lives in; this I am almost certain I have discovered; but cannot yet succeed in seeing her go into it, or come out of it. I have several fellows in

to help to trace her; but she says that she
not discover herself till the end of the
ival. Last night she gave me this ring,
has promised to claim it; but I shall never
to the end of the carnival, if I don't disco-
her. You will come with me to the *Ri-
en salle* to night, will you not, and help
o find out who she is?"

oward was little in the mood for such
sement. His mind was full of Therese;
would not grace the Ridouten salle; and
as more disposed to contemplate St. Eti-
by moonlight, and think of her whose
e was heard within that church, than listen
ll the voices he should hear in the palace.
ould not, however, refuse the request of
nt W——, and promised to meet him at a
n hour, adding, laughing;—

If you, an Austrian, cannot discover her,

I doubt my being able to do so, who am a stranger in the land of Ham."

"It is just for that reason," replied the count, "that I reckon on your assistance; they will be less afraid of you, and consequently less guarded."

Of all the various meetings, public or private, in any part of Europe, there are none, perhaps, more extraordinary than the Redoten salle balls in Vienna. There, the emperor and the market-man, the minister and the peasant, the empress and the stall-woman, the fine lady, the coquette, the young, the old, the gay, the serious, all meet in an enormous room in the imperial palace, illuminated with the greatest splendour. There is no restriction on any class; farther than that the golden cap of the female peasant is not admissible; but if she dresses herself with some other cap, and

s her three florins, she enters. All the
n of the higher orders of society go in morn-
; dresses, and keep their hats on, not even
noving them when accosting the women.
e ladies of the same class wear uniformly
ck dominos and masks. The room is so
mense, that several bands of music are
ced at different distances without interfering
h each other; and in this motley and
wded assembly, the deepest political, as well
amorous, intrigues, are carried on.

At one end of the salle may be seen a plain
gher and his stiff, starch companion, ruffled
trimmed out, walking, with the most im-
turbable gravity, the old-fashioned minuet;
le in another place, the swimming waltz
s round without interruption. Further on,
lonaise, in which the emperor and his fa-
y all join, parades through the salle. Cham-
ains precede them with long and large-

headed canes, which they thump on the floor from time to time to clear a passage through the crowd, and announce that the imperial family are coming. And then a pause will take place, while servants with watering-pots sprinkle the floor, to cool the excessive heat of the crowded room.

Count W—— was accosted by his incognita as soon as he entered the salle; and he pulled Howard by the sleeve to let him know that it was she in the black domino and mask. She was so disguised both as to face and figure, that it was impossible to discover her form or her appearance; and when she addressed the count, she spoke in his ear, and in so low a tone, that her voice could not betray her. She had parted from another mask dressed precisely the same as herself upon coming up to the two friends, and in a few minutes Howard found himself accosted by her companion,

least by some one looking exactly like her, ho evidently sought to withdraw him from ount W——. The latter, more accustomed the nature of the intrigues carried on at ese balls than Howard could be, kept fast ld of his arm to retain him; on which the unt W——'s incognita turned to Howard, d placed her hand upon his, saying at the ne time to him :—

"'Beware—or repent! leave your friend— renounce Therese!"

Howard started with the utmost astonishnt; and he shuddered as he felt the extreme dness of the hand which lay on his; it was e the icy touch of death; and the hand lay heavily upon him.

The mask perceived the effect which she d produced; and gliding through the crowd, ding Count W—— by the arm, he was n out of sight of his astonished friend.

Howard remained for some minutes lost in thought. Who could that person be, who knew the inmost secrets of his heart? for to no one, save the abbess, had he breathed his love for Therese. And then a shudder came over him, at the recollection of the unearthly coldness of the hand which had touched him. He resolved now in earnest to discover her, since he was as much interested in so doing as Count W—— could be.

He was roused from this reverie by the pretty coquette who had pleased him so much at the court ball; and who, drawing her arm through his, sauntered through the crowd, and succeeded after much effort in obtaining at least attention, if her endeavours to fascinate went no further. She was too wily not to perceive how coldly he received her advances, and redoubled her efforts to captivate. Had she known the real state of Howard's heart,

e would probably, like a prudent general, ve withdrawn her forces, instead of hazard- g a defeat. He continued to pace the room languid attention to her prattle, till weari- ss of the scene before him overpowered him; d disengaging himself from her, he ascended e gallery surrounding the salle, in hopes of covering Count W—— and his mysterious end.

Mystery was the order of the day; numbers black dominos, with pretty waxen masks, d having diamond rings fastened in the outh of the mask, to announce that they were t to be spoken with, glided about silently d alone, though not without some motive eyond mere idling. No where could How- rd discover the count; and he abruptly quit- ed a scene so little in harmony with his feel- ngs at the moment.

The sun rose brilliantly the following morn-

ing; a hard frost had succeeded to a heavy fall of snow; and the streets of Vienna glistered in its rays. The atmosphere is then so clear and invigorating, as to raise the spirits of the languid and apathetic to the tone of the animated and vigorous. A party of *traineaux* was ordered by the empress; and innumerable sledges, richly decorated, advanced to the gates of the palace to receive their guides. The horses were covered with the finest furs; gay ribbons decorating their manes, and silver bells fastened to their harness, that their tingling might advertise the unwary passenger of the approach of the otherwise noiseless vehicle.

By degrees, the royal procession descended the steps of the palace, and two by two, entered the traineaux, each cavalier conducting a lady, supposed to be the one of his choice; and the open manner in which that choice was proclaimed, led to the belief, and probably justly

so, that high, chivalrous gallantry, was the limit to which a preference could be admitted. Courtesy, also, to their royal hosts, dictated many of the choices.

It was a gay and splendid sight to behold the varied and magnificent dresses of the cavaliers and ladies, as they advanced to the different traineaux. The brilliancy of the sun added beauty to the colours which glittered under its rays, resembling a bed of rich tulips. The Empress of Russia first ascended the Emperor of Austria's traineau. She wore a large folding pelisse of the purest emerald-green velvet, lined and bordered with ermine; and on her head a toque of the same colour, ornamented with gold chains and tassels. The Empress of Austria followed; the colour of her pelisse was a rich amaranthe, likewise lined with ermine, that fur being only worn by royalty in Austria. The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg had selected

garter blue for the colour of her pelisse; and in short, pink, red, purple, with every shade of colour, might be seen in the gay throng. Where ermine might not be worn, the finest furs protected the wearers against the severity of the cold, which becomes much increased by the rapidity of the motion of the traineaux. The greatest pains had been taken to render these dresses as becoming as possible. The men also wore fur on their dresses, which were costly and displayed much taste; and when all were marshalled (which took a considerable time, the number of traineaux being immense as to form a double line all round the great square in the centre of the Hoff) the signal was given, and all drove off with the rapidity of lightning, or to use the French expression, "ventre à terre."

They were to proceed to the Prater, thence take a long circuit, and return by torch-light

e palace, runners being stationed, at given nces, with torches, to await their arrival n night should come on, and precede n. These runners are regularly brought o the employment, and some of them ac- e such speed as to be enabled to precede a iage for several miles. They wear tight ses, gaily ornamented, and hats with nes; and bear in their hands a long cane, y ornamented with silver *(f)*.

h! if an invocation to the goddess of elo- ce could inspire the pen of the narrator is history, how interesting might the re- n of the Congress of Vienna of the year 5 be made! But the writer is not so pro- d by genius, nor thus happily inspired. events recorded have been selected solely their connection with the history of the ons whose fates and fortunes are here nar- d. Even this portion has not the merit

of invention, or fiction: the sad parts of the history are unhappily true, although given under fictitious names; and the inexperienced pen of their narrator strips them, perhaps, of that interest which would otherwise have been obtained from those who condescend to read so feeble a production as the work entitled Marston!

That Congress—one of apparent pleasure and rejoicing—teemed with political events of the very highest consequence to all Europe. At that Congress, the interests of all the countries represented by their respective sovereigns and statesmen, were battled for with strenuous ardour; and while gallantry and fêtes, music, and dancing, apparently occupied all the evening, the mornings were passed in deep consultations, intrigues, and high diplomacy.

Nor was the fair sex idle at that important period. Their persuasive powers, fine tact,

and insinuating address, were not disdained by the crafty; and while many flattered themselves that their bright eyes and beauteous charms alone attracted the attention of their royal suitors, perhaps more homage was paid to the effect they might produce on others, whom they were intended to act upon, than to that excited in themselves, steeled as they were against the danger of seduction by ambition, and cold, political calculation. It is true, that of an evening those same sovereigns and statesmen did throw off all care and selfishness, and did really enter into the amusements offered them, with the warmth arising from true pleasure; but of a morning they were rarely seen, the Emperor of Russia excepted, who took an early walk on the ramparts regularly with the Prince Eugene Beauharnois; and this traineaux party, it must be noticed, was one of the few exceptions to these habits.

The procession passed the Graben as Howard was hastening, with a beating heart, to the convent of St. Etienne. He was obliged to pause while it passed; and he thought how much more the calm, silent, shady garden of the recluses, graced with the lovely form of the innocent young novice, harmonized with his tastes, than the glaring luxury of the pageantry he was then witnessing. The silvery tingling of the bells died away, and the traineaux glided out of sight; and Howard, whose pulse beat high with expectation and love, entered the convent gates. When he arrived at the abbess's apartments he paused, and a trembling hesitation, ere he crossed the room, made him half resolve to turn back and retire; but his eye traversed the space between him and the abbess ere his footsteps did, and he saw what had the instantaneous effect of making him advance without further hesitation.

The abbess was seated in a large, easy chair, her gouty foot reposing on a velvet cushion, her cane by her side, resting on the arm of the chair. Before her stood Therese, listening to her with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes. Her dress, of black camlet with long loose sleeves, enhanced the fairness of a skin that "needed not the foreign aid of ornament, but was when unadorned adorned the most." She wore a white veil, which fell in folds over her graceful form; but her hair hung in rich profusion around her beautiful face and neck. It was not until she should take the veil that those tresses would be destroyed, and her forehead bound with a white band under a black veil. On her breast hung a silver cross, and suspended from her slender waist fell a rosary of ebony. She had been summoned to the abbess, to declare the result of her reflections since she had been spoken with two

days previously, respect
had just uttered some i
the steps of a stranger
to raise her large, dark
the sound; they fell
countenance, his blue
dark, and his forehea
auburn curls which co
eyes met, and in one in
of feeling was establish

Cold philosophers an
the possibility of love
may not have felt it, an
on its non-existence;
quoted from love's anna
nion, and this was one
fatally so!

Let us not attempt to
It was too great to l
phrase." Therese—timi

but smiling with joy—raised her bashful eyes occasionally to Howard, as he poured forth his declarations of love and devotion, but dropped them again suddenly, unable to support the brilliant gaze of her lover. The hours seemed to pass as seconds to them both, and the abbess was obliged to remind them that they must separate.

"Nor think me severe," she added, "if I inform you, that you must not meet again until it be never to part more in this world. It will depend on you," she continued, addressing Howard, "to take the necessary measures to abridge the period of your separation."

It is a happy moment when two hearts, beating in unison, are assured of their mutual attachment, and have no fear that any obstacle shall prevent their being united. Pity it is that such happiness cannot last till their lives end; and yet, no, it is not a pity—to quit a

life of such beatitude would be too grea
sorrow—the misfortunes of this world
needful, to reconcile man to quitting it,
renouncing the gift of life!

CHAPTER VI.

" *Hautboys. Enter the King and twelve others, masked, habited like shepherds, with sixteen torch bearers, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain.*

Wolsey. "A noble company! What are their pleasure?

Chamberlain. "Because they speak no English, thus they prayed—To tell your grace, that having heard by fame of this so noble and so fair assembly, this night to meet here, they could do no less, out of the great respect they bear to beauty, but leave their flocks; and under your fair conduct crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat an hour of revels with them." KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

"The king proclaimed a tournament, to cheer his daughter's mind." THE ELDRIGE KNIGHT.

THEY are passed—those days of brilliant chivalry! when heroes, prizing high the love

of courtly dames, fought for a smile, or ve
tured life for a scarf of their embroider
Civilization, that destroyer of all high-wroug
feeling and sentiment, that mortal enemy
imagination, enthusiasm, and romance, h
levelled all passions to a calm state of hea
less indifference. It has increased luxury
and polished man, until his smooth, courteo
surface is all that remains of him. Few gen
rous sentiments occupy his inward soul;
knows but one passion—self! The love
woman is no more necessary to his happine
he considers her a toy for his pleasure;
neither her approbation nor her frowns h
any power!

Women may lament the change; they h
"fallen from their high estate," nor will t
rise again until barbarism succeeding to civi-
lization, the work of amelioration shall begin
anew, and the period of chivalry reappear, in

the progressive march towards refinement and corruption.

But, though the days of chivalry and tournaments have long been passed away, records remain to show how they were conducted; and he assemblage at Vienna of the most elevated n rank, the most renowned in military glory, nd the most remarkable for beauty, inspired he Empress of Austria with the desire of reilling the spirit of past ages, and a tournaent was proclaimed. The libraries of the lace were ransacked for information on the bject; the first artists were consulted for dresses; and intrigues ran high among se ambitious of being selected as actors in s novel drama. Many were the rivals for honour of being chosen one of the knights, many more were rivals among the fair for carrying off the palm of beauty. t length, all was settled. Four-and-twenty

knights were selected. They were all chosen among the Austrian, Hungarian, and Polish nobility; at the same time, their personal appearance, activity, grace, and good horsemanship, rendered them the fittest for such honour; and they assembled daily at the palace, to practise the different manœuvres intended to be performed. The knights in their turn chose four-and-twenty ladies, to be their belles d'amour; and truly did they suit the appellation, for they were all remarkable for their grace and beauty *(g)*. Each lady gave a broad silk band of rich embroidery to her knight, which he wore as a scarf over the beautiful dress made for the occasion; and four colours (red, blue, white, and green) were chosen for the dresses of the knights, and equally adopted by their respective belles d'amour.

The dresses were made after the fashion of those worn in the time of Francis I. of France.

They wore broad-brimmed hats, bordered with plumes, having a single feather drooping on one side, and turned up in front with a loop of precious stones. Their jackets were of velvet, made to fit the shape, with slashed sleeves, the breasts purfled, and richly ornamented with gold lacings and buttons. Yellow half-boots, with wide tops, and fitted with gold spurs; and gauntlets of the same colour, embroidered with gold, completed their costume. Their swords hung in very rich scabbards, fastened by belts studded with precious stones, while the scarfs, of silk and gold embroidery, crossed the belt, and were knotted on the side opposite to the sword. The cavaliers were mounted on black Hungarian horses, remarkable for their speed, agility, and obedience to the manége; and, with long spears resting on their knees, they waited till the trumpet should proclaim the opening of the lists.

The dames de leur p
in the fashions of the sa
with a profusion of
stones. Six of them, t
wore the costume of
of that time, being a lo
green velvet, fastened
the waist to the knee,
stones, at regular dist
garment of white sat
bands. From the wai
der these bands spread
to each other, formi
dazzling stomacher, po
and diamonds. A larg
open to the shoulder,
tight white satin sleeve
and gems. A long v
finest tissue, fell from
thrown back, and disp

graceful form, also entirely covered with gems. The other *quadrilles* were equally magnificent, their dress varying only in form, according as it belonged to the Polish, Austrian, or Bohemian costumes.

The great manége of the palace had been prepared for this tournament; galleries had been erected at a sufficient height, so as not to interfere with the tilters, for the accommodation of the sovereigns, foreigners, and Austrian nobility. At the upper end of this immense area was the gallery for the sovereigns and princes, which occupied the whole width of the building. Exactly opposite, at the other end, were seated les belles d'amour, who were ranged in order, all of the same colour being seated by each other. On one of the long sides of the manége, now called the Salle de Carousel, was the gallery for all the ministers, ambassadors, generals, and foreigners, with

their families, the whc
hundreds. On the opj
all the Austrian nobil
gallery was fixed a la
suspended round it, wh
bear off on their lances
while their horses wer
floor of the manége wa
the height of half a foo
dents. At regular dis
were stationed columns
the turbaned heads of
the entrance of the sall
hind which were stati
their trumpets, and ban

At length the long-ex
The heralds sounded a
opened, and the pursui
bearers entered, formir
on either side the walls

of the enclosure. Then entered abreast the twenty-four knights, who galloped up the salle until they arrived before the gallery of the sovereigns, when they lowered their lances, and paid obeisance to their illustrious hosts, who rose, and returned their salutations. They then turned, and galloping to the other extremity, paid their homage in like manner to the belles d'amour seated in the opposite gallery, who also rose and saluted their cavaliers; and then might be perceived all the splendour and beauty of those ladies who graced the courtly fête. The knights then withdrew, and awaited a second signal. The heralds sounded; the lists were again opened, and six of the knights entered, followed by their lance-bearers and pages, and galloping round the enclosure, raised their lances on high, and bore off each a ring. Three times they continued their course, until some of the cavaliers, the most

true of eye and the most dexterous of hand had several rings upon the points of thei lances. They then delivered them to th lance-bearers, and drawing their scimitars, an leaning forward on their horses' necks, i order to be nearer to the pillars on which wer placed the Turks' heads, they dashed at them to cut them down with one blow, while thei steeds bore them on at full gallop.

Many of the cavaliers succeeded in this dif ficult manœuvre. Then commenced the tilting the knights with their drawn swords closing while their horses were in full career, and en deavouring to unhorse each other, giving proof of great agility, strength, and good horseman ship. As it was not intended that any seriou affray should take place, at a meeting devote to harmony and amusement, when any of th knights demonstrated too earnest a dispositio in their resistance to their supposed adversary

the heralds ordered the tilt to stop. Six other knights then advanced, bands of music playing the while animated movements; and when the whole of the knights had performed the same manœuvres, six by six, they all re-entered, and placing themselves in quadrilles, executed on horseback a sort of Trojan game, or dance.

The whole assembly then rose, and adjourned with the knights and their belles d'amour to the banqueting-hall, where tables were laid out, sumptuously covered with refreshments. At the upper end of the great banqueting-room, which was illuminated with a splendour difficult to describe, was a magnificently decorated supper-table for the royal guests, which was elevated some feet above the next table, which, however, displayed equal magnificence, for the numerous petty princes, little potentates, and ministers. Again, a few feet lower, was another table for the knights and ladies of the

tournament, whilst all around the immen
hall, bordering the walls, were tables for t
other guests; so that on being seated, eve
one could partake of the fête, and witness t
effect of the splendid scene.

It was not till this latter part of the caro
sel, that Howard, who had been an indiffere
spectator of the pageant, and whose though
had been constantly on Therese, succeeded i
obtaining a moment's conversation with Cou
W——. He had called repeatedly on hi
but had never found him at home; and one
his principal inducements for going to th
court fête had been the hopes of meeting wit
the count, whose friendly advice and assistanc
he needed. Count W—— had been one
the twenty-four knights, but not a triumphan
one. His anonymous belle was not of th
twenty-four ladies selected by the court, an
he had chosen one for that occasion who litt

interested him. After supper, at Howard's invitation, he withdrew with him into one of the large window-recesses, and there he first learnt his friend's passion, and intended marriage.

Howard requested his assistance in overcoming the difficulties, which a difference of religion, and the vocation to which Therese had been destined, might occasion; and added, that he counted on his friendship to make exertions for him, as he was very desirous of being married before the end of the carnival, which was approaching; or otherwise he should be obliged to postpone his happiness till Easter. Count W—— readily promised him all the assistance in his power, saying:—

"I wish with all my heart, my good friend, that the period was still nearer, which will probably not offend you; but in truth, I never

was so impatient for the close of a carnival,
I am this winter. My cruel beauty, for beau
I am persuaded she is, will not revoke h
sentence, and will not avow herself, or co
sent to my happiness, till the end of the carn
val."

"You remind me of a circumstance," repli
Howard, "which, for a time, annoyed and a
tonished me much; and would have continu
to harass me, had not my affairs assumed
smiling and propitious an aspect, that I thin
I have nothing to fear, or even to doubt. Ho
on earth can your belle have acquired an
knowledge of my attachment to Theres
When I met her at the Ridouten salle with yo
I had never seen that lovely girl but once, n
had I acknowledged my passion to any on
yourself included, except the abbess;" and h
repeated the words she had spoken.

Count W—— started, and after a moment's reflection, answered :—

" You have now given me a clue, for which I thank you most sincerely. It is evident she must be known to your Therese, for she can have acquired her information no where else."

" Why not from your sister, who is such a friend to Therese? And now that idea is started, I dare say that it is thus she has become acquainted with my romance, which otherwise could not have engaged her sufficiently for her to remember it. Probably, the interest she takes in you extends itself to your sister and your sister's friend."

" As you say," replied Count W——, " it is the one or the other who can give the information I require ; and I will go to the convent tomorrow, and ascertain the secret, if possible."

During this conversation all the supper parties had broken up, and were parading through

the rooms, or forming themselves in groups arranging more parties of pleasure for th morrow, or lingering on in this elysium, unt they were obliged to withdraw for the nigh so that the friends were no longer alon and finding themselves surrounded by com pany, prepared to depart. They descende the palace stairs together, and waited amon crowds of people muffled up in furs to protec them from the rigour of a severe winter nigh until their carriage could draw up. The ve tibule, in which all the company were waitin for the same object, although well warme with stoves, was but imperfectly lighted; an the persons already enveloped by their cloak and furs so as to be undistinguishable on from another, were rendered entirely so by th dubious light.

Just as Count W——'s carriage was calle and he was stepping into it with Howard,

voice close by his ear whispered ;—" It is neither the one nor the other?" He turned his head quickly in the direction of the voice, but could discern no one. There was no time for him to make any search, as many other carriages were waiting to draw up; and with infinite regret he was obliged to drive away, as much in the dark as ever with regard to his mysterious incognita.

CHAPTER VII.

———"She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek." TWELFTH NIGHT.

At this period of our story a circumstance occurred, which interested Howard in no common degree; and made him for a time forget the object nearest to his heart in sympathy for others. A day had been appointed at the convent of St. Etienne for the solemn ceremony of taking the veil. One of the boarders had finished her noviciate; and since rumours of

melancholy cause, which had led to her
unciation of the world, had gone abroad,
attendance to witness the affecting scene
s more than usually numerous. Engrossed
Howard was by his passion for Therese, he
l nevertheless had his attention, on several
is visits to the abbess, painfully attracted
the heart-broken appearance of a young
ale, in whom his beloved seemed to take
most affectionate interest. The hectic on
sunken cheek, and the unearthly lustre of
dark eye, told of the wasting fires within;
there dwelt on her features the saint-like
gnation of one whose soul was already
muning with its God.

o weak was the uncomplaining sufferer,
she had to be supported to the altar; and
the third day after her admission into the
rhood, her pure spirit winged its flight to
other and a better world."

The sad story of Leonore Gellert was afterwards related to Howard by the abbess; and as it "points a moral" but seldom enforced, we will take upon ourselves to repeat it, and leave for awhile the personages of our now closing drama.

LEONORE GELLERT.

"Madame Gellert's husband had filled an appointment in some public office. The whole of his earnings that remained after the simple necessaries of life were provided for, was appropriated to defray the expenses of Leonore's education. 'It is a treasure,' the good mother would say, 'which no one can deprive her of.' And then she would sigh deeply; for her father had irretrieveably sunk a considerable fortune in the pursuit of mad speculations. She still, however, comforted herself with the assurance, that Leonore would

be entirely without fortune. In fact, the
erest of a considerable sum of money lodged
a banker's hands, added to the salary of M.
llert, formed a tolerable income, on which
y lived without ostentation. Every day
the fond parents devise fresh projects for
future happiness of their lovely daughter.
e father and mother would pass whole even-
s in close and earnest converse; and when
the following morning their looks were
quently directed towards Leonore, the fair
l was agitated and pleased, though she knew
the reason. Receiving nothing but indul-
ce from the hands of her parents, she never
an expression of joy mantling on their
ures, without half suspecting that they had
e secret happiness in store for her.

'Time passed on, and a total change took
ce in the administration. The situation
ich M. Gellert had held for sixteen years,

was found a very ad
tion of one of the ne
accordingly accused
principles. Vain w
clear his character fr
lert was dismissed fr

"His complaints,
fortunes, were heed
family. He fell ill
this event, the failu
hands their only f
affected the hapless f
ered. His wife and
space, lost all that
was of infinitely mo
protector they had
was then eighteen ye

"For a long time
their misfortunes, w
so little merited, w

some consolation; that the moderate pension which they solicited, would be granted them; that the banker, who, after a short residence at Brussels, had returned, and was again living in a style of the greatest splendour and magnificence, would take pity on their unhappy situation. But every thing failed successively; their hopes vanished one by one. What could they obtain in this matter-of-fact age, in which noble sentiments and generous actions are considered as mere folly; in which presents are made, and favours conferred, only in the hope of an adequate return; in which men are not esteemed according to their intrinsic worth, but by the substantial benefits which they may be made the means of procuring? The mother and daughter could accomplish nothing; they were honest; misery was therefore their pittance. They at length made up their minds to expect no relief from the commiseration of

others; and their only hope now was, that they should not be destitute of employment.

"Seven years glided slowly away in this painful struggle with poverty. Where were all their hopes of happiness? Blighted almost as soon as entertained: and those who once could have enjoyed the superfluities of life, were now obliged to labour constantly to procure even the common necessaries of existence.

"Leonore had occasionally taught drawing, and given lessons on the piano. But these acquirements, which were extravagantly praised in a rich young lady, with whom they only served as the amusement of an idle hour, were criticized and depreciated, when they were employed for the purpose of gaining a livelihood; and it was frequently impossible for Leonore to avail herself of these accomplishments. Needle-work, that humble resource for females, became their occupation; and it

was necessary to labour so hard for a very trifling remuneration, that if an illness even for a few days occurred, they were compelled to dispose of whatever trinkets or articles of furniture they could spare, till at length, nothing but the piano remained to attest their former independent condition.

"Notwithstanding the grief and vexation of mind which could now plainly be traced on Leonore's countenance, her sorrow bore no comparison with that which her mother experienced, at seeing the bloom and cheerfulness of youth fade from the lineaments of her beloved daughter. How often at night, bending over their work by the light of a solitary lamp, with minds teeming with sentiments which they dared not express, would each endeavour to conceal from the other the sad reflections which crowded on her mind, and with an effort make some observation on an unim-

portant object, in order to break the silenc
which betrayed too truly how much they su
fered.

"About the period of the commencement
our story, it was evident that something u
usual was about to happen in their humb
apartment; for they did not resume the
needle-work at the ordinary hour. Leono
was dressed in a style very different from h
general attire; and the appearance of eve
thing seemed to announce that the poor femal
had some new project in view.

"A light tap was heard at the door. 'It
he!' said Leonore, starting; and a mingl
expression of hope and anxiety played acr
her features; she paused.

"In those decisive moments of life, wh
our conduct will have a lasting influence ov
our future destiny, such numerous and vari
reflections present themselves to our minds, a

our agitation is so overpowering, that we are, as it were, suspended from existence. Leonore had not strength to walk to the door; and some minutes elapsed ere she found it possible to stir.

" Madame Gellert bent down towards a drawer open before her, as if to take something from it, but in reality to conceal her tears: and when she approached the door, and opened it to the person who had knocked, she had sufficiently mastered her emotion to be able to receive the visiter with something like a smile upon her features. 'We were waiting for you, doctor.' And Doctor L—— entered the humble abode.

" This gentleman's celebrity had made him more familiar with the mansions of the rich than the dwellings of the poor. However, his countenance expressed neither surprise nor contempt, as he entered the comfortless apart-

ment of the two females who were waiting fo
him. He saluted them with as much polite
ness as if they had occupied the first floor o
the house, instead of the garret; he perceive
that fortune had dealt hardly with them; an
he had seen the great too nearly to despise th
poor.

"Madame Gellert offered him a chair. The
doctor drew out his watch: 'It is time,' he
said; 'if you are ready, we will proceed.
Leonore put on her bonnet; the mother ad-
justed her shawl. There was a pause. Ma-
dame Gellert clasped the doctor's hand with
an expression of gratitude. 'She will do
well, very well,' he said. A look thanked him
for having divined the anxiety of a mother;
and the females prepared to depart. They
did not dare to utter a word; for they feared
to lose the command over their feelings.
Leonore gave a parting glance round the

little apartment: and with this look fresh thoughts poured in upon her mind. Hope lighted up her melancholy countenance with a smile; and this glance at the humble chamber which she was about to leave recalled to her memory so many trials and sufferings, that she hardly thought it possible fate could have had so many hardships in store for her. She had always dreamt of happiness; a fleeting thought occurred to her, that as she had so largely partaken of the evils of this world, she had now some right to its pleasures: and she in imagination deemed it possible that she might once more be happy.

"The doctor roused her from her reverie: and the mother and daughter now accompanied him to his carriage. The small parcel containing Leonore's apparel was placed in it; and the carriage drove off at a rapid pace towards the Strass ——.

"Turn we now to a different scene: fro
the garret of the impoverished Madame Ge
lert to the splendid hotel of the Counte
Julie R——.

"The countess was in her boudoir, half-r
clining on a settee. The Duke de G——, t
constant torment of every fashionable femal
was repeating to her, for the hundredth tim
some old-fashioned compliments. He h
endeavoured to become young again, by adop
ing new ideas and fashions; but the form
were as ill-matched with his previous prej
dices, as the latter with his wrinkled feature

"The countess was overcome with *enn*
Her fair arm rested on a cushion; and h
head reclined on her delicate white hand. H
features were not regular, but their expressi
was frank and pleasing; and the charms
youth, slightly aided by the cares of the toil
rendered the Countess Julie a very charmi

woman. She had nearly completed her twenty-fifth year; but her complexion was so blooming, and her form so diminutive and *arrondie*, that she hardly appeared to have attained eighteen years. Tears had never dimmed the lustre of her eyes; never had a painful feeling of humiliation or dependence saddened her fair brow. None but those who loved or admired her had ever been near her: her youth had glided away in one continued round of pleasures; she had heard no other words but those of flattery and love; she thought all men honest, good, and happy.

"Julie considered *ennui* as the greatest misfortune; and when she endured without much yawning the visit of a prosy acquaintance, she named it an act of heroism. For half an hour she had been priding herself on her courage, when the duke, having exhausted every common-place he could devise, bethought himself

of saying, 'Who is this young man, madam, whom we have seen so frequently with you since your return to Vienna, and whom nobody knows? What is his name?'

"The countess made a hasty movement, and her handkerchief falling, the old duke stooped to pick it up. Through this slight interruption, and the apparently careless tone in which the question was put, so that it seemed to require no answer, the conversation might easily have been changed; but the visible contempt with which the young man's name was purposely forgotten piqued the countess, and quickly recovering from her embarrassment, she replied quietly, but firmly, 'Herr Meissner.'

"'True, true; who is the person? how happens he to be so often here? May I inquire, what pleasure you can find in the conversation of an individual as unacquainted

the ideas of fashionable life, as he is with
iquette?'

These questions were put in that point-
k manner, which extorts an answer. The
tess hesitated a moment, and a slight
e of contempt curled her lip as she
'I met Herr Meissner at my grand-
ıer's, when I paid her a visit fifteen
ths ago: you know that I spent my year
ourning after my husband's death with
So long a sojourn there, with the great
h of society in the neighbourhood, natu-
gave rise to an intimacy between the
.'

Oh! I see. A protégé of your respected
lmother's. A secretary, perhaps, or a
of upper steward, or——'

I never knew them on any other footing
that of friends.'

The countess evidently concealed the truth,

for she blushed up to
ed about, seemed to
to inquire for the k
the pitiless duke too
fusion, and proceede

" ' Herr—I forget
if I recollect right?'

" ' I believe so,' wa

" ' Is he a person

" ' Undoubtedly.'

" This was spoken
have stopped the que
man of either the hig
ing: but like the ol
persecutor did not re

" ' He is just come
bly?'

" This, however, wa
that an answer was
accordingly, it was

The duke then changed his battery, and
ın to expatiate on the impossibility of a
rier's ever attaining the graceful self-pos-
ion at once observable in a man of rank.
'Fortune and talent may go far, I allow;
, whatever his other recommendations, the
cannot be turned into porcelain.'
He continued this species of monologue
h to his own satisfaction, whilst the count-
nechanically tore, bit by bit, the fine lace
ng of her handkerchief; and twice half
ıed her lips to speak, when prudence ar-
ed the words she would have given the
d to utter. However, the anger and con-
ot she felt were strongly depicted on her
ıres, and it was evident that she was pushed
ıe extreme limits of patience, and was half
to find some method of punishing the con-
ed orator for his prosing. The fortunate
at length struck her; and precisely at

the moment when
brilliant *anti*-climax
nished at the profu
malicious countess
electrical; and the
Just as this *tour-de-*
door opened, and th
Meissner.'

"The countess s
ment had vanished
received her visiter

"'I have just le
the latter, 'and am
to come down stair

"'And you will
countess, not even
company!' exclaim
pity.

"'Oh! she left
aunt, I believe, is ill

ıer amiss. At all events, she is gone; and
ım glad of it, for these companions are so
ɔper, so formal, and so precise, so very like
atience on a monument,' although not smi-
g ones, that like the dropping well I have
ara you speak of, Ernst,' said the countess,
ning to Meissner, 'they petrify me. How-
r, Dr. L—— called upon me yesterday, and
ured me. that since my grandmother's state
health confined her to her room, I must
e another companion; for that being so
ch alone would make me nervous, and a
usand other horrible things. It is impossi-
to bear the fatigue of company every day,
know, and eternally going out to parties
orse. And after all it is a relief to have
ıe one to speak to when one chooses, or to
it alone just as the whim sits. So the doc-
has undertaken to procure me another *pe-*
ier, and I have given him carte-blanche,

with one little excep
so dismal as poor
me positively quite r
Such a contrast to
maid, Suzette, who
been tempted to li
brought up by my
encouraging the pra

"An involuntary
have been detected i
ner gave at that mor
whilst the duke, on
with admiration. A
sity was soon evince
a few minutes after,
were announced.

"'This is Leonore
already had the hon
ladyship,' said the c
the countess.

"And these two young women, of the same age, whose education had been nearly similar, and whose tastes, consequently, could not be very unlike, met with fear on the one side, and calm indifference on the other. Leonore so poor! Julie so rich! Leonore trembling with the knowledge that her future fate might perhaps depend on that minute. Julie, distant, unembarrassed, and conscious that on the first pique she could dismiss her. The one aware that, thanks to her fortune, all approaching her were dependent upon her; the other taught by poverty that she depended upon all surrounding her.

"Madame Gellert, with tremulous voice, besought the countess's indulgence for her daughter. Julie replied politely, and inquired if Madame Gellert lived in Vienna.

"The latter hesitated a moment, and then answered in the affirmative, adding:—

"'I live at such
many calls on my tim
see my daughter very

"The poor woman
of the question, ask
feeling of interest; bu
of her visits becomin
that it was not enough
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not enough for Leono
ment of her life to t
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That instinct, which
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sented to her mind: an

conceived how offensive to a woman of fashion must be the frequent appearance of the ill-dressed and aged mother of her dependant. A look told Leonore all that was passing in her mind, and the poor girl could hardly refrain from tears; yet she endeavoured to smile. The countess turned to her ;—

"'Have you lived any where before as a companion?'

"'I have never yet left my mother,' was the almost inarticulate answer of Leonore.

"The conversation languished. How indeed could it be kept up! On the one side was the fear of compromising an artificial dignity, and on the other that of failing in due respect. In vain did the worthy doctor endeavour to bring general topics on the tapis. The constraint under which the whole party laboured became painfully evident, and Madame Gellert rose to take leave. The countess rang

the bell, and ordered a servant to show Leonore the apartment formerly occupied by Mamsell Luise: 'It is to be this young lady's,' she said.

"The menial stared at Leonore with an air of insolence, but prepared to obey. Madame Gellert stammered forth a few words of thanks, received as a matter of course, and then left the room with her daughter.

"They were shown into a large, gloomy apartment, on the same floor, furnished in a style that had gone out of date, but which yet appeared magnificent to the occupiers of a sorry attic.

"'Here, mamsell,' said the valet, 'is a small parcel, which the doctor says is yours. You see there is a wardrobe here, besides those two chests of drawers, so that your mother may send your things directly.'

"Leonore coloured. Her poor mother had

sacrificed every thing of her own in the least valuable, in order to make up, with the poor relics of Leonore's better days, even this 'small parcel.' Both were ashamed of their poverty, and spoke not. The lacquey remained standing near the door, which remained open, as a signal, thought Madame Gellert, for her departure. She folded her weeping child in her arms, and kissing an adieu, left her, to return to her garret.

"The bitterness of the separation did not arise from the sense of the solitude to which the poor mother was about to be exposed, al though that was much; nor from the additional pang given to their poverty by being momentarily brought in contact with the wantonness of luxury; but from the feeling that Leonore would be nothing to those with whom she would have daily intercourse—that she would be alone in the midst of crowds—that

'the old, familiar faces' would be strange t
her. She would live without the blessing o
sympathy; for she could neither be the equa
of the mistress, nor of the servant.

"Leonore's courage wavered, and she was
on the point of rushing after her mother, when
the reflection stayed her—we have nothing.
Nothing but the quarter's salary which the
doctor had procured in advance, part of which
had been already disbursed to satisfy their
clamorous creditors, and the remainder would
barely suffice for the support of her mother
until the next payment should become due.
This reflection was sufficient. The dependant
dried her tears, for she knew that the die was
cast.

"About a month after Leonore's appoint
ment to her new office, some impertinent re
marks made by Suzette to her mistress, on the
scantiness of Mamsell Gellert's wardrobe, and

which were intended to degrade her in the estimation of the countess, produced, to the grisette's great disappointment, quite a contrary effect.

"The next day the mantua-maker was ordered to make two dresses for Leonore; and the milliner furnished her with a handsome bonnet.

"Hitherto, Leonore had not perceived that he countess felt the slightest affection for her. laced within the sphere of a society, of which e formed no part, curiosity had been the y feeling with which she regarded what pened around her. She was therefore not surprised, but deeply affected. 'To have thought of me, when I did not imagine ould take any interest in me! Ah!' ex- ed Leonore, 'I was ungrateful!' She ed to her lady's apartment, and trem- and with eyes overflowing with tears,

faltered out her than
prehend her feelings
poor girl had never p
kind, since she was s
presents; and, smilin
her attendant receive
her ribbons, neckercl
the same kind. L
chamber laden with
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she received the first
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gifts from her mistr
She had hoped some
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"Three months elap
a thousand annoyanc

waiting-maid, and other domestics, which were imperceptible to her mistress, and which the poor girl found easier to suffer than to describe. Julie, in spite of the ill-natured observations of her personal attendant, discerned in the modest reserve, and gentle demeanour of Leonore, traces of good-breeding, and proofs of a liberal education. Her accomplishments occasionally were a source of amusement for her, and possessed an additional advantage in her eyes. Leonore drew tastefully, and could finish a drawing begun by the countess, when the subject was too difficult, or she was in too idle a mood to complete it. Various little ornaments, too, which generally abound in the apartments of a lady of fashion, were designed and executed by Leonore, to the no small satisfaction of her mistress, who daily received compliments from her admirers on the taste which they evinced.

" These elegant tri
vanity of the countess,
The poor Leonore was
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demned to hear the pr
had finished, of the e
designed, and her di
loudly praised as the v
not a glance would h
the same productions, i
hers.

" Ever ready at th
she sat, work in hand,
desired, near the wir
from whatever comp
never presuming to ta
sation, and answering
any one condescended
very presence would b
a time. She would he

of as if it were a crime, and honest industry treated with contempt. To listen to some of these foplings, it might be supposed that to depend on one's own exertions was to bear the brand of Cain; and that to be without the luxuries of life was to be destitute of the feelings, or the rights of humanity. The poor girl would hear things mentioned as essential to existence, which she was doomed never to enjoy. Daily, too, did she hear addressed to the countess that language, so dear to the heart of woman, in which admiration seems to struggle with respect; and delicate homage paid to a thousand imagined perfections in Julie, whilst no one appeared even to see herself. And yet the confined luxuriance of her auburn hair was well worth the rich profusion of Julie's raven tresses; and the delicately regular features of Leonore would have been a hundred times preferable to the somewhat

common expression of the countess's face, l
not confinement and suffering prematur
taken away from them the freshness of yout
This, if the truth must be told, constituted
surprising charm in the eyes of the countes
for what more fortunate event in the life o
coquette, and that coquette a widow, than
have constantly by her side an advantageo
foil. The attenuated figure of poor Leono
showed in its fairest light, the full and round
symmetry of the luxurious Julie.

"Six months had now passed since Leono
Gellert was first introduced into the house
the countess. The carnival had arrived; an
balls, fêtes, and pleasures of every kind suc
ceeded each other with more than usual ra
pidity. One morning, Julie had risen late
than ordinarily. The ball had been prolonge
to day-light; but a warm bath, as soon as sh
got up, had banished all trace of the las

ght's fatigues, and prepared her for those of e evening. Enveloped in an elegant cache- ire, and buried in one of those large, gothic ttees, which set off by their massive size the egant proportions of a young and lovely oman, Julie suffered her thoughts to wander ito a vague reverie. A change had for some me been observable in her manners. There ere moments in which she now felt the want f solitude; and she would then remain for ours immoveable, and silent. At other times, stless and unsettled, she would fly from one ject to another. Undecided, and uneasy, e was tossed to and fro, as it were, by some ling, or recollection, from which she sought fly. She would go out of a morning, stop the fashionable shops, and buy, seemingly thout choice, a mass of things which when at home were never looked at. At times, e would ride recklessly into the country, at

a pace and with a temerity by no means customary with her, for she was naturally timid. Then, she would hurry from visit to visit, and this to people for whom she cared nothing; would make it a point of duty to attend to invitations from quarters heretofore disregarded; and then, worn out by fatigue, gloomy, and dispirited, she would give herself up to solitude for days at a time, and close her door to every one. She was, in fact, a prey to some inward struggle; but what the cause! and what the result!

"Julie, plunged, as we have said, in a silent reverie, was disturbed by the noise of an opening door in the room adjoining her boudoir, and remembered that she had forgot to say, 'not at home.' It was too late, and Madame Herder was announced. A smile of satisfaction lighted up the features of the countess. 'Is it you, my dear Röschen! Oh! how I was longing

r a chat with you, how happy I am to see
u.' These were not words of course; they
rang from the heart. Röschen was a rela-
e of the countess, had been brought up with
r, and was of the same age; kind, affec-
nate, of circumscribed means, and not pretty,
admired Julie, and loved her from the very
tom of her frank and sincere heart. And
en the heart is troubled, and the mind ha-
sed, how delightful is it to see a friend who,
are conscious, really loves us!

'Oh! how happy I am to see you,' re-
ted the lively countess; 'what a number of
ngs I have to tell you.'

They installed themselves near the fire,
anged themselves each on her settee, ad-
ted the screens to their satisfaction, and, in
ort, prepared themselves for long and serious
versation.

Madame Herder waited with impatience

until the countess should begin; but the latter appeared undecided how to commence. She hemmed, put on and took off her gloves, took some bonbons, offered them to Röschen, and spoke not a word.

"'Well!' at length murmured the astonished Madame Herder.

"Julie asked after her friend's husband, her children, and a hundred little domestic particulars; but still not a word. At length Röschen could not help asking, 'Have you nothing to tell me?'

"'Oh! yes—many things, of course—I have not seen you for two months, you know.'

"'I thought, and I still think so,' rejoined her friend, 'that there is something important to communicate. If you could but see how embarrassed you look—but come, I will be merciful, and spare you the pain of confessing. I guess——'

"'Well!'

"'Nay, I more than guess—I predict——'

"'What?'

"'That you are going to marry again.'

"'You are a false prophet, Röschen. Marry! The idea has never once entered my head.'

"The countess spoke in so natural a tone, and with such apparent ease, and frankness, that her puzzled friend was quite at fault. She wearied herself with questions, guesses, and conjectures; and at last finished by concluding that she had deceived herself in supposing Julie had any particular secret to confide, since their long friendship authorized her in suggesting, that the countess might love where there could, or rather where there ought to be no hope of a return, and her friend had laughed heartily at the supposition. Her scared look in giving utterance to such an idea

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joined in the laugh.
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"The countess he
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said, 'Well, Rösch
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And she began to ru
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"'Nay, if you tak
Röschen, 'I will not
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at the balls this winter.' And the two young women, with peals of laughter, purposely brought up the names of the most poverty-stricken, and the ugliest, of their numerous acquaintance.

"'I think we must have done now,' said Röschen, 'unless we take into account the Duke of M——'s secretary, or your nephew's tutor, or the ex-secretary of your grandmother.'

"'Herr Meissner!' exclaimed Julie, endeavouring to force a laugh: but an indefinable expression overshadowed her countenance, which suddenly became serious.

"'He is an excellent young man,' continued Röschen; 'somewhat original, it is true, but sensible, and unaffected. I wonder we have never spoken of him before. Pray, who or what is he? I have my reasons for being particular.'

"The countess, surprised at the earnestness

of her friend's manner, replied, 'Althou
not of noble, he is of a most respectable fami
and the death of his father has left him a
ficiency. So far as to the mere matter-of-
information you seem to aim at. But if
inquire further, and ask me his character
do not know how to speak too highly of hi
Julie by degrees, giving loose to her real f
ings, warmed in the subject, and ended
pronouncing an unqualified eulogium on
virtues, and on those agreeabilities, and mi
recommendations, which are likewise virt
in a woman's eyes.

"Her friend appeared delighted; and frank
disclosed the cause of her curiosity, which w
an idea she entertained that Meissner was p
ing attentions to a young friend, in whom bo
she and her husband took a lively intere
'Their property and rank in life are bo
suitable,' she added; 'and I think that

cannot do better than turn match-maker, and claim your assistance in bringing them together.'

"'Impossible!' abruptly exclaimed Julie, who appeared uneasy, and out of humour at the turn the conversation had taken.

"'Why?'

"'Ernst Meissner has no such intentions. I am positive he is not attached to her!'

"'That is to say, you know of some attachment elsewhere.'

"The countess remained silent.

"'Ah! I see there is something I am not to know; yet you may surely tell me.'

"'Suppose it was a love-secret.'

"'He has made you his confidant.'

"'I don't say that.'

"'You guess so, then?'

"'How so? Is it any concern of mine whom Herr Meissner does, or does not love?'

"'But he spends all his time with you, or your grandmother.'

"'Well, what of that?'

"The countess spoke abruptly; and a slight degree of contempt was perceptible in the tone of her voice.

"'You wish to keep me in the dark, Julie; you know something.'

"'I! no, indeed.'

"'I have it,' said Röschen, clapping her hands.

"Julie started up, and appeared to be busy, seeking after something which she missed. Her friend continued—

"'I never meet him except here, or at those parties to which you are invited.'

"Julie was too absorbed in her search to make any reply.

"'His affections must be centred here—yet it is madness.'

"The vinaigrette, which the countess had mechanically taken up, dropped from her fingers.

"'The poor girl has nothing, I am sure.'

"'What girl?' asked the countess, drawing her breath.

"'Why—your companion—how do you call her?—Leonore, is it not?'

"'Leonore!'

"'She is well enough, to be sure; but then she never opens her lips, and does not appear likely to attract so superior a person as Herr Meissner. And then, she is penniless!'

"The countess resumed her seat silently and contentedly. She gave no decided answer to her friend, either in the negative or the affirmative. However, she spoke of Leonore with some degree of interest, and expressed herself decidedly against any match-making scheme for one whose affections might happen to be otherwise engaged. She then led the

conversation into another channel, and Röschen left her fully impressed with the idea that her rich friend had conceived a true regard for the humble Leonore, and would be well pleased at so advantageous a match for her.

"Fifteen days after this conversation, Leonore bounded with a light and joyous step up the five stories, which led to her mother's humble apartment.

"'Mother, mother,' she cried out, even before she reached the door, 'mother, here I am! I am free for the whole day; I can spend it with you, my dear mother.'

"Madame Gellert hastened to open the door at the sound of her voice; and as she now embraced her, now held her from her at arms' length to gaze at and admire her, she could not help saying;—

"'We were wrong to grieve at parting, Leonore. How well and happy you look!

And how grateful do I feel to that good young lady, and to the kind Dr. L——, who introduced us to her. How happy it makes me to see you looking like your former self.'

"And in truth, the dress, the beaming countenance, and even the sound of her voice, all told of a change in the once more joyous Leonore.

"'You are right, dear mother, to call the countess good, and kind. Thanks to her, I am no longer the isolated being who seemed out of place in her splendid mansion. I am spoken to now like the other ladies, who may happen to be present. Yesterday I danced, too; and more than this, a friend of the countess's has given me a special invitation to a large party. I am quite at my ease with all these great people now; and if you were but with me, dear mother, I should not have a single thing to long for.'

"As she was speaking, Leonore drew from her purse a portion of the money she had last received from the countess.

"'Here, mother, this is for you, and I have still much more than I want;—look at this handsome bonnet—this shawl! I wish you to buy also every thing that you want; or otherwise I shall no longer take any pleasure in what I already possess.'

"Delighted with the happiness and affection of her daughter, Madame Gellert embraced her affectionately.

"'The countess, then, treats you with kindness! She will become attached to you. But it was a long time before she did you justice. Yet, I had forgotten; there are so many things to distract her attention, we ought to be doubly thankful to her for the interest she takes in you, for that will do us much more good than her money.'

"'I will tell you all, my dear mother. We have not seen each other for a fortnight; and this fortnight has produced great changes. The countess, who was so gay, and thought only of pleasure at the commencement of the winter, has been latterly melancholy, and even ill-tempered. She frets at every thing, and has been even peevish with me; though I ever strive to anticipate and fulfil her slightest wish. In spite of all my endeavours, I have never been able to discover the cause of this change in her disposition. A fortnight ago, she called for me the moment Herr Meissner took his leave. You may remember, mother, hearing me speak of this youug man; he comes every day to visit her. She appeared so vexed and angry, that I thought she would have burst forth into complaints against him. But, no; after scolding me for three or four trifles, for which, in fact, no blame could be attached to me, (but

I would not interru
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all at once perceived
Without reflecting,
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'Good heavens, mad
ease? Oh! I am so
me with surprise, say
'Is it not to you that
you think, then, that
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She smiled. 'I am
nothing. Come, Leo
lody; that will revi
her spirits; but I pe
unusual had occurred
"'From this day she

her wherever she went. One of her friends, Madame Herder, who often visits her, behaves very kindly to me. Herr Meissner, who was the first to take any notice of me, is always my gallant; these ladies having a crowd of fine gentlemen, dukes, counts, and barons, who fatigue them with their attentions. He was much surprised the other day. Madame Herder having mentioned to him what she was pleased to call my taste in singing, I was obliged to comply when he expressed a desire to hear me. I was rather nervous when I began, for till then I had only sung in the presence of the countess and her friend. But I recovered my self-possession, and I observed that he was much pleased with my performance. At length, last evening he made me dance; I think the countess requested him to do so. He appeared astonished that, notwithstanding my timidity, I acquitted myself tolerably. The

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Oh! mother, if w
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"'It is singular,
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treme aversion for
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Yesterday he accus

nt of heart. I defended her warmly; and told
n how kind she had been to me; how much
as indebted to her, and all the misery from
ich her benevolence had rescued me. My story
erested him; he heard me with profound
ention; questioned me closely, and I told
n all the truth, for there was nothing in our
ry to be ashamed of. I spoke of you, mo-
r. It was the first time since I had been
h the countess that I dared tell any one
v much I love you, or how kind you are to
r daughter.'

Leonore spent a happy day with her mo-
r. On her return at seven o'clock, she was
ch surprised to find that the countess had
ved before dinner. Julie, with her wonted
rice, had changed her intentions. She had
ered her carriage at eleven, to go into the
ntry to visit one of her friends, proposing
to return till evening; but she had hardly

gone half a league, when the journey seemed long and tedious. She ordered the coachman to return; and, after paying a few short visits, she arrived at home at four o'clock, highly delighted at having escaped the *ennui*, with which, if she had paid the intended visit, she would have been infallibly afflicted.

"She had dined alone; and when, at seven o'clock, Leonore returned, Julie was delighted to have some one to speak to. Herr Meissner arrived a short time after. They sang, they laughed and joked; each was happy, each entertaining, without effort; and when midnight struck, all three exclaimed, 'So soon!' and Julie added;—'Oh! how sweet would it be thus to pass life!'

"But the world was of a different opinion; the rank of a fashionable female imposed certain duties. Who would have envied the titled Julie the friendship of a poor companion

and the love of an humble secretary? So, when the next evening Herr Meissner repeated his visit, he did not find the pleasing Julie, but the coquetish and haughty countess, from whom he could not obtain even a glance; and who lavished all her attentions, and all her smiles, upon the favourites of fashion. She did not even appear to see the hand which he offered to conduct her to her carriage; she took that of another, and did not grant a word or a look to the man, she had listened to with so much pleasure the preceding evening.

"Herr Meissner was much hurt by her conduct; he had long suffered her caprices; but his pride was now roused, his resolution taken, and he determined from this moment to think of her no more. The effort was great; and a sleepless night, and a feeling of utter desolation, stamped in a few hours an expression of anguish on his features, which was remarked by Leonore,

as soon as he appeared the next day at the coun
ess's mansion.

"'Good heavens! what has happened
you?' exclaimed the agitated girl: but sh
quickly surmised that his was a grief, whic
should be consoled without probing too deepl
into its origin. Poor Leonore had suffered s
much in her short life, that she found consol
tion for misfortunes which she herself had no
even known. Ernst at length said;—

"'Tell me of yourself, of your mother, o
your hopes and projects. Is it true that you
youth has been a stranger to all that seem
happiness to its untaught vision, that no word
of love have ever reached your ear?'

"Leonore smiled sadly. 'Who could lov
me but my mother?' said she blushing; fo
it was the first time that a young and handsom
man had uttered the word in her presence
and Ernst thought within himself;—'Sh

would not treat the man who loved her with disdain; but her delicate mind would partake all his sentiments.'

"The countess Julie became aware, a few days after, that Herr Meissner evidently avoided her company. She made various pretexts to recall him, for without him her house seemed desolate. But when fashion resumed its sway, Julie found means to keep him in company with Leonore; and thus it appeared to the world that both were under her benevolent protection.

"One day, they spent the morning in visiting an exhibition of pictures. Julie, as usual, had left Leonore to the care of Ernst, while her own gallant was a man more her equal in point of rank. She still, however, could enjoy the conversation of Meissner, who with Leonore resting on his arm, walked at her side. They met Madame Herder, who joined the party.

In her friendship for
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"'And I thought
him!' she suddenly
Leonore, surprised,
she added, 'Has not
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Herder continued;—

"'Although he
riage, that is to say
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blame him. Your
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attraction; and Herr Meissner will be happy, I am sure.'

"If it had been possible for the two females, whose heads were covered, to distinguish each other's features, Madame Herder, with the little penetration she possessed, would have been struck with the indefinable expression which animated the countenance of her companion, as she uttered these words. Her inward feelings were delineated with surprising truth on her handsome features; wonder, joy, and fear lest her hearing had deceived her, by turns agitated her mind, until Madame Herder explained to her, that she had declined proposing another alliance for Meissner, upon being informed that he had placed his affections on Leonore, and that the countess Julie was anxious that the marriage should be concluded.

"She might have spoken for hours, the delighted girl would not have interrupted her,

her joy and gratitude were so overpowering. On alighting at the countess's mansion, she trembled excessively. Hardly able to support herself, and incapable of uttering a word, she seized Madame Herder's hand, and pressed it fervently. She could only thank her by her looks.

"Who can tell the thoughts which passed in Leonore's mind? It was necessary to have suffered as she had done, to have endured like her the severest trials, to experience the sensations she felt the whole of that evening. Happily she was alone; the countess did not dine at home. How joyous she was! How often did she call down blessings on her benefactress! How she adored Meissner! With what impatience did she long to see her mother!

"On the following day, Julie took an excursion into the country. Leonore remained behind; but fearing lest the countess should

change her intentions, and more than ever anxious to testify her attachment to her, she did not stir from the house. She intreated her mother to come to her; for she felt that, in order to have nothing more to wish for, a mother must partake of her happiness.

"She was waiting her arrival, when Meissner entered the drawing-room. Leonore remained for some time bending over the flower which she was painting, while her fair cheeks were suffused with a crimson blush.

"'I am waiting for my mother,' she at length said, in order to conceal her emotion, 'I am waiting for her, and the countess has gone out.'

"Meissner replied, that he rejoiced at having an opportunity of meeting Madame Gellert, as the sentiments of the daughter had inspired him with a high opinion of the mother; and this subject of conversation, which was

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say, in a tone of delight, 'Tell me all, Leonore.'

* * * * *

"The countess became serious, and was frequently buried in meditation. The constraint which a constant succession of company imposed upon her became irksome, and retirement began to have charms in her eyes. She would say to herself, 'I have every thing at my disposal, yet nothing amuses me!' Then would this thought occur, in spite of herself: 'Why does this heart, indifferent to all the splendours which surround me, sometimes beat with such fervour? The fashionables who surround me are astonished at finding me so insensible. Ah! if they knew——' Then would a sudden terror come over her, as if a yawning pit had opened beneath her feet. At length she would calm herself by saying, 'No, I will live more retired. A little circle of

friends, into which he shall be admitted, sh
be my relaxation; the world shall be my du
Are not all his thoughts devoted to me? D
he form any projects which have not me
their object? His whole existence is cente
in this house. Well! in this manner the ti
will glide happily away.'

"Reason calculates and frames desig
which it considers perfect, and resolves not
deviate from them in the slightest degree;
it forgets something, which deranges, destro
and governs every thing—the passions;
diseases of the soul, which, like those of
body, put all mankind upon a level; and whi
occasion complaints, and tears, in the m
splendid mansions, as well as in the humbl
cottages; and all the calculations of reas
can neither foresee nor avoid them.

"Julie, without manifesting any desire
to do, encouraged Meissner's society. Er

remained firm in the resolution which reason and pride had dictated to him; he felt deeply, but he was calm. Seeing no hope of happiness in his love for Julie, and conscious that by submitting to her caprices, her indifference would degenerate into contempt, he determined to conceal from her his love, and endeavour to overcome it. He would have removed himself from her presence; but there are certain concessions between the heart and reason, which unaccountably take place, even when the sagest resolves are decided upon. Ernst was not more free in this respect than Julie. He remained. Often would he say to himself, after spending an evening at the countess's mansion, 'How gentle and good is this poor Leonore! How deeply does she sympathize with the unfortunate! Why could she not render a life happy? In proportion as my affection for the haughty Julie is weakened, I feel a greater

interest in Leonore. Yes, let me entrust my happiness to her. What signifies fortune? What I already possess would keep us in a respectable sphere of life, and would be opulence to Leonore. She will love me!——to be loved!—when I have only met with indifference from her I have so much adored!'

"Ernst would then pause; for he fancied that Julie's looks expressed something beyond indifference: he bethought himself of words which had escaped from her lips, and from which she would endeavour to divert his attention by laughing them off. He remembered that he had detected her eyes wandering towards him, when she imagined she was not observed; and he called to mind her blushes and confusion when he entered her apartment;—and Ernst, who for two years had directed his thoughts to one sole object, felt his heart beat violently: his projects and ideas

became confused and wavering; he was compelled to call his pride to his aid, against the woman who blushed at loving him; and it was with great difficulty that he mastered his feelings sufficiently to appear without emotion in her presence.

"The countess had remarked the calmness of his demeanour, and was not wrong in her conjectures as to the cause. The pride which governed his conduct pleased her. What woman is not better pleased with the man that she loves, for showing her another virtue to admire in him? But what woman, also, does not think, that every thing ought to yield to the love which she inspires? Julie was at first amazed, and then irritated, at the resistance which the pride of Ernst offered to her will. She vainly manifested a warmer interest for him; vainly did she allow those words to escape her, which a man knows so well how to

avail himself of, to disclose a feeling which he hesitates to express: she sought, without success, in the eyes of Meissner for that expression of love with which they had beamed for the last two years. He was unmoved!

"Julie was buried in reflections on this subject, when Madame Herder was announced. For some time, her dear Röschen had been absolutely insupportable to the countess; but as she could find no real cause for this change in her sentiments, they still remained on the same footing of friendship. Madame Herder felt that want of change and constant excitement, which is natural to people of narrow understanding. She had come to entreat her friend to go on a party of pleasure, which had long been talked of, and which the countess had forgotten: but when she stated that Meissner had been invited, that he had accompanied her on her present visit, and that he had gone

for Leonore, who was in the garden, the countess agreed to her proposal.

" It was one of the early days of spring: the leaves were just beginning to bud forth; the sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky; every thing indicated a lovely day.

" After some further chit-chat with the countess, Madame Herder approached the window.

" ' Come and look,' said she to the countess, with a roguish smile; ' look at these children!'

" The countess drew nigh the window. At the extremity of the garden, she observed Leonore resting upon the arm of Meissner, with that graceful confidence and affection which a female testifies when near him she loves.

" ' She ought to be happy,' said Madame Herder.

" ' Happy!—Who?' exclaimed Julie: for

she had forgotten the meaning her friend ha attached to some expressions which she had le fall; and her surprise was extreme.

" 'So fortunate a marriage for her! An so handsome a lover!—See, Julie; how grace ful he is, how well made! And is not Leonor pretty? It is incredible how much she ha improved since she has been with you! Can you not discern a grace in every movement Now that I know her thoroughly, I can well conceive that he should be attached to her.'

" Julie was thunderstruck. Jealousy had assailed her bosom, and brought with it the chill of death. 'He!—love her!' thought she; 'no,—it is not possible!——to change so quickly——oh, no!' And fear, hope, disdain, and love, by turns swayed her mind.

" 'It is impossible!' was her first reflection. 'I will see,' was the second. This agitation cast such a cloud over her features, that Ernst

and Leonore, who entered at this moment, were alarmed at their expression. Pride, however, came to her assistance; and calming her emotion, smiles again irradiated her countenance, and she made preparations for the excursion.

"Julie, the idol to which every one paid homage, accustomed to see all who surrounded her bow to her will, could not long endure an humble rival. A thousand contradictory thoughts agitated her mind throughout the day; she was constrained to plead a violent head-ache, as an excuse for her silence, and apparent indisposition; and this day of pleasure was the longest and most painful which she had yet passed.

"Meissner, charmed with the innocent discourse of Leonore, breathed not a syllable of love to her; but she, treasuring up the hints which Madame Herder had let fall, imagined

that she observed a proof of his tenderness
his slightest actions. The sensibility, whi
misfortune had hitherto restrained, now thrill
through her heart, which was intoxicated wi
the excess of her love. She had been told th
he returned her affection, that the counte
approved of its object, that her mother wou
joyfully consent; she lived but by this love.

"The whole party returned to the countes
mansion; and shortly took their leave, on a
count of her indisposition. She appeared
pale, on alighting from her carriage, that Ern
was much concerned for her. He had wit
drawn with the rest; but his uneasiness caus
him to return.

"Julie had pettishly rejected the services
Leonore, who had retired to her apartmen
and left her mistress alone. At liberty no
to indulge in her reflections, Julie experienced
for the first time, the bitterest pangs of grief

she shed tears in abundance; but she could not yet define what she regretted or what she desired. In the midst of her grief, Herr Meissner was announced. Her tears ceased to flow; a triumphant smile now lighted up her features; she wondered at the vexation she had felt, and she thought within herself, 'I knew that it was impossible.'

"Ernst entered. During the two years that he had loved Julie, he had so closely studied her disposition, that he could almost read her inmost thoughts. A glance detected her agitation, her anger, and her joy. Again to submit to the caprices of a haughty woman, who trifled with his affections, and whose vanity repressed her natural sentiments, appeared to him beneath a man who considered himself superior in every respect to the other acquaintances of the countess, whom she appeared to prefer to him, or rather, whose prejudices she

shared so far as to sacrifice her affections to their aristocratic notions. It was, therefore, merely with polite solicitude that he inquired after her health: he apologised for his return on this account, and was preparing to withdraw, when she requested him to stay.

"The conversation, however, soon began to languish: every subject that could be devised was touched upon, but each seemed reserved and embarrassed. Both endeavoured to conceal the thoughts which constantly recurred to their minds; and all the efforts of Julie could not lead Ernst to the only topic that interested her, at the same time that she strove to conceal the importance which she attached to it. For the first time, he replied with apparent insensibility to words which formerly had drawn forth so many protestations of love and devotion.

"Ill-humour followed surprise; and through

pure vexation Julie began to weep. Nothing had ever resisted her will; and now she, who was adored by all, saw before her the only man she had loved, cold and indifferent. There existed a will which did not bow to hers at the first signal; which complied not with her most eager wishes, which would not submit to her authority! Ernst was no longer the inferior with whom she was wont to trifle; he was more than her equal—he was her superior!

"'Ah!' exclaimed Julie, no longer able to repress her feelings, 'who shall trust to love! who confide in its deceitful protestations! when sentiments, which the false lips swear are to last for ever, are the very next breath the prey of inconstancy. Unfortunate, indeed, is she who repays such base coin with the sterling mint of the heart.'

"'But,' resumed Ernst, as calmly as the

countess was warm, 'you must confess th
woman too often sees in the most comple
devotion, and even in the sacrifice of a whi
life, but a trifling offering at the altar of h
vanity. She is all in all to us, and we ser
only as the play-thing of her leisure, to be la
aside when it suits her convenience, witho
the poor pity of a sigh. Credulous is he wh
trusts to woman; and doubly miserable h
who grants a heart where there is no hope
return.'

"'Speak not so,' replied Julie: 'if ou
pride revolts against the recognition of a mas
ter, our feelings at length get the better, an
love——'

"'Love!' ejaculated Meissner: 'If it did
exist, if it did reign supreme in a female heart,
could she appear absorbed by other thoughts,
to the exclusion of its dictates? Where love
exists, it is in a soul impervious to vanity, un-

swayed by pleasure, and which, proud of its object, knows no dearer satisfaction than his smile, no brighter conquest than his glory.'

" ' Love is always thus,' half-breathed Julie.

" ' No,' replied Ernst, in a decided tone; ' I have seen a woman, loved as never woman was before, and certain of illimitable devotion, take a pleasure in repulsing that love—which she partook.'

" ' Ah!' exclaimed the countess, with inexpressible surprise; for these words had taught her that Ernst knew himself beloved, and yet he uttered them without any manifestation of either pride or joy.

" ' Yes,' he continued, ' she took delight in turning into worse than scorpion's stings those very sentiments her smiles had called into existence.'

" ' No, no,' interrupted the countess.

" Meissner appeared not to hear her, and

continued—'At length, through respect t
for her, and himself, he resolved no longe
expose himself to a wantonness of capr
which dishonoured, nay, degraded, both; a
burying for ever within the sanctuary of
own breast his grief, and his love, he c
demned himself to a silence which he is
solved never to break.'

"'Say, rather, that his inconstant heart
ried him to lay at the feet of another that love

"'Never!'

"'That touched by sentiments he deem
more tender—'

"'He neither sought, nor found, any ot
—friendship perhaps—'

"'Speak you the truth! Repeat, repeat
Ernst: say that your love is still hers.'

"The countess was deeply agitated. H
very soul seemed to be transfused into h
large, dark eyes, which swam with tears. S

had seized Meissner's hand, and seemed to hang on his answer for life or death. He hesitated—but there was so little hope, and so much resignation in the words she wrung from him, that it was scarcely breaking his resolution, to say as he did :—

"'Yes! it is still hers.'

"Then all her vanity, and all the scruples imposed by the world, at once vanished, and the countess was lost in the woman—the young, the loving, and devoted woman. Love had conquered, and she was solely his. She looked at him; and in that look he saw depicted as plainly as she felt, the emotions that thrilled her inmost being. If Julie yet perceived any uncertainty in his countenance, this hesitation only proved to her the excess of joy she could bestow upon him. Yielding to the full tide of passion, she twined her arms about his neck, exclaiming :—

"'Ernst, I love you. My heart, my hand, my fortune, are all yours.'

"The next day Julie rose early, and as she was about to ring the bell for her carriage, Leonore entered the room. Since the preceding evening, not a thought of her had crossed the countess's mind.

"'Leonore,' she said, 'I have a number of visits to pay this morning, and shall be altogether much taken up by business for a week or more. In about ten days I leave town for my country-seat at G——, and as I shall there marry Herr Meissner, you will be at liberty to return to your mother. I will give you any recommendation you may desire, should it be your wish to take another situation, and will speak to my friends about you.'

"An hour after this short conference, Madame Gellert, who was sitting at work in her lonely apartment, heard an unequal and hur-

ried footstep on the stair. The door suddenly opened; and Leonore, pale, with wandering eyes, and haggard countenance, tottered into the room, and fell senseless at her mother's feet. When the care of the anxious mother had recalled her to her senses, a burning fever had already seized the agitated girl. Madame Gellert knelt, weeping silently, by the bed on which she had placed her, and heard her heart-broken child utter the secret which she had already divined:—

"'It is she whom he loved, and they are to be married.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

" She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light,
Which heaven to gaudy day denies,
She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies." By

HOWARD found many more impedime
the accomplishment of his wishes, than h
at first imagined. The Church made
rous objections, and presented continual
cles, because Therese was already consi

a child of the church, and had no relations to claim her. Count W——, though almost entirely absorbed in the pursuit of his own mistress, made every effort to surmount these obstacles to his friend's happiness; but in vain.

Perhaps man would be wise, if he should renounce even a favourite and paramount wish, when difficulties present themselves to prevent its attainment. They would appear to be a forewarning not to tempt fate; and rarely do points carried in defiance of them prove prosperous.

Those schemes or fancies, on the contrary, which march straight forward, are almost always sure to turn out happily. It is true, that Shakspeare, that profound master of the human heart, declares that, "the course of true love never does run smooth." Howard had no other comfort or resource to preserve pa-

tience under these annoyances, than in his siduous attendance at St. Etienne's church.

The abbess had forbidden his visits to convent; but in the church he could hear lovely Therese, although he could not see h and could ascertain that she felt in unison w him, by the tone of her voice, which acquired of late something indescribably tou ing, that added to its fascination in Howa ear. Perhaps a less interested judge wo have pronounced that her voice had lost s of its firmness; that a slight nervous agita had injured its full powers; yet was there m of passion, more of ecstacy. She sang as tho she felt her lover was near her; and he enjo and revelled in the same luxury of feeling.

Count W—— had repaired to the conv the morning subsequent to the tournam and had closely questioned his sister respect

her friend, to whom he felt certain she had communicated Therese's history. The candid answers of the young girl, however, entirely destroyed all doubts in his mind. and proved to him, that it was not in the convent his incognita had acquired her information; and the count still remained entirely in the dark as to his mysterious tormentor. She seemed, he thought, to be much annoyed at Howard's intimacy with him; whether from fear of detection, or simple jealousy of any one's occupying him except herself, did not appear; but that she earnestly desired to break off their friendship, was at length apparent, by her devising a scheme, which effectually divided them for a short period.

She must have been a constant attendant at St. Etienne's church, and thus acquired a knowledge of Howard's passion by observation,

and by combining var
together; and on thi
for separating the t
succeeded; and by
scious means of brin
tragical, and myster
pen in real life, and
hardly have invente

The night followi
nament had been he
Ridouten salle balls-
umphs. As usual, sl
Count W—— in str
an opportunity of all
love, and to the mea
an end to the diffic
the attainment of his
to be trouble taken i
said, "if he could he

parents, every thing could be settled at once. Why does he not go to Graetz? There he could learn all he is desirous of knowing."

"Indeed!" replied the fascinated count.

"Even so," she said, laughing.

It did not once occur to him that she was trifling with him, and he communicated the intelligence to Howard, who seized it with joy.

The interdict which the abbess had passed on his visits to Therese, rendered his absence from Vienna much less annoying than it would otherwise have been; and he set off immediately for Graetz, requesting his friend at the same time not to relax in his efforts to surmount the seeming unwillingness of the church to relinquish one of its lambs from the fold.

Graetz, a provincial town, is three days' easy journey from Vienna; and many Austrian families of consideration reside there. Howard, on his arrival, was struck with an appear-

ance of cleanliness, and neatness, to which hi
eyes had not been accustomed at Vienna; bu
on account of the extraordinary event of th
congress, the town was almost deserted. H
drove to a handsome hotel, to which he ha
been recommended, intending to stay in th
town merely as long as was necessary to mak
the discovery he so earnestly wished of Th
rese's parents; or to be satisfied that the r
search was fruitless. He had no clue to guid
him, further than the vague assertion of th
incognita, and his own description of the pe
son and name of his affianced.

The aubergiste presented him a book, requ
ring him to insert his name in it, according t
the orders of the police; and Howard examine
the names registered there, in hopes of findin
some one known to him, either personally, o
by report, to assist him in his research.

"Where is the English traveller, whom

see mentioned here," he said, addressing the landlord, "is he a resident here? Has he been long in this part of the country?"

"He has been here these five years," replied his host; but the poor gentleman does not gain ground, and I doubt his remaining much longer in the town. He lodges in this hotel."

"Is he then ill, or unhappy?" inquired Howard, in reply to the remark of the landlord, which was uttered with a degree of feeling.

"Both," said the landlord; "but I cannot inform you of the cause of his sorrow. He lives a solitary life, only quitting his room when called upon to give his advice to a sick friend, for he is a physician."

Howard determined to pay him a visit, on the strength of being a countryman, and caused himself to be announced. He found an elderly man in the stranger to whom he introduced himself, with a benevolent, yet dejected coun-

tenance, and labouring apparently under ill
health. He rose, and received him with
urbanity.

Howard began offering excuses for his intru
sion, which he said he should not have ventured
had he not been informed that he was a coun
tryman, and furthermore, one who was unwel
and might not be sorry to receive a sympath
zing stranger.

Dr. —— shook his head, and replied, th
far from his visit being an intrusion, he migh
assure himself it was an event which gave hi
pleasure.

"I have been long an invalid," he continue
"and have resided some years on the con
nent, without meeting a countryman, or hea
ing the language. The sound of your voi
recalls home to my recollection, with the plea
ing accompaniments of candour and tru
Would to God I had never quitted my cou

try! I should have been spared all the sorrow which I have experienced, and which has reduced me to the state you witness."

The doctor seemed much agitated, and Howard spoke to relieve him.

"We may perhaps be of mutual service to each other. My happiness depends upon a discovery which I have come here in the hopes of making, and towards which you may have it in your power to assist me, if you are so kindly inclined, since I am informed you have resided here some time; and if in return I can be of any service to you, I shall be most happy to have been conducted hither by a mere chance."

"Alas!" replied Dr. ——, "I must thank you for your kind intentions respecting me, but no human being can be of service to me; regret and remorse must follow me to my

grave." And the stranger's countenance pressed all the anguish he experienced. " form me," he added, " how I can be of ser to you."

Howard related the object of his sear and Dr. —— reflected some time, ere he plied, " I am afraid you have been misdirec I do not think the persons you seek re here. I know almost all the families who habit this place; and through my professi position, I am well acquainted with them their histories; but I do not call to mind one who can have a daughter at the conv of St. Etienne, in Vienna. However I w if you please, go with you, to-morrow, to of the oldest inhabitants. Perhaps he m throw some light on the subject. As for I have known Graetz only five years; would that I never had!"

He motioned an adieu to Howard, who withdrew reluctantly. The stranger's manner and countenance had interested him very much.

He returned, according to the appointment he had made, the following morning, and they proceeded to the habitation of the person they were to consult. Howard was introduced by Dr. —— into a parlour, in which were sitting the whole family of the patriarch who resided there; and there was something in their costume, manner, and appearance, which inspired Howard with reverence and admiration.

The old man was sitting in a high-backed chair, his foot resting on a cushion, and a large-headed cane was by the side of the chair. His snow white locks, parted on the forehead, fell on either shoulder; and his open countenance bespoke sincerity and health. He was clad in a dark brown coat, cut square, and buttoned down the middle with large silver

buttons; and a broad green belt went roun
his waist, fastened with a large steel buckle.

His dame, as aged as himself, with spectacl
on nose, was reading to the family. Two w
men, no longer young, but comely, grave, an
respectful, were working at a table; and
youth of sixteen, the grandson of the ol
couple, and son of one of the daughters, wa
standing near the old man, holding the pip
which he had been preparing for him.

The antique furniture, and tapestried walls
were in harmony with the appearance of th
party. There was a look of such calm tran
quillity in the aged pair, that it appeared
as if no storm of passion or sorrow had eve
ruffled their brows, but that time had insen
sibly brought them to old age, without inflict
ing the penalties of its approach.

On the entrance of the two visiters, th
whole party rose, and the old man welcome

Dr. —— with much warmth, inquiring after his health with great interest. The doctor thanked him languidly, and instead of replying to his inquiries, presented Howard, and stated the object of his visit.

"I thought," he continued, "that if any one could give him the information we seek, it would be yourself; and I know too well the kindness of your nature, to doubt of your obliging me, if it is in your power."

Kaupman replied, that he would willingly assist Howard in his researches, although he much doubted their success. "During the years in which the damsel must have been born," he said, "and long subsequently, I was the person having the charge of registering the travellers who entered and quitted Graetz. Indeed, it is only within five years that I have renounced my employment. I am on intimate terms with my successor; and by exa-

mining his register and mine, I shall be
distinctly to ascertain whether such perso
your friend is seeking resided here.
know," he added, addressing the stra
"it was on your account that I quitted
charge."

"I know it well," replied Dr. ——, wi
sigh.

The women exchanged looks of pity,
endeavoured to turn the conversation
another channel; but Dr. —— listened
them with slight attention, and drawing
chair to a distant part of the room, sank
it, apparently oppressed by his thoughts.

Kaupman and his family were habituate
these moments of abstraction, in which
had by experience found, that the only man
of acting was to let him indulge in th
They therefore directed their attention
Howard; and the old man inquired of h

if he had known the doctor long, and was acquainted with his history. On his replying in the negative, he recounted to him, although in briefer form, the following strange narrative:—

"Dr. ——, it appeared, had originally come on the continent to recover from the effects of his professional labours, which were too much for his health, and consequently he travelled without acknowledging himself to be a physician, in order to escape those fatigues which he was travelling to avoid. He took up his abode for the summer months at a villa between Vienna and Graetz, and there, for some time, he enjoyed the tranquillity of his situation, and felt that he was quickly regaining health.

"His kind nature could not refuse, when he knew that any of the villagers near his dwelling were unwell, to give them advice;

and it is supposed that the cures he thus
formed spread his reputation, and thus
mately gave rise to the following singula
venture:—

"One day that Dr. —— was walki
the grounds which surrounded his vill
saw two men advancing towards him, v
appearance and dress announced them to
a higher order of persons, than those who
in his neighbourhood. They addressed
by name, and stated that knowing him
an eminent physician, they were come t
him a favour, which they knew, from his
sent habits, to be a very great one. They
ceeded to state, that a person who was
gerously ill had deputed them to seek
and to solicit him, by every argument
could address to his humanity, to accom
them, and visit her.

"Dr. —— at first refused; but the

men pleaded so earnestly, that at length he consented to go with them.

" They then told him, that a carriage was waiting on a road at some short distance across the fields adjoining his grounds. When they had entered the carriage, and driven a little while, his conductors informed Dr. —— that the person he was going to visit was very desirous of preserving the strictest secresy as to her abode, and that there might be no clue, or possibility of discovering it, he must submit to having a bandage placed over his eyes.

" Dr. ——, although reluctantly, found himself obliged to consent to this proposal; he was in the power of the men who accompanied him, and felt that any resistance would be in vain, however extraordinary he began to consider his position to be.

" They drove for some hours at a violent pace; and when the carriage stopped, Dr. ——

could distinguish the opening of gates
could, by the hollow sound of the horses
discern that the carriage was passing un
archway.

" The steps of the carriage were let
and the men, assisting Dr. —— to de
led him on through many rooms; at l
heard a door closed behind him, and hi
ductors informed him, that he might r
the bandage from his eyes.

" He found himself in an enormous g
at the further end of which was a couc
which lay extended a female.

" The men informed Dr. —— that
was his patient, and they all three appro
the couch together. They then stated,
the motionless body, which neither turne
gave other signs of existence than breat
that they had brought him there to d
which was the least painful manner of d

that the person before him was to die, and that the desire of her friends was, to render her parting moments as gentle, and free from suffering, as possible.

"Dr. —— indignantly replied, that his profession was meant for the restoration, not the destruction, of life; and sternly asked them whether they took him for a murderer.

"The men observed, that if he supposed any compulsion was used towards the person whose fate now destined her to die, that he was entirely mistaken; and that to prove this, they would withdraw, and leave him alone with her.

"All this time she remained perfectly still, looking at the doctor with a calm eye, which neither denoted terror, suffering, constraint, nor want of intellect.

"The men retired; and Dr. —— instantly addressed the pale victim, imploring her to

tell him if there was any means by which he could save her, assuring her that he would risk his own life willingly, and urging her, with vehemence, to lose no time in replying, as the men might soon return. He addressed her in German, which he spoke fluently;—she looked at him, however, without attempting to make any reply. He then repeated what he had said in French, and afterwards in English, but she maintained the same silence.

"At the expiration of about a quarter of an hour the men returned, and remarked to Dr. ——, that he might now be convinced of what they had told him, and again requested him to answer the question they had put to him, and which they now repeated with emphasis. On his refusal to answer, they told him, that if he persisted in withholding from them the information which they required, he would condemn the young woman before him to die a

severer death, and would also perish himself, as they would take care that he should never quit those walls the possessor of the secret which they had imparted to him; that, on the contrary, his answer would render the last moments of the sufferer less agonizing, and that they would restore him instantly to liberty, as he would be bound to keep a secret in which he would be so materially concerned.

"Finding that no arguments could persuade him, the young woman turned her pallid countenance towards him with an imploring look, which Dr. ——, at the time, interpreted to be a supplication to obey the men. At last, forced by menaces and doubts, he told them that to be bled to death was the gentlest manner of ceasing to exist; on which the young woman instantly extended her arm to him, and the men compelled him to open a vein. He did so——but no blood flowed. They then made

him perform the same operation on her
which she equally willingly held towards
One of the men then brought a pan with
water, and placing her foot in it, the
flowed freely.

"The men then told Dr. —— he was
to depart, provided he submitted to the
mode of concealment as on arriving.
happy to quit such a scene of horror, a
hopes, by making speed, still to be in tim
save the wretched victim, he allowed hi
again to be blindfolded, and entered the
riage, which drove off at full speed, the
men accompanying him. They brought
back to the same spot where they had f
him, and, on quitting the carriage, offered
a casket of diamonds. Dr. —— spurn
from him with indignation, telling them,
if they thought he was a hired murderer,
should learn their error to their cost;

they had made him a miserable man for the remainder of his life; and that he should always repent not having allowed himself to be murdered, rather than give the advice which they had torn from him.

"He instantly hurried off to Vienna, and promptly discovered the mysterious transaction; but found a coldness and indifference in the authorities to whom he addressed himself, which surprised and disgusted him. No inquiries were made, no efforts to discover where the dreadful deed had been perpetrated; even a degree of anger was manifested at his interference, which led him to suppose that they were not entirely strangers to it! Accordingly, he quitted Vienna, but could not resolve to return to his villa, which now inspired him with horror, because it was thence that he had been forced away, to contribute to the tragical end of the unfortunate victim. The horrid

scene preyed upon his mind, and injured hi
health, already very indifferent. He selecte
Graetz for his residence, and after some tim
became acquainted with, and was esteemed by
the inhabitants. Kaupman in particular sough
his society, and by his benevolent kindnes
succeeded in becoming his chosen friend. H
felt sincerely for him; and perceiving that hi
duties prevented his attending on him as muc
as his melancholy state required, he renounce
the employment which he had held for man
years, and devoted himself, with his family, t
the care of his unhappy friend."

He concluded the above history by saying
"He has still occasional fits of abstraction
such as you perceive at present. He will pro
bably continue in this state till sun-set; a
which period we usually find these melancho
moods terminate. Perhaps your arrival, an
intercourse with him, has been the cause o

his attack to-day. When he sinks into the state of despondence you witness, the appealing look of the young woman recurs to him; and then he reproaches himself bitterly with not having otherwise construed it, and resisted her oppressors, though with the loss of life Do not attempt to speak to him," he added, observing that Howard seemed inclined to address him; "we shall take care of him, until he rises of his own accord, and proposes to leave us."

Howard felt that a further intrusion would distress the unhappy man, and withdrew; and Kaupman, as he attended him to the door, repeated his promise respecting the registers.

The following day Kaupman came to him at an early hour, and brought the registers with him. Nothing could be learnt from them, except that no person having a daughter had quitted Graetz for Vienna, nor had any stranger

come to reside there, within the period th
such an event could throw any light upon t
birth or connections of Therese.

Howard, impatient to return to his There
willingly recognized the inutility of pro
cuting his researches further, and according
set off the same day for Vienna. He calle
previously to his departure, to take leave
Dr. ——, but was told that he was too unwe
to receive him. As he drove out of the cour
yard of the hotel, and turned into the stree
he happened to raise his eyes to the windo
and then he saw the unhappy man, lookin
sadder, and more suffering, than he had ap
peared the preceding day. Howard salute
him, and Dr. —— made a slight sign of ac
knowledgment ; but there was something i
his manner which affected Howard strangely
and he felt he had seen him for the last time.—
He died, broken-hearted, a short time after.

The dreadful history related by Kaupman occupied Howard's thoughts painfully, as he continued his solitary journey. Sometimes it occurred to him, that perhaps the mystery of Therese's birth was connected with the death of the poor victim; but a little reflection caused him to discard the thought, on account of the difference of the epochs. Then his mind turned towards the difficulties thrown in his way by the church at Vienna; and he tormented himself by conjecturing all the various excuses and fresh impediments he should meet on his arrival. Either Count W—— would not have exerted himself for him, during his absence, or would have met with positive refusal; or he was not sufficiently influential; or the abbess was not sincere; or that——in short, he made up a budget of difficulties which he expected to encounter on arriving; and was perfectly certain that he had foreseen every

combination of circumstance chance could throw in his way; and so, indeed, he had every one, except the precise one which greeted his arrival.

Frequently will it so occur! We calculate, and foresee, and feel certain, that one or other of the different events we frame to ourselves in our imagination, must arrive; and the identical one which does happen, has not been thought of. So, when Howard arrived at Count W——'s door, instead of being informed that he was out, which he had anticipated among his other agreeable surmises, he was told he was at home; and when he met him, instead of seeing a countenance prepared to give him disappointment, he was surprised and thrilled by the intelligence, that every thing was satisfactorily arranged.

"I find my coquette was laughing at us both," said the count. "The day after your

departure, she acknowledged that she knew nothing about the business, and that she wanted to get you away. I felt myself bound to repair her tricks, and have strained every effort for you, and have at length succeeded. I have been, indeed, more successful for you than for myself, for I am still where you left me."

When day succeeds day without any material difference in our occupations, and without any change of residence, time passes rapidly on, and a week wheels round its little circle almost unobserved; whereas a journey of only eight days, and the difference of scenes presented during that time to those we are in the habit of witnessing, remove the events of the preceding week to so great a distance, that time has lengthened considerably in our imagination beyond the reality. Thus, Howard felt as if great changes must have occurred during his absence, and was even astonished that the car-

nival, and its routine of amusements, sh
be still going on; that the same interest sh
still engross society, which had absorbe
when he had left; and that people c
occupy themselves with the same trifles wit
satiety. In short, he felt as though he ha
into the second volume of a novel, accor
to the title-page, and found the contents
still the same as those of the first.

The happy day at length arrived, when H
ard was to call the beautiful Therese his b
The happy, yet the nervous, and eventful d
In one short hour, man, and still more, wo
adventures a whole life of happiness or mis
It is staking deeply; it is counting on t
own powers of judgment, discernment,
calculation. It is counting on the durab
of affection; on conformity of tempers
tastes; on sincerity, fidelity, and honour
is counting on so much, that it is marvel

there do not exist greater numbers of timorous bachelors and old maids.

Among the new sects that spring up in revolutionized countries, (and heaven only knows the variety that do spring up), is one, which supposes marriage would be a happier state, were the lease of union made out for a shorter date, than the whole of the remainder of the lives of the persons contracting it. Thus, that marriages should be entered upon for seven years, and renewable at the expiration of that period, or dissolved, according to the wishes of either party; and in the latter case, the parties should be free to contract other marriages *(h)*.

Others, of a still more inconstant disposition, propose three years as the term of the lease; and these short-sighted mortals do not look beyond the first years of matrimonial existence. What would become of those who are past the

age of beauty and attraction? What wou
become of the offspring of such unions, d
prived of their natural protectors? The lot
woman would be indeed wretched under su
laws! They are happy, they are blessed, wh
being united in bonds of affection, and havi
dispositions and tastes in harmony, live
together to old age, each the other's tru
friend; each sharing with equal warmth,
rather, blending in one, their interests, jo
and griefs!

It was with a fluttering heart, that the lov
Therese, attired in her bridal dress, came
ask the abbess of St. Etienne for her bened
tion, ere she withdrew from her kind prot
tion, and peaceful home, to rush into a wo
unknown to her. The white muslin veil
now exchanged for one of costlier materi
The black camlet gown had made way for
of magnificent lace over white satin, the gif

Howard, besides a splendid trousseau and jewels. The silver cross was replaced by one of rubies; and where the white cambric band had been destined to bind her fair brows, a wreath of orange flowers mixed with her dark and richly curling ringlets.

Howard gazed with ecstacy on her innocent and beautiful countenance; and when the abbess, on parting with her, reminded him with tremulous voice, that he was bound for aye to be a kind protector and friend to her, it was with sincerity that he gave the fervent promise, to cherish her as his heart's best blood. As Therese had no relations, Count W—— obtained permission from the abbess for his sister to attend her to the altar; and since Howard wished to avoid all unnecessary parade, none but the witnesses strictly necessary were present.

The ceremony was ended! The priest had

when old age and youth form the incongruous link in the marriage chain; when vice and loathsome sickliness are allied to innocence and beauty! Would that the words of the poet were more frequently verified:—

"Il est de certains nœuds dont le secret pouvoir,
Attache un cœur a l'autre avant que de se voir.
Il est des nœuds secrets, il est des sympathies,
Dont par les doux rapports les ames assorties
S'attachent l'un à l'autre, et se laissent piquer,
Par un je ne sçais quoi qu'on ne peut expliquer."

And again:—

"C'est pour certains objets que nos ames sont nées:
Le ciel le veut! Tout céde à ses decréts vainqueurs.
Ainsi la sympathie unit nos destinées,
Et sans raisonnement determine nos cœurs."

CHAPTER IX.

" To horse, to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye one and all!

THE carnival was now drawing to a close already could the votaries of dance, and dissipation, count the remaining number of fêtes ere all would be at an end, and extreme dullness succeed to such gaiety as Vienna seldom had witnessed.

The Germans in general are very pious; and the Austrians, perhaps, quite as much so as other parts of that vast empire. The Empress of Austria, indeed, set an example of modest piety and devotion, which led the higher classes, more likely by dissipation to be drawn from their religious duties, to follow so noble a model; and the moment the carnival would be at an end, the severest austerity, it was well known, would succeed to all the festivities enjoyed by the young and gay.

In proportion, therefore, as the moment for the cessation of the fêtes approached, so did they look with the greater avidity to the few remaining ones to be enjoyed.

Prince Metternich at this crisis announced a fancy ball, to be given at one of his palaces, a short distance from Vienna, the same which Howard had seen illuminated the evening of his arrival. Nothing was talked of but this

ball ; it was to be
yet given during
to celebrate the
those who had co
ladies were to be
with laurel leave
bind their brows
wear their respe
also was to be
crowns of laurel
encircling the pil
ing the branche
quantities of wax
the lustres, and
another.

The effect was
simplicity of the w
even were attire
vantageous to th
all the splendou

could have been; and those less gifted by nature derived an equivalent advantage, their dress drawing less attention than the non-uniformity which would otherwise have existed between beautiful colours, and fashions, with the deficiency of beauty in their wearers.

The richness of the uniforms worn by the gentlemen imparted an agreeable relief to the scene, and enhanced still more the graceful simplicity of the costume adopted by the ladies. It was the first of the fêtes given in Vienna, to which Howard repaired with expectation of real pleasure. His lovely bride was to accompany him, and he anticipated with delight the naive astonishment, and amusement, she would experience.

As early as six o'clock, all the streets conducting to the gates of Vienna were crowded with carriages hurrying on to the scene of pleasure, it being the etiquette for all the

society invited, to be assembled previous
arrival of the sovereigns. Howard was too
of his lovely wife not to be early on the sp
scene; and whether it was that it did s
all the others he had seen in magnificen
whether that he saw it through the m
of his own bright fancy, become brighte
excess of happiness, and that he enjoy
surprise and ecstacy of Therese, to who
novelty of the scene, so different fro
which she had been accustomed to w
was enchanting; certain it is, that he e
it as much as his blushing partner.

For the same reason that the carniv
drawing to a close, the congress wa
coming to an end. The conclusion
carnival had been designated as the t
which all the negotiations, and arrange
for the settlement of Europe, and satisfac
the pretensions and ambitions of all partie

to be finally concluded: and it was worthy the attention of an observer, having neither interest, wish, nor ambition, to gratify, to remark the working of the countenance of those principally interested in these arrangements. In the midst of a waltz, or polonaise, might be seen some sovereign, not entirely satisfied with the decision of the morning, waylaying the parties who had opposed him in the discussion of that day; and manœuvres of various sorts employed, to win by *fair* means what argument, or right, could not otherwise obtain. Not the least entertaining part of the drama to such a spectator was, to observe the ministers so attacked prepare for resistance to the dangerous trial, when they had to resist the pleading eloquence of sun-bright eyes, fixed beseechingly upon them, Delilah-like, for the sake of a more favoured, though less apparent admirer; or with courtesy receiving gracious

the box, either firmly given, or doubtingly, might be interpreted—" even so," or " certainly," or " perhaps," or—any thing,—as nothing decided escaped his lips.

A scrutinizer of the animated, eager *aparté* of the Prince Metternich, with a blue-eyed, fair princess, might be disposed to question whether as much love and ardour were really felt as were apparent; or whether the moment had not been selected, to avoid any attack from the grave and tenacious-looking politician who was standing near, waiting for an opportunity to express some opinion, or prefer some request, which it was firmly decided should not be heard.

The faithful swain, also, whose devotion had lasted the winter through, now anxiously looked for the recompense due to such unparalleled constancy. Now sentiment lent charms to coquetry, and the variety of feelings which

engrossed the numerous assembly gave an animation and interest to it, which augmented its attractions; and the cry was universal, that it was a pity so amusing, so interesting, so gay, so great a carnival should ever end.

Count W—— did not echo these regrets. He was ennuyé while others were amused; his incognita, for reasons she would not explain until the period she had fixed, did not assist at the court fêtes, and, in consequence, he rarely staid long at them. He was, in fact, in that unhappy state described by the poet:—

" Passer ses jours à désirer,
Sans trop savoir ce qu'on désire;
Au même instant rire et pleurer,
Sans raison de pleurer, et sans raison de rire,
Redouter le matin, et le soir souhaiter,
D'avoir toujours droit de se plaindre;
Craindre quand on doit se flatter,
Et se flatter quand on doit craindre;
Adorer, haïr, son tourment;

A la fois s'effrayer, se jouer des entraves;
Glisser legérement sur les affaires graves,
Pour traiter un rien gravement;
Se montrer tour à tour dissimulé, sincere,
Timide, audacieux, credule, mefiant;
Trembler en tout sacrifiant,
De n'en point encore assez faire;
Soupçonner les amis qu'on devroit estimer;
Etre le jour, la nuit, en guerre avec soi même;
Voila ce qu'on se plaint de sentir quand on aime;
Et de ne plus sentir quand on cesse d'aimer."

DUFRESNOY.

This fête, magnificent as it was, was destined to be effaced from the thoughts of the busy crowd by succeeding triumphs, and tumultuous preparation was made for a fête announced by the Empress, which was to combine amusements calculated to please every taste. It was to begin with romances, which were to have verisimilitude imparted to them by scenic effects. A "comédie de societé" was to follow, in which the beautiful Countess E. de

P—— was to act (la fausse Agnese).
bleaux were to succeed; and the evening
to conclude with a ball. Such a variety
amusements required a proportionate var
of dresses; and there was hardly a man
woman in Vienna who for the last eight d
was not continually either purchasing, or
vising, some novelty in dress. It was imp
sible to go any where without hearing s
expression of ecstacy at a colour chosen, o
dress invented: the sounds haunted the
of—"How beautiful!" "Where did you
this?" "Have you been to such a magazin
"I shall choose blue;" "I must have pi
The work-men and women toiled day and ni
The apartments of the palace also were
state of confusion, as frames of enormous
were to be constructed, to surround the
bleaux vivans, some of which were to co
numbers of persons. The theatre of the p

resounded with the clamorous tongues of poets, and of actors, repeating their parts: in short, Vienna, generally so grave, so steady, so calm, seemed to have gone mad.

At length the day arrived. The gates of the palace were to be opened at six o'clock; and at that hour the persons invited began to assemble, in such rooms as were not destined to be employed for the tableaux, the romances, and comédie, the supper rooms, or dancing rooms. A suite of rooms, therefore, was thrown open for their reception adjoining the Empress's private apartments, which had large folding-doors opening into them, but which were to remain closed until all the company should be assembled. But when all had arrived who were to grace the fête, and the presence of the sovereigns was anxiously expected, a long and surprising pause ensued. The folding-doors through which the sove-

reigns were to pass continued closed. Qu
of an hour succeeded quarter, till the g
began to look astonished at each other,
from thence to remark who were still abs

The Prince de Talleyrand had not arr
nor the Countess E. de P——; but it
recollected, that as she was to be one o
actors, she was probably attiring for that
pose; and the Prince might have a confe
with some minister previously to coming.
still, the Duke of Wellington was absent;
"though last not least," the Prince Me
nich!

By degrees, a whisper circulated in
room; important news had arrived, it wa
known of what nature, but the ministers
been summoned to the palace. A few s
glers next dropped in, one by one, and
the assembly bore a remarkable appear
Forming themselves in groups, accordi

their several nations, here might be observed the Marshal Schwartzenberg, surrounded by all the Austrian officers, with stern looks and whispered phrases; there the Marshal Wrede, round whom the Bavarians gathered together. In another quarter the Prussians were assembled, with dark, inquiring countenances; and with louring front and muttered threat, the fair-haired Russians. The statesmen might be noted standing aloof, or communicating with each other, with sorrowful and foreboding look.

By degrees the whisper circulated—the enigma was explained: the curse of Europe, the destroyer of peace, the vanquished hydra, had again raised his head,—Napoleon had quitted Elba, and disembarked on the French coast, and was on his march towards Paris(*k*), his adherents increasing by thousands as he advanced. This news, just arrived, had fallen as a thunderbolt upon the congress. All the

combinations formed at such an expense of thought, and anxiety of mind, were to be overthrown; the peace so hailed, so rejoiced at, was to be at an end!

The sovereigns and ministers all assembled; two hours were passed in solemn consultation; and the following morning was appointed for decisions to be made as to the line of conduct to be pursued on this important event. The warriors, whom their profession was likely to call into action, hailed the news. Not so the peaceful, and the tenderer sex; and fearful anticipations already clouded the fair brow of many assembled that night.

But the folding-doors are thrown open, and the Empress of Austria enters, with the Emperor of Russia. The King of Prussia follows, with the Empress Elizabeth, and then all the royal guests; and at the same moment, by another door, the Duke of Wellington, and

the various ministers. But once the ceremony of salutation was over, the consultations recommenced, whilst anxious countenances told how deeply the news interested all present. The Prince Eugene Beauharnois was not amongst the least of the anxious, and painfully surprised. The news had come upon him as unexpectedly as upon the rest; but his connection with Napoleon rendered him immediately an object of suspicion to most of the sovereigns. He was supposed to have known of Napoleon's intentions, suspected of having been in correspondence with him, considered in the light of a traitor: and jealous, scrutinizing eyes followed him in every direction.

It was curious to observe the weight and importance of England, when a crisis called forth demonstrations of the fact. Hardly had the Empress of Austria entered the room, than she quitted the Emperor Alexander's arm, and

calling the Duke of Wellington aside, spo
to him with extreme earnestness. The Russi
autocrat waited not the conclusion of h
speech, to draw the English hero to his sid
holding him by the button of his coat, lest
should escape from him; and the King
Prussia was pressing forward and calling o
"à moi, Duc de Wellington." By degre
the crowd gathered round him, while he, wi
an open countenance, replied cheerfully, "ta
mieux, tant mieux."

The fête, however, must proceed; the nu
bers of persons assembled could not be d
missed in a moment, and orders were given
commence. But fresh impediments occurre
News was brought, that the Countess E.
P—— was taken ill, and could not act. T
Prince de T—— was also obliged to excu
himself; and although no sympathy was ex
ted for an illness *de commande*, which left t

wary and suspicious, the right of conjecturing what these parties might think of the event which had occasioned their absence; still, regret was experienced at not witnessing the talents of the highly gifted countess. There was, however, no remedy for the disappointment, and the empress invited the company to pass into the theatre, where the "romances" were to be sung and acted. The curtain, which was not drawn up till all were seated, displayed the following inscription :—

LES GRANDS JOURS DU CHATEAU DE * * *

ET

SCENES DE TROUBADOURS,

en l'an 1148.

SPECTACLE EN UN ACTE.

Dedié à sa Majesté, l'Impératrice Elizabeth.

Representé, pour la première fois, à Vienne, le Lundi 27 Fev., 1815.

The curtain rose, and displayed the capitol of Rome in its ancient splendour; without the walls of the town, Belisarius advanced, con-

ducted by his young son. He was attire
the flowing mantle of the time, with a
falling to the knees, and fastened roun
waist by a belt. The caliga, or common
of the Roman soldier, protected his feet,
his leg was bare to the knee. His white
streamed in the wind; and his sightless
balls were raised on high, as, with exte
hand, he begged for alms. He sang
romance of Belisarius.

The scene changed; and the audience
transported into the plains of Lombardy
troubadour, his harp resting on his shou
his sword by his side, and an embroi
scarf crossing his breast, sandalled feet,
hat with plumes, was met by a fair pil
with staff in hand, and large-brimmed hat
ering her brow. They sang in alternate
plets their love, and faithfulness. In the
ground was a lone chapelle, whither the

paired, and an anchorite gave them the nuptial benediction.

Again the scene changed. Then appeared the Cid, clad in bright armour; his helmet crowned with waving plumes, and spear in hand. On a rock, tuning his lyre, sat the bard, who sang while the Cid replied. This romance gave place to the "Sentinelle," a moonlight scene.

Before a tent, reclining on his lance, stood the "Sentinelle," his thoughts and eyes turned towards his country, whilst he sang "L'astre des nuits"*(l)*.

The *apropos* of this romance, which had not been premeditated, for it had been selected and studied, long before the news had arrived of the great event, which was about to overthrow the peace of Europe, struck every body, and painfully affected some of the audience.

Several other romances succeeded*(m)*. Each

was represented with appropriate scenery,
cording to the subject of the romance;
the dresses of the actors were taken from
best authorities. The whole was very pe
in its execution. The actors who sang,
distinguished for the excellence of their voi
and their knowledge of music; and the ron
ces had a very pleasing effect.

The curtain fell; and a pause of a few
nutes ensued, during which, the different
sons who found themselves seated by e
other, conversed in low whispers, and com
nicated to one another their awful forebodi

Soon, however, at a given signal, the lus
in the apartment were raised gently hig
and higher, until they were so far remo
from their habitual station, as to reflect a
faint light; and at the same moment, w
the softest music was executed, and sile
reigned in the numerous assembly, the cur

rose slowly before them, and the whole extent of one side of an immense room displayed large picture frames, containing the most perfect imitations of pictures of the first masters; and in their imitation more perfect than the originals, inasmuch as no defect of colouring, proportion, or shade, was possible, where the groups were formed of living, although motionless, persons. The lights, disposed with consummate judgment, by a great artist (Isaby) then at Vienna, increased the perfection of the representation. In the centre of the wall were two frames, one placed above the other; each frame might be from twenty to thirty feet wide, and lofty in proportion; while at the four corners were four other frames of less dimensions. One of the large frames contained a representation of "Darius's tent," that beautiful picture of Lebrun's. Darius is depicted surrounded by his generals; he is unclasping his armour

after a battle in which he has been victorio
all around are scattered trophies of his succe
The group was composed of fifteen perso
and the handsomest men in Vienna were
lected to appear in this tableau.

The other large frame contained the rep
sentation of the "Douze Causeuses," by Po
sin. Twelve of the most beautiful wom
grouped, and working at their needle, form
this tableau. The attitudes were so gracef
the dresses so varied and beautiful, the wh
effect so remarkable, that notwithstanding t
silence which etiquette required, a hum
applause, increasing by degrees, became
length a general exclamation.

In one of the corner frames, was the "M
donna della Sedia," of Raphael. The la
(Comtesse Julie Zichi), chosen for this pictu
was gifted by nature with the most lovely co
tenance, and so entirely resembling the Mad

na of the great artist, that had not Raphael lived some hundred years ago, one might have been led to suppose she had sat for his model; and the little child selected to represent the infant Jesus was as happily chosen.

The frame in the opposite corner contained Herodias' daughter, holding the trencher to receive Goliah's head; the arms raised on high, and supporting the dish, according to the original picture, was a difficult position, but most perfectly executed by one of the lovely visitants to Vienna.

At the two lower corners, were frames containing, one, the Jew's daughter counting the hoards of her father, the other, a portrait by Vandyke.

All were motionless, breathless, as though they had really been the limner's creation; and when two minutes had expired, the curtain descended slowly, while the music conti-

nued playing, and the lustres were also let down, and once more irradiated the apartment.

After suitable intervals, the whole was renewed twice; and then the curtain rose a third time to a new scene of enchantment.

The frames were no longer visible; all had disappeared; and in their places, the immense space thus left vacant, was filled with innumerable persons, representing Olympus. At the furthest end of the scene was a banqueting-table reposing on clouds, at which presided Jupiter(n), attended by Ganymede and Hebe; while all around the Olympian king, were placed in various attitudes, and groups, the gods and goddesses of fabulous history. Here, on a cloud, reposed Venus, with a brilliant and most magnificent cestus, worthy of the deity supposed to wear it. There, Juno, in majestic splendour, seemed to sway and command; and near her, Minerva, with her Gorgon shield,

reposed in calm dignity. The Hours, in circle, occupied an expanse of clouds; while the Seasons graced another celestial region. Diana, with her bow and arrows, stood singly, and was remarkable alike for her beauty, grace, and dignity. Mercury seemed in the act of descending from the clouds; and Cupids, placed at various distances, gave full effect to the perspective. The Muses and the Graces formed groups of beauty, meriting the admiration they inspired; and the curtain fell, ere the gaze of the wondering audience had sufficiently enjoyed the uncommon and beautiful scene.

But joy no longer urged the light footstep in the waltz; and consciousness of impending evil hung on the spirits of all present. As the evening advanced, the feeling of sorrow increased; already the fair heart began to mourn the absence, which she knew would speedily follow, of all most dear to her; whilst ambi-

tion waked again to hopes, new conquests
fresh advantages.

The spirit of the congress had fled;
when the ball was finished, it was annou
that the fêtes were at an end.

Count W——, as he withdrew from th
lace, grasped Howard's hand significa
and the two friends gave each other the re
vous, for a day named in the succeeding w
to escort Therese to witness the proce
annually made by the empress to visit the to

The day arrived, on which Howard and
count had agreed to meet; but the mor
was far advanced, and Count W—— di
appear; and fearing to be too late for the
cession, Howard determined to proceed
Therese to the great square of the pal
thinking that his friend would join him th

They arrived just in time to witness the
cession; the Empress of Austria having

moment descended the great palace stairs, and joined the numerous court of ladies, who were to attend her, attired in the most splendid dresses. The empress was adorned with all the pomp of royalty; diamonds, in immense profusion, glittered on her head; and her train of crimson velvet was supported by six pages in rich dresses, while she herself held a lighted taper in her hand.

She was immediately followed by the arch-duchesses, each bearing a lighted taper, and dressed with almost equal magnificence; while their trains were also upheld by pages. Then came all the highest nobility of Austria, walking two by two, and bearing tapers.

Howard could not help remarking the strange caprice of fortune, while observing the arch-duchesses pass in the procession. That the elder arch-duchess, Marie Louise, who, a few short months previous, was seated on the

throne of France, and during the abs
Napoleon assembled the senate with
pomp and dignity of a great sovereign,
now be residing, a simple individual, at
brun, unnoticed, and even not allowed
the procession in which her sisters ap
whilst at the very moment, that same cap
fortune was holding her balance over he
uncertain whether again to place an im
crown on it, or to crush it for ever,—pre
indeed, ample materials for reflection.

The procession, consisting of several
dreds, and accompanied by all the dign
of the church, crossed the great square
palace, and proceeded to the churches,
masses were said for the dead; they th
scended into the vaults, where solemn se
were likewise performed. They thus
from church to church, while the devout
found themselves in the passage, flung

selves on their knees, demanding and receiving benedictions.

As Count W—— had not appeared, Howard resolved to proceed to his house, and ascertain the cause of his absence. The servants directed him to the great cemetery, a league from Vienna, whither Count W—— had resorted daily for some time past. This account was too extraordinary not to dispose Howard to penetrate the mystery; and mounting his horse, he rode in the direction indicated.

The road conducting to this last home of the lords of the creation, is ornamented with cypress-trees of large growth, rich in foliage, and yet of melancholy aspect, well approving their selection for that spot. No passengers frequent the road but those who never return; and the solitude, the silence, and the gloom, affected Howard's spirits as he rode on. When he reached the ground, he fastened his horse

to the gate, and proceeded on foot amid tor
more or less decorated, according to the ri
of the survivors, or the grief of the mourn
He paused, and examined some of these tor
while thoughts of serious import occupied
mind.

How walk amid the dwellings of the d
who once have had their ambitions, their
rows, and their joys, and not reflect? M
that lie there have struggled for things app
ing to them of the greatest importance; a
few short hours have reduced their import
to nothing, the persons themselves to dust
oblivion! How enter that record of omn
tent power, and of the feebleness of man,
not feel awe-struck and humble.

There are those in the world who d
ardently the attainment of some favo
scheme, until it preys on their health
spirits, and destroying the enjoyment of e

ence, throws a gloom over any advantage they may possess. Let such, instead of nourishing fantastic hopes, and undermining the possession of the richest boon of God—life, repair, in solitary guise, to one of these peopled, yet silent dwellings, and the magnitude of their anxiety may diminish, when they reflect, how soon they will be passed away, and be "the shadows of a dream!"

Howard at length perceived Count W—— in an avenue of cypress, at some distance, and approached him, intending to reproach him with his want of punctuality, but was struck with his paleness, and altered countenance. Count W—— received him with a melancholy smile, and, taking his arm, walked slowly out of the cemetery with him, to the gate, when they mounted, and rode on in silence for some time.

When removed from the vicinity of the

cemetery, Count W—— broke the silen
telling Howard, that for several days h
passed his time there, being anxious t
cover whether he had been the object of
purposed mystery, or whether he had
seen what he should have been disposed
an optical delusion.

"You may remember," he said, "how
I have been occupied, during all the ca
by a person whom I could not persu
unmask, but who captivated me by he
versation and manner. Her voice w
sweetest I ever heard; and there was
thing so fascinating about her, that I b
madly in love with her; but she resist
entreaty, and constantly declared, that it
not be till the end of the carnival th
should acknowledge herself. As we dre
to that period, she increased in fascin
and I believe I should have gone out

mind, if the moment had not been at hand which was to recompense me for all my torments.

" The night of the last fête at court, I met her, by appointment, at one of the public masquerades, when she desired me to enter my carriage, and follow hers. The night was extremely dark, so that once out of the town, I could not discover whither we were going, but drove on for some time, until her carriage stopped, and she alighted, beckoning me to follow. You may easily suppose I did not wait for a second bidding; and by the feeble light which was reflected by the stars, I perceived we were in a burying-ground!

" The spot struck me as singularly chosen; but the fever of expectation and love made me think but slightly on the circumstance. She advanced rapidly into the centre of the ceme-

tery, I following her, and entreating her
speak to me, and presenting to her the r
which she had given me at one of the b
She took it from me, and at the same time
mask fell from her face, and I saw be
me——a skeleton!

"The first moment of surprise deprived
of all presence of mind; and when I ventu
to raise my eyes again to the spectre, it
vanished! On reflection, I am certain th
is some mystification, and I have retur
here every day, in the hope of discovering
but my researches have as yet been una
ing" *(o)*.

Such was the termination of this affair, w
had been carried on with all the excitement
tery and reserve are certain to create. Ho
busied himself for some time in furtheran
his friend's wishes; but the plan had bee

deeply laid; and the count was doomed to a passion as little likely to meet return as the phrensied love of Pygmalion.

The congress is dissolved—the different sovereigns are returned to their dominions. Armies are in march to crush Napoleon's efforts. The foreigners are all dispersed; the Austrians are retired to their country-houses, there to await the issue of new struggles. Howard and Therese withdrew to Moltke, which was a residence chosen by many families, on account of the freshness of the air, during the summer season, and there passed several months in the peaceful enjoyment of their home.

CHAPTER X.

" Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! Yet well if here would end
The misery. I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse.———
In me all
Posterity stands curs'd! Fair patrimony!
That I must leave ye, sons. O, were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!
So disinherited, how you would bless
Me—now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind,
For one man's faults, thus guiltless, be condemned
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt? MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

THE hours flew rapidly for Howard and h
wife. The harmony of their tempers and tast

rendered their existence mutually so happy, that Therese would sometimes even feel a superstitious terror at the extreme bliss they enjoyed.

"We are told," she would say, "that this world is one of trial and probation;—trials are, then, very light to bear, and probation easily endured; or else a terrible change must take place in our existence. I have never known sorrow; my childhood was passed in uniform tranquillity; and since I have been acquainted with the world, in its active state, since I have known the happiness of loving and being loved, since I have been your wife, the days have passed too rapidly,—they hardly give me time to enjoy them. What can be the sensation of grief?—is it then so painful to bear? Sometimes a fear comes over me, that I shall be acquainted with sufferings of which I read, but cannot comprehend. It

would be a pity su
cease."

" It never shou
could control the
I can promise, i
change in my feel
has been the hap
lovely Therese th
ence: be fearless
enjoy for many
happiness."

" Or yet great
" we will augmen
soon be admitted t
her mild, dark eye
templating her wit

The arrival of th
to was expected in
solved to return t
her confinement, i

paration for that important event in the lives of newly-married and fondly-attached couples.

Vienna wore a very different aspect from that of the preceding year, at the same period. The convulsion of Europe had subsided;—Napoleon had been crushed in the midst of his ambitious dreams by the portentous battle of Waterloo, and was an exile at St. Helena. The Bourbons were restored to the throne of their ancestors; and all nations were at peace, and reposing after the heavy struggles they had made, for the maintenance of order and tranquillity.

The families who mourned a husband, a father, a son, or a brother, were not, however, yet so reconciled to their losses, as to rejoin society, or mix in public life. Many had contributed to the general welfare by personal and heart-breaking sacrifices; and Vienna, if it might be so termed, still mourned.

The town was still; silence in the streets had

succeeded the noisy
preceding year; ar
the change, as he
ceded Therese for a
ments, and make al
for her arrival.

The day, howev
pected her, he rec
press, to inform hi
feared removal. S
turn to her imme
and nurse. Conse
ment, but hurried
taking along with l
Never did he suffer
slowness of the driv
offered bribes, wax
ened,—all was in v
other answer than '
When within half

he could no longer bear it, but purchasing a horse at about three times its value, set off, leaving the carriage to follow as best it could, and promising an immense recompense, if the postillions would bring it on, with the women, at a faster rate than their habitual trot.

He hardly dared enter the house, when he arrived; he trembled to learn that he had come too late, but was relieved by meeting his lovely Therese, who came forward to greet him. The day passed without any thing particular occurring; the carriage arrived in the evening, with the nurse and midwife, and Therese seemed tranquillised by Howard's presence.

But the following morning the important hour declared itself. Howard was agitated and uneasy, more so than his little wife. Nature, so kind and careful in all her arrange-

ments, has given to woman, at that awful crisis of her life, a supernatural courage, which enables her to undergo a trial which otherwise she could not bear. It was she who encouraged Howard, who wept like a child at her cries of agony. The hour is past, and the nurse announces to Howard, that to him "a man child is born." Ecstacy succeeded to anxiety, and while the nurse was officiating about Therese, he took his child in his arms, and sobbed with joy, while he held it to his bosom, and covered it with his caresses.

Suddenly an exclamation from the nurse reached his ear,—"Good heavens! I know that mark! I know it too well, ever to forget it. It was I who nurtured your infant years; I took you to the convent of St. Etienne, when my poverty forced me to resign the care of you to others."

Therese listened to her with astonishment, and replied,—" Then you can tell me who was my mother—who my father?"

" Ah! truly can I," abruptly replied the loquacious old woman; " she was an Italian—*her* father was a monk."

A dreadful fear came over Howard; and he inquired, in a faltering voice, the name of Therese's mother.

" Her father sometimes called her Eleanor, and sometimes Agathine," she replied: " Poor lady! a sorrowing death she died, and with her last breath she called on her betrayer, by the name of Howard!—but he had left her many months before, and no one was near, to close her eyes, but her father; and he, poor man! became deranged; but I heard that he was afterwards received into some convent. However, he left the poor little orphan to the mercy of God, and I never saw him more.—

Oh that I should now again have been called to assist you, to bring into the world a son! Blessings on his head!—blessings on your head, dear lady, my dear child! for I considered you as such. Ah! it was a cruel grief to me, when I was forced to abandon you; but I placed you in a holy house, to shelter you from danger. Little did I think to find you one day married!" And the old woman laughed and danced with joy; nor did she perceive the effects of her communication for some minutes *(p)*.

The fatal blow is struck!—the wretched Therese no longer raises her head! She turns from the offspring of sin, if sin there be where ignorance of sin exists. "Remove him from me," she faintly ejaculated, to the woman who presented the poor little infant to her.

His feeble cries made her shudder. A violent shivering announced that the fever had

begun its devastating work; and the attendants rushed out for medical succour. Howard approached the bed, his voice trembling, choking with the agonies of his soul; but no words of comfort could he utter.

Could he have died at the moment!—but no, life must be his punishment.

The shivering increased; a burning fever was on her; the glare of her eyes was fearful; and yet, never did she look more beautiful. The flush of fever imparted a brilliant hue to her fair complexion; but Howard heard the attendants whispering their fears. Good God! to lose her! It was impossible, it could not be, it must not be. He took her burning hand in his, while tears—scalding tears—fell in profusion on it.

She did not look up; but her voice—her words—sent daggers through his heart. "Oh, leave me, Harry.——Good God! my father!

them. Alas! he was no longer under the control of reason!

When the poor sufferer was at length restored to comparative ease, through the care of her medical attendants, she faintly asked for a confessor.

It was All Saints'-day, one strictly observed by Catholics, and processions were parading the streets of Moltke: monks and friars, of every order, might be seen walking two by two, and pausing at the different altars erected for the occasion.

The venerable abbot of Moltke, heading his numerous fraternity, with all the pomp used on such solemn occasions, was proceeding to one of these altars, erected before the house of the commandant of the place, and passed before Howard's house, as the woman rushed out of the door to seek a priest; and she

seized hold of the arm of one of the monk
ne followed in the procession.

"Quit your brothers, holy father,"
said, crossing herself as she spoke, while
ran down her face; "quit them, and
quickly, and confess a dying woman."

The appeal justified his attention to it;
he followed in silence. He was aged, and
step tottering, and slow; and he mounted
flight of stairs conducting to the apartmen
Therese with difficulty.

He slowly entered the chamber of de
and crossed himself as he passed the thresh
The shutters of the room were nearly clos
and the faintness of the light made the per
in attendance on the unhappy victim look
so many spectres hovering over her.

Silence pervaded the apartment, unbro
save by the heavy sighs of the poor suffer
and the monk approached the bed, with

awe experienced when a soul is departing from this world, and seeking a happier resting place.

"When we stand on the dark grave's fearful brink,
When we touch the verge of the world below,
When our lips shall be wet with the chill, cold drink,
The latest drop in our cup of woe;
When the ardent heart, its trembling o'er,
Shall waver, and hope, and fear no more;
When love's warm smile, hate's fiery eye,
Must quenched in the dust of the church-yard lie;
If thou knowest a breast like the virgin snow,
Pure and unthawed as Dumail's brow,
Oh! ask when it touches this awful goal,
What are the thoughts of the passing soul?"

WALLACE.

When close by the bedside, the monk, in a trembling and low voice, uttered a prayer, and Therese raised her languid eyes to him.

"Father," she said, while hysteric sighs interrupted her words, "father, confess a dying sinner!"

"Sinner, my daughter!" replied the monk "so young, so fair, canst thou be acquainte with sin?"

"Oh! father, not willingly; and tell me is there hope left for me of redemption, sinc I sinned ignorantly?" Then, with hurrie trepidation, she recounted her melancholy story; and when she had uttered the las dreadful words, that she was the daughter and the wife of Howard, she shrieked, and sank exhausted.

The monk had remained standing while she spoke; but towards the conclusion of her sad history, had sunk with his head on the bed. The silence that followed Therese's confession, astonished and alarmed the attendants; and they approached, and endeavoured to raise the monk, when they saw that he had swooned. They bathed his temples, and chafed his hands; and life returned slowly.

He turned his eyes on the dying Therese, and said, while he clasped his hands in agony:—

"Let not thy pure spirit depart this life in anger with him, the cause of all thy misery! Oh! do not curse me, for thy malediction would heap coals of fire on my head. In mercy, forgive a wretch, whose long life has been one of sorrow, of suffering! My blasting influence has struck down all that approached me. I am the cause of thy sin, poor child! thou art spotless, thou art innocent. I murdered Howard's mother! For that dreadful act, have sorrow and death been visited on my descendants to the third and fourth generation! Great God! thou canst not pardon me; eternal suffering awaits me! Oh! add not, my child, thy curse to all the accumulated curses heaped on me. Let your gentle pardon soothe my dying moments. The hand of death is on

me; oh! speak, say you forgive me! Look on the father of thy mother, look on the wretched Marston, accursed on earth, as he will be when departed from this world of sorrow! My child, my child, have mercy, have mercy! Plead for me——forgive me!"

Therese turned her glassy eyes on Marston: the spirit, which was to usher her into the etherial world, hovered quiveringly around her, but claimed her not, till she had uttered the pardon, the Christian could not refuse, the gentle sufferer could not deny.

"I forgive thee, father; I die in the hope of obtaining my pardon, and I pray for thine, before my Almighty God and Redeemer."

Her eyes closed; and all that gave life and beauty to Therese was fled!

Marston fell on his knees beside the bed of death; he struggled to seize the cross suspen-

NOTES.

(*a.*) " On Linden, when the sun was low,
All trackless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly:
But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

" By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade;
And loud and fierce each charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.
Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

" But redder yet
On Linden's hil
And bloodier ye
Of Iser, rol
'Tis morn, and
Can pierce the
Where furious
Shout thro

" The combat dee
Who rush to gl
Wave, Munich,
And charg
Few, few shall
The snow shall
And every turf
Shall be a

(*b.*) " Your name and
ther are you going? P
chant? What, then, am
" A naval officer."

(*c.*) Most of my reade
by Shenstone on a pane o
ginning—" Whoe'er has t

(*d.*) Although all the pa

Emperor Paul are generally known, perhaps the following anecdote has not been recounted, notwithstanding that it is asserted by many to be perfectly true:—Count —— was one of the assassins of the Emperor Paul. He entered the intended victim's bed-room, with the other conspirators, when the Emperor was in bed; but was not the first to strike him. Others were more prompt; and the Emperor, who had received a cut across the throat, fell on the floor, while struggling with his murderers, and was long in the agonies of death. Count ——, perceiving that the wound had not been made sufficiently deep, advanced and struck the heel of his boot, which had a spur on it, into the wound, and thus held him down till he expired. The conspirators then proceeded to the apartments of Alexander, and threatened him with the same fate, if he did not subscribe to the conditions they proposed to him.

(*e.*) His account of the congress, and the manner that the heads of the different nations are employed, is a striking example of this. He says, "Que la Russie danse pour tout, la Prusse pense pour tout, le Bavière boit pour tout, le Wurtemberg mange pour tout, l'Angleterre prend pour tout, la France céde pour tout, et l'Autriche paye pour tout."

(*f.*) The Count Rosamouski, a Russian nobleman, has a runner of remarkable speed.

(*g.*) The following are some of the persons who shone in

that tournament. Time
although equally meriti

Comtesse Flore de Wu
Comtesse Sechezni.
Princesse Marie Lichte
Princesse Paul Esterha
Comtesse de Windisgra
Comtesse Sophie Zichi.
Comtesse Julie Zichi.
Prince

(*h.*) A law is still i
have been united in t
marriage must be renew
It occurs not unfrequen
pality and claim the p
passed the fifty years pr

(*i.*) When Prince E
cess of Bavaria, (the m
leon,) the Princess wa
fore the altar, and the
whether she accepted th
no answer, but turned he
who was behind her, for
came an attached couple,

nate death of that amiable and much esteemed man. He had several children by the Princess. One of his daughters is married to the Crown Prince of Sweden, another to the Emperor of Brazil.

(*k.*) It was on this occasion that the Prince de Talleyrand wittily supposed the style of the newspapers, tracing the rapid march, and progressive triumphs of Napoleon, by their change of style; thus;—

"Le lion est sorti de sa tanière."

"Le General Bonaparte est debarqué à Frejus."

"Napoleon est arrivé à Lyons."

"L'Empereur couchera à Fontainebleau, et le 20 Sa Majesté Impériale et Royale fera son entrée au chateau des Tuileries."

(*l.*) "L'astre des nuits, de son paisible eclat,
Lançoit ses feux sur les tentes de France;
Non loin de la, un jeune et beau soldat,
Ainsi chantoit, appuyé sur la lance;—
Allez voler, Zephirs joyeux,
Portez mes chants vers ma patrie;
Dites que je veille en ces lieux,
Pour la gloire, et pour mon amie.

"A la lueur des feux des ennemis,
La sentinelle est placée en silence;

Mais le guerrier, pour abréger les nuits,
Chante, appuyé sur le fer de sa lance;—
Allez voler, Zephirs joyeux,
Portez mes chants dans ma patrie;
Dites que je veille en ces lieux,
Pour la gloire, et pour mon amie.

"L'astre du jour raméne les combats;
Demain il faut signaler sa vaillance
Dans la victoire, on trouve le trépas,
Mais si je meurs à côté de ma lance,
Allez encore, joyeuses Zephirs,
Allez voler dans ma patrie:
Dites que mon dernier soupir,
Fut pour la gloire, et mon amie."

(*m.*) The following are the names;—"Fais ce que
"Le Patre." "Griselidis." "Les Adieux d'Emma."
tant pour la Syrie."

(*n.*) The following is a list of the "Dramatis Persona

ROMANCES.

Armandine. (Demoiselle du chateau).
Comtesse Julie Zichi.

Elfride.
Com. de Périgord, (née Princesse de Courland)

Raoul, (Sénéchal de la cour).
Viscomte de Wargemont.

Blondel, (Troubadour).
P. Antoine Radziwill.

LA PELERINE.

La Pelerine.
Com. Mnischeck, (née Princesse Lubomirska).

Le Chevalier.
Baron Petersen.

Un Ermite.
Comte Nicolaus Esterhazy.

LA SENTINELLE.

La Sentinelle.
Comte Felix Woyna.

LES ADIEUX DU CID.

Chimene.
Com. Sophie Zichi.

Rodrigue.
Duc Leopold de Cobourg.

Les Ecuyers.
P. Charles de Lichtenstein; Comte Louis de Schönfeld;
Comte Louis de Secsenyi; Comte Vincent Esterhazy.

RENE, OU FAIS CE QUE DOIS.

René.

Baron de Petersen.

Sa Mère.

Com. Sophie Woyna.

Sa Confidante, (portant l'écharpe).

Com. de Kesselstadt.

Ida, (femme de René).

Com. Aponyi, (née Com. de Nogarola).

Alix, (sœur d'Ida).

Com. Elisabeth de Schlick.

GRISELIDIS.

Thécla,

Com. Sophie Zichi.

Ida.

Com. Aponyi, (née Com. de Nogarola).

BELISAIRE.

Belisaire.

Comte Ernest Hoyos.

L'Enfant.

Com. Sophie Woyna.

LES ADIEUX D'EMMA.

Emma.

P. Jablonowska, (née Com. de Woyna).

Une Compagne.

Com. Louise de Thürheim.

Le Chevalier.

Comte Felix Woyna.

Un Ecuyer.

Comte Louis Secsenyi.

CHŒURS, ET PERSONNAGES MUETS.

DEMOISELLES.

Com. Aurore de Marassé ; Com. Marianne d' Ugarte ; P. Marie de Metternich ; Com. Esterhazy, (née Com. de Weissenwolf).

JEUNES-GENS.

Comte Vincent de Gatterbourg ; Comte Charles Lanscoronski ; Comte Casimir Lanscoronski.

PASTOURELLES.

Com. Bathiani, (née Com. Secsenyi) : Com. Marie de Schönborn ; Com. Sophie de Schönborn ; P. Sophie de Liechtenstein ; P. Marie de Liechtenstein ; P. Pauline de Schwartzenberg ; P. Eleonore de Schwartzenberg.

Ministers of the different Nations, assembled at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, *and commencement of* 1815.

FOR ENGLAND.

The Duke of Wellington—Lord Castlereagh—Lord Clancarty—Lord Stuart.

FOR FRANCE.

Prince de Talleyrand—Count Alexis de Noailles—Count de Latour Dupin.

FOR RUSSIA.

Count Rosamouski—Count Nesselrode—Count Wenzingerode Count Pozzo di Borgho.

FOR AUSTRIA.

Prince Metternich.

FOR PRUSSIA.

Comte Humboldt—Comte Hardenberg.

FOR SPAIN.

Duc de Labrador.

FOR PORTUGAL.

Comte Lobau.

FOR DENMARK.

Count Bernsdorf.

FOR ROME.

The Nuncio, Cardinal Gonzalvi.

FOR NAPLES.

Prince Cariati—Duc de Campochiaro.

FOR SAXONY.

Count Schulerburg.

FOR PIEDMONT.

Marquis de St. Marsan—Count Rossi.

FOR BAVARIA.

Count Rechberg.

FOR HANOVER.

Count Münster.

List of Sovereigns and Princes assembled at the Congress of Vienna, in December, 1814.

Emperor of Austria.
Empress of Austria.
Arch Duchess Leopoldine and Archduchess Catherine,
Daughters of the Emperor.
Hereditary Prince, Son of the Emperor.
Arch Dukes Albert, Francis, Ferdinand, Charles, Regnier,
Maximilian, and John, Palatine of Hungary,
Brothers of the Emperor.

Emperor of Russia (Alexander).

Empress of Russia (Elizabeth).

Grand Duke Constantine, Brother of the Emperor.

Grand Duchess Catherine, Grand Duchess Maria, Duchess
Oldenburg, and Duchess of Weimar,

Sisters of the Emperor.

King of Denmark.

King of Prussia.

Prince William of Prussia and Prince Augustus of Prussi

Cousins of the King.

King of Wirtemberg.

Hereditary Prince of Wirtemberg, Son of the King.

King of Bavaria.

Queen of Bavaria.

Hereditary Prince and Prince Charles of Bavaria,
Sons of the King.

Prince Eugene Beauharnois, Son-in-law of the King, and So
of the Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon.

Prince Leopold, of Sicily.

Grand Duke of Baden.

Duke of Saxe Weimar, Brother of the Empress of Russia,
Queen of Bavaria, and Queen of Denmark.

Duke of Saxe Cobourg.

Prince Ferdinand and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg,

Brothers of the Duke.

Duke of Brunswick.

Prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz,

Princess Tour and Taxis, Sister of the Prince.

Prince of Hesse Cassel.
Prince John, his Brother.
Prince of Hesse Philipstall.
Prince of Nassau.

(*o.*) Such a mystification was actually performed; and although the strictest investigation was instituted by the officers of justice, the parties concerned were never discovered.

(*p.*) The aptness of these beautiful verses induces me to quote them:—

LA PAUVRE FILLE DU HAMEAU.

" J'ai fui ce paisible sommeil
Qu'aucun songe heureux n'accompagne;
J'ai devancé sur la montagne,
Les premiers rayons du soleil.
S'éveillant avec la nature,
Le jeune oiseau chantant sous l'aubepine en fleurs,
Sa mère lui portait sa douce nourriture,
Mes yeux se sont mouillés de pleurs.

" Ah! pourquoi n'ai-je point de mère?
Pourquoi ne suis-je point semblable au jeune oiseau?
Dont le nid se balance aux branches de l'ormeau;
Rien ne m'appartient sur la terre.
Je n'eus pas même de berceau!

Et je suis un enfant trouvé sur une pierre,
Devant l'église du Hameau.

" Loin de mes parens exilée,
De leurs embrassements j'ignore la douceur,
Et les enfants de la vallée,
Ne me nomment jamais leur sœur.
Je ne partage point les jeux de la veillée,
Le joyeux laboureur ne m'invite à m'asseoir,
Et de loin je vois sa famille,
Autour du sarment qui petille,
Chercher sur ses genoux les caresses du soir.

" Vers la chapelle hospitalière,
En pleurant j'adresse mes pas,
Unique demeure ici bas,
Ou je ne suis pas étrangère !
La seule devant moi qui ne se ferme pas !
Souvent je contemple la pierre,
Ou commencèrent mes douleurs,
J'y cherche la trace des pleurs,
Qu'en me laissant peut-être y repandit ma mère !

" Souvent aussi mes pas errans,
Parcourent des tombeaux l'asile solitaire,
Mais pour moi les tombeaux sont tous indifferents.
La pauvre fille, est sans parens !
Au milieu des cercueils, ainsi que sur la terre.

Je pleure quatorze printems,
Loins des bras qui m'ont repoussé.
Reviens ma mère!——je t'attends
Sur la pierre ou tu m'as laissée!——

" La pauvre fille hélas, n'attendit pas longtems.
Plaintive elle mourut, en priant pour sa mère.
On cite qu'une femme étrangère,
Un jour, le front voilé parut dans le hameau.
On conduisit ses pas vers l'humble cimetière,
Mais parmi les gazons et l'epaisse bruyère,
On ne put retrouver la place du tombeau."

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